CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

2D.

JOHN BULL

2D.

Vol. VII. No. 184.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1909.

TWOPENCE.

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For meaning of this Number, see page iii. of Cover

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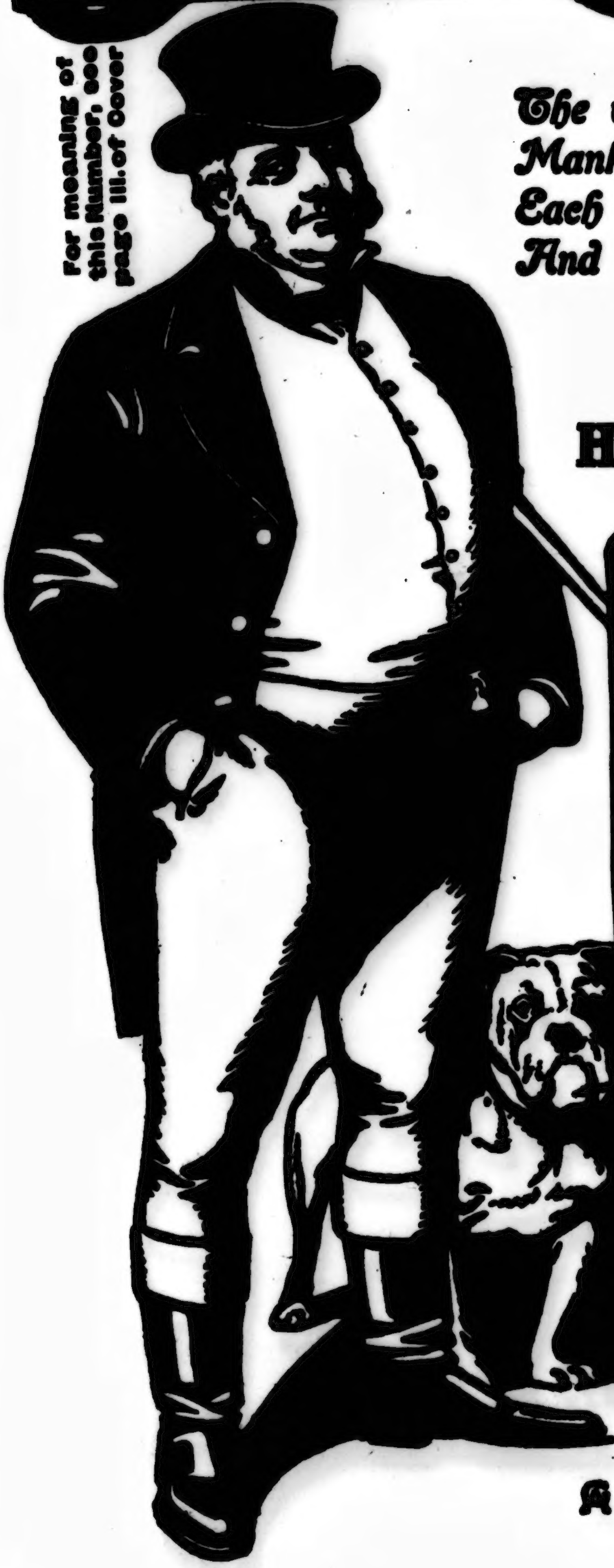

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

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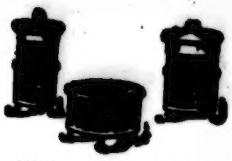

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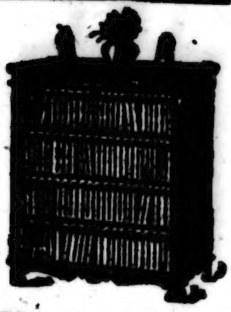

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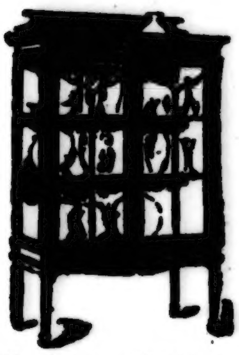

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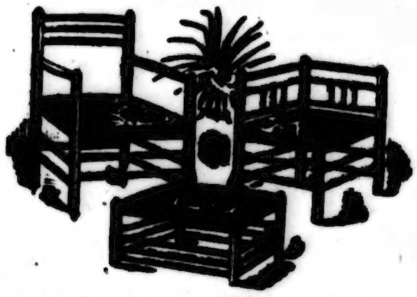

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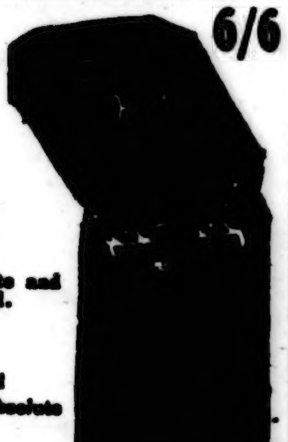

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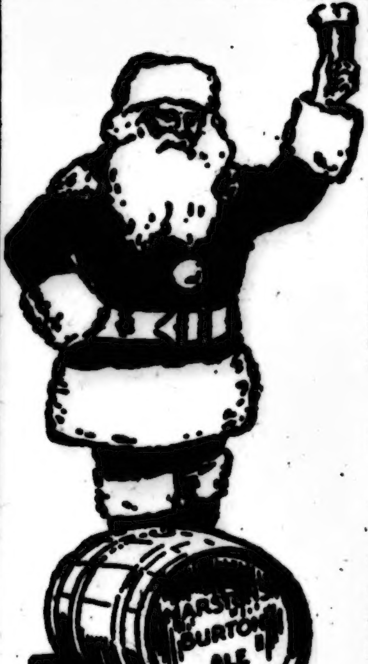

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JOHN BULL.

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Vol. VII. No. 184. Saturday, December 11th, 1909. Twopence.

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THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

A PUBLIC MEETING

Under the auspices of the League
will be held in the

TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM,

. ON .

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10*th*, 1909.

Chair to be taken at 8.0 p.m. by the President,

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, Esq., M.P.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

On another page, we indulge in a few reflections upon the life of the late Parliament—mostly of a personal nature. In the same spirit we cannot refrain from a word here upon the closing scene. The speech of the Prime Minister is still lingering in our ears. Party politics apart, it was a great performance. Mr. Asquith has developed into a great Parliamentarian—he is a great Commoner. Robust, intellectual, incisive, with a fine voice, and the unconscious masterfulness of genius, he disdains all rhetorical tricks and theatrical gestures—keeps his passion ever under control—and goes straight to the reason of his audience. Compared with the clap-trap of the Party platform, his oratory is as gold compared with brass. And there was not a man in the House who did not feel proud of its leader on that day.

Mr. Balfour, too, is a great Commoner, but on this occasion he disappointed us. We know that he had come straight from a sick-room—and, by the way, we have discerned many symptoms of late which prompt us to suggest that he should conserve his physical powers. He commenced his leadership of the Opposition in this Parliament in a bad state of health, and the strain of four years of incessant work is telling its tale. But that is by the way. What disappointed us all was that, consistently with his objections to the Budget, and his approval, in the special circumstances, of the action of the Lords, he could find no word of regret that, rightly or wrongly, the supremacy of the Commons in the matter of Supply had, after years of unchallenged sway, suddenly been thrown into the arena of fierce conflict. On the contrary, he rather sneered at the assembly of which in many respects he is the most brilliant member. But he was ill—and *is* ill—and he ought not to have undertaken the task. It is difficult, however, to say who could have taken his place.

This being our Christmas number, we must give Politics as wide a berth as possible. Next week we may have something to say about the situation—similar in many respects to that of four years ago, when we sat down to our turkey and plum-pudding in the middle of a political crisis. There was, however, this vital difference—the Government of the day had resigned and a new ministry was appealing to the people. True, the result was eminently satisfactory to the new men—but everybody was more or less tired of the old lot. To-day, as a matter of tactics, we think Mr. Asquith would have been well advised had he tendered his resignation, and thus have compelled Mr. Balfour to disclose his hand. It is always so much easier to criticise than to construct, and all the Conservatives will have to do at the General Election is to dwell upon, and magnify, the misdeeds and shortcomings of their opponents—instead of having to enunciate and defend a policy of their own.

We wish we could be at the Albert Hall to-morrow (Friday) night, but the date clashes with our League meeting at Birmingham. We should like to have had the opportunity of witnessing the scene and constrasting it with that at which we were present, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman met his supporters there, upon taking office four years ago. Except on last Trafalgar Day—when the John Bull League was inaugurated—there has been no such gathering in the Hall since then, and after this one probably will not be again till we hold our annual meeting in October next. Rather remarkable, isn't it? But the explanation is simple. Half the country is mad on Party Politics—the other half is sick and tired of them; half the country worships Party shibboleths—the other half yearns for a Common-sense, Business Government. We represent the "other half."

A merry, happy Christmas to the King, the Queen, and all the Royal Family; to the members of the John Bull League; to those we love and those who love us; to our friends and our enemies; to the House of Lords and everybody else who yearns for a General Election; to those who have bills to meet and have no money to pay them; to those who cook for those who eat; to the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the blind and the afflicted; in a word, to everybody on earth wherever he be, whatever he does, and whyever he's here. As the amiable old gentleman said on Mafeking night, after he had "toasted" everyone he could think of, "Good old Everybody!"

The postal official is one of the few who is unauthorised to enjoy himself at Christmas, and a vote of condolence with him is hereby moved, seconded, and carried unanimously. To take St. Martin's-le-Grand alone. At ordinary times the officials there handle about 50,000,000 letters, cards, and newspapers during the week. But Christmas adds another 20,000,000 to the number. Then there is the parcels traffic. We Londoners who receive our presents of turkeys, geese, ecstatic refreshment, and other things during the two or three days before Christmas insufficiently realise the tremendous strain put upon all classes of Post Office workers. Think for a moment. In a normal week, Mount Pleasant has to deal with nearly 750,000 parcels directed to all parts of the world. Christmas week last year saw them dealing with 2,295,321 parcels. In the whole world it would be difficult to find a more wonderfully organised undertaking than our British Post Office. It is the least criticised, and the most popular of all the State departments. The Home Office gets ginger, the Admiralty gets pepper, and the War Office gets mustard, but to our Post Office employees we give the words that are smoother than butter—being cheaper than a rise in wages.

It goes without saying that Christmas festivities are taboo with the orthodox Jew, though he is becoming more and more Anglicised, if not more and more Christianised, and this not at all in consequence of the ridiculous and expensive Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews; but as a result of the intermingling of Jew and Gentile in all the relations of life—political, financial, and social. Add to this the "reform" movement among the Jews themselves, involving as it does emancipation from many of the traditions and practices of race and religion, and you have an explanation of the fact that nowadays an increasing number of Jews dare even to have Christmas parties and Christmas trees, to decorate their houses with holly and mistletoe and coloured paper, to exchange presents, and generally "have a good time" with the rest of us. Yet the long-bearded, old-fashioned Jewish "Puritan" still makes some of the streets of the Ghetto noisy with his Christmas prayers, and raises his holy hands in horror against the shocking irreligion of the less orthodox children of Abraham. That is how he enjoys himself.

Here's to all the young men and maidens who marry on Christmas day. In some of the London churches the parsons are kept busy marrying them wholesale, in regiments, in companies, and in platoons. May they all be able to sort themselves out afterwards.

About this time of the year many people are looking forward to their "draw" at the slate clubs. About this time, also, many of the treasurers have a habit of disappearing. Our advice to working men has always been to trust the Post Office Savings Bank a little more and the slate clubs a very great deal less. The P.O.S.B. cashier is always at his post to pay out, but it is not everybody who knows where to find the treasurer of a slate club at Christmas. Still, let us hope for the best.

Christians still awake to salute the happy morn. Not infrequently, indeed, a German band or an Italian hurdy-gurdy, or a Bohemian choir, invite them to awake and salute it in the middle of the night. But there is no question that every year Christmas more and more loses its religious significance in the social customs which have gathered round it, and it is not too much to say that it is turkey and plum-pudding which remind us twentieth-century folk of the birth of Christ. Most great historic facts are kept alive in human memory by some such means. About nine-tenths of us would never know it was quarter-day if the landlord didn't come round for his rent. The fact is, that with the lapse of time great events, events which have changed the face of the world, become as myths and legends, and the only reality seems to be the observances or customs by which they are memorised. So, in our day, Christmas is goose and turkey and pudding, whilst in some other countries it is roast gee-gee and Frankfurt sausage.

We note that this year, as last, our modern aspect of Christmas is disturbing the minds of many good people. We are told that the Christmas altars are no longer in the church but in the kitchen; and one parson even ventures the allegation that our Christmas observance is the dismal legacy of a greedy and gluttonous past. But from earliest times, Christmas was a time of rejoicing, and if history attests one fact more plainly than another, it is that the more people rejoice the more they eat and (sometimes) the more they drink. The only times when thousands of men, women, and children do get a decent meal is at Christmas, when the purse-strings even of Scrooge are loosened. Probably if the Puritans and the hard-shell Churchmen had their way they would make the British Christmas as dismal as they want to make the British Sunday—dismal enough already, goodness knows. But they haven't got their way yet, and so here's a toast: "A merry Christmas. May good digestion wait on appetite."

There is an element of prayerful piety in that toast, if you only knew it; as perhaps you do. For one of the busiest days a chemist has in the whole year is the day after the Christmas Bank holiday. It is a physiological fact that the British liver was not invented to stand the rigours of a British Christmas, and often it breaks down before it has got through. Hence a general demand for "pick-me-ups" from twopence a packet to a shilling a bottle. If every day was Christmas Day for a decade, the Empire on which the sun never sets would be "at one with Nineveh and Tyre." It would be a vast cemetery, at the mercy of the first country which set out to steal it. No Empire could possibly indulge in 365 days of British Christmas fare, and live.

Plum pudding is one of the best friends of the chefs and housewives of Greece. If every nation thought as much of plum-pudding as we in England do—if Russia and France and Germany were to lay in stocks of the little Corinthian grape to make the great Christian festival a carnival of plum-pudding, the finances of Greece would trouble that little nation no more. We don't know where Max O'Rell got his recipe for this dainty, but it seems all right. As we remember it at the moment, you take a pound and a half of raisins and add them to a pound of currants. Chop a pound of suet and a pound of orange peel and lemon peel and mix with ten ounces of breadcrumbs, a pound of flour, a spoonful of baking powder, ten ounces of sugar, half a pound of almonds, eight eggs, salt, spices, half-a-pint of pale ale, and a quartern of brandy, and decoction of shag tobacco at pleasure. Boil for eight hours, hold on tight, and eat hot.

How is it, one wonders, that we never now get the right sort of weather on Christmas Day, as we did when the world was younger? The old-fashioned white Christmas, with its falling snow and its frozen ponds, with its clank of skates and its jingling horse bells. What a joy it was to feel the crunch of the crisp snow under one's feet, to have the breath of the keen air in one's lungs! We really think somebody must be tampering with the seasons, chopping them and changing them and dumping them down anyhow and anywhere, without regard for public sentiments or public convenience. And say what you will, Father Christmas does not seem quite the dear, jolly old chap he was, unless the snow whitens his mantle and the frost sparkles in his whiskers. Even the heroes who take their dip in the Serpentine every Christmas morning do not look half as heroic as they would wish to, unless they have to run through snow to the water and break a hole in the ice when they get there. Of course, in a perfect world everybody would have the sort of weather he wished. But this is not a perfect world. Even Providence can't please everybody, and, judging by external appearances, doesn't intend to try. What's sport for the laddie may be death to the frog; and a Christmas of frost and snow is a very different thing to those who are well wrapped when they go out and well-comforted when they return home, and to the hungry tatterdemalion who shivers in the cold. That is life all over. Bill's sorrow is never very far from Jack's fun.

Besides, we can't have a snowy, frosty to-day without a slushy to-morrow, for this is a world in which we have to pay for everything; and if there is nothing more delightful (when you are fit inside and out) in the way of weather than a walk over the crisp snow, there is nothing so horrible as a walk with that snow churned into slush and soaking into your foot leather and splashing up about your nether garments. Apart from this, there is the finance of it all. A fall of snow not only sooner or later soaks into your boots, but it soaks into your rates. Three or four years ago a late December snowfall cost London for one day not less than £50,000; last year one snowfall alone cost London £100,000. These are big figures, but when it is remembered that one Metropolitan borough—one in twenty-eight—has 150 miles of streets, and that one night's heavy fall may cost anything between £4,000 and £5,000 to clear away, they are less difficult to understand. However, most of the money goes to the crowd who would have no work to do if the snow wasn't there; which goes a long way to prove that Providence is not quite as blind, or even as careless, as some people think He is.

People who have Christmas presents to send away may as well take careful thought of the ways of transit. Every Christmas, thousands of parcels never reach their destination through bad packing, bad handwriting, or imperfectly fixed labels. Incredible as it may seem, folk send such things as pork pies through the post wrapped in newspaper, puddings in calico, cakes and pastry and sausages in the bags in which they were bought, so that if they do ever reach their destination they reach it squashed out of recognition, and, if they don't, they increase the joys of the postal staff's Christmas by being put up for auction and sold to the highest bidder. By the way, that was an ingenious man who last year dispatched a bottle of Scotch sewn up inside a goose. Unfortunately, the label went astray, so a local postal official bought the bird at auction as perishable goods, and his wife found the whisky as soon as she began to stuff in the stuffing. At another Christmas postal auction a sorter bought a pound of roll butter, destination unknown, for ninepence, and when the family had got about half-way through it, the missis cut up against half-a-sovereign. All which makes plain the moral to adorn the tale.

Apropos Christmas postal arrangements, it should be known by all the little kiddies that letters addressed to Santa Claus, Esq., St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, requesting earnest considerations to various petitions, will not be delivered, the gentleman named not being known at that address. The place they get to is the Dead Letter Office, and subsequently become blazes. All little children should sleep peacefully on Christmas eve, and in the morning they may find, given a bit of average luck, that Santa Claus, Esq., will have made a personal call on them *via* the chimney. This is the way that soots him best.

Now that Christmas is coming, many of the Guardians of the Poor up and down the country are busily engaged in passing resolutions disappointing the paupers of anticipated beer, albeit that in some cases the philanthropists offer gifts in bottle and in barrel. Braintree is a good instance. Here some pitiful soul has offered a barrel to the local Guardians for the inmates of the workhouse, and by 12 votes to 9 they have declined the same. If they had issued a referendum to the inmates asking the simple question, "Are you in favour of a barrel of Christmas beer or a barrel of Christmas water?" and the ladies and gentlemen had declared unanimously for the water, we should not have had a word to say; but it is certainly hard on them that they should be disfranchised on a matter in which they alone are interested. The teetotal Guardians of Braintree evidently suffer from water on the brain.

A man has been charged before the Newton Abbot magistrates with assaulting a child. They heard the evidence, and, as reported, all we feel justified in saying about it is that nobody could have fairly blamed them if they had sent him for trial. Instead, they decided to discharge him, and, on the same evidence, nobody can fairly blame them for that. But, having acquitted him, these justices, by the mouth of their chairman, went out of their way to brand him. The chairman spoke of their pressing duty of protecting young children against such an offence as that alleged. "But they regarded the case against him as one of grave suspicion. They did not think the evidence went far enough to justify committing him for trial, but they wished the defendant to bear in mind that he had had a very narrow escape indeed, and that he should take care what he did in the future." No wonder the man's advocate vigorously protested, urged that it was a "most unfortunate acquittal," and said it would have been fairer to have sent his client before a jury. What right had they to say the man had had a narrow escape, when they had acquitted him? A narrow escape from—what? From gaol for a crime as to which there was not, in their own view, evidence sufficient to justify committal. Supposing, not being protected by their privilege, somebody at Newton Abbot were to go about saying, "Oh, he was charged with assaulting a child. True, he wasn't sent for trial, but the case was one of very grave suspicion, and he had a very narrow escape." That would be a slander, and a newspaper repeating it would be indulging in the luxury of a libel. We cannot illustrate the seriousness of the moral injustice done to this man by the magistrates in a better way than that. Having given their decision, if they could not say anything in the defendant's favour, they should have shut up. For the future, let us hope they will exercise rather more discretion—or else, in all cases of "grave suspicion," commit for trial.

King Manoel has been telling his hosts at Versailles that after Portugal, France is his *pays de prédilection*. Can it be that he also finds the British Sunday awfully dull? Although, didn't he say something of the same sort about England when he was here?

Every year there are quite a number of cases of children poisoned by eating berries from the hedgerows; and, curiously enough, they are generally village children. Considering the absolute lack of teaching about things that really matter which characterises the average country school, perhaps it is surprising that more youngsters do not dine unwisely and become unwell in this way. Popular education has no doubt taught the younger generation many things; but in some directions there has been reaction rather than advance. We remember in our youth being more or less familiar with the works of one Anne Pratt, a female who may have had her defects as a popular entertainer, but who had a positively uncanny skill in the illustration of natural objects. She produced a book full of thrills and illustrations, called "The Poisonous, Noxious and Suspected Plants of Our Fields and Woods." The plants suspected of naughtiness by Anne were astonishingly numerous, and many of them pretty; which is as it should be, of course. The rural County Councils might do worse than issue plates of the desirable and undesirable products of the highway and the meadow, reprinted from Anne's graphic pictures. Since the good lady went to heaven, various subsequent scaremongers have imagined all sorts of horrors lurking in apparently innocent flowers, wild and domesticated. Not long ago, a new disease was attributed to the contact of a primula with the human skin, whilst in Brussels recently some mild "mums" were accused of murdering a man and his wife in their sleep. Flowers, like ladies, are not always what they seem.

With the general aims and ideals of the Imperial Arts League—for the promotion of the best interests of all sorts and conditions of artists—we are fully impressed. Artists are amongst the most delightful and absurd and kindly of creatures; they are utterly incapable, as a rule, of looking after their own welfare, and it is high time that they paid someone to do it. But we are puzzled a bit about one of the minor objects of the League. This is "to promote competent and just art criticism." The phrase amuses us. There never will be competent art criticism until every artist criticises his own work. As a good friend of our own used to say of poor old Harry Quilter: "How the devil can he or anyone else criticise my work with understanding? I am the only man who knows *exactly* what I am after!" He was. Will the artists paint all writers of adverse notices, or pictures of the newspaper proprietor's wife?

Superstition dies hard, especially in Ireland. It will come as a shock to many hard-headed Britons to learn that there is still living in the Green Isle an old lady, apparently in full possession of all her faculties, who declares that when young she was "stolen by the fairies," and probably would have been kept with them had not her brother heard the "noise of their revels," and threw a book at them in Carrowkeel Wood. The incident was recalled to fix the age of the good lady, so that she could get her old age-pension. We are an enterprising people; and now that attention has been attracted to Annie M'Entyre, of Limavady, it should not be long before some music-hall proprietor seizes upon her, and makes a show of her. If there was money in an imitation leprecaun, a grandam who was actually abducted by the "little people" ought to be great biz. Or were they gipsies?

Apropos our recent article on the knighthood of Sir Charles Friswell, a correspondent asks us whether we have overlooked the fact that a good supply of motor cars will be invaluable at the General Election. But this being our Christmas issue, we will not indulge in such a cynical reflection. Besides, motors let out for hire must not be lent.

Moderation in all things is good—even in athletics. There is a tendency nowadays to sarcasm at the expense of the man who plays his cricket on a hard seat at the Oval with a pipe in his mouth; his football with the same pipe in the same position and his hands in his pockets. But there is much to be said for these methods not only in the case of the hard-pushed manual worker, but in that of the clerk, the business man and others, whose facilities for exercise are few. Regular daily exercise in moderate doses is excellent, and all should indulge in it who possibly can. But the sedentary worker may do himself enormous harm by dashing off at week-ends and over-exerting himself in long cycle rides and the like. Professor Schott's warning is not unnecessary, as anyone can bear witness who sees the thousands of dead-beat wheelers returning to town late on Sunday nights. An indiscreet physical strain may lead to worse consequences than moderate indulgence in alcohol, tobacco, coffee, tea, or any of the other poisons which we utilise for the purpose of taxation.

Manchester is taking a step which we trust will be followed by all our large towns. It is erecting a school in which to train girls as domestic servants. No doubt much of the talk about the scarcity of good "girls" is due to the lack of tact and consideration shown by many mistresses, but the shortage is felt also by women who treat their servants thoroughly well. Formerly, in the old attic-and-basement days, there was much to be said for the comparative freedom to choose one's own rooms and friends and pleasures offered by shop or factory life. But to-day, Sarah Ann in most decent houses has fairly good quarters, good food, and an increasing measure of liberty and leisure. Manchester will start with 60 girls, and if they are the right girls and rightly trained, they soon should be followed by 60,000 others. Subscribers to the school can nominate a girl and have first choice from the completed article. It looks like an excellent attempt to tackle a pressing problem.

But for the accident of a complaint by Alderman Baker, of Ventnor, it is evident that the chairman of the Isle of Wight Board of Guardians, Alderman Fellowes, J.P., would have remained mum about the disgraceful state of affairs which until recently prevailed in the workhouse infirmary. The Alderman was practically forced to say what he did say in open meeting in defence of the new staff, the Classification Committee having made a clean sweep of the old one. Suspecting nothing, apparently ignorant of everything, Alderman Baker complained that the infirmary was now like the hospital ward of a prison, the inmates having been deprived of books, papers, pipes, tobacco, and other luxuries; even the Scripture texts having been taken down from the wall. Then the chairman had to let the cat out of the bag. It had all been done temporarily for sanitary reasons. The infirmary had been a veritable pandemonium. Patients were neglected. Helpless, bedridden creatures were found trying to feed themselves, though not knowing where their mouths were. The Committee had found some patients dying of neglect and starvation. Vermin were all over the place. Decaying food was in the lockers, dirt from end to end. Such was the story told by Alderman Fellowes. The Committee seems to have kept all these things secret, and the rest of the members were aghast. Who is to blame? How long has this filthy and disgraceful scandal been going on? Why was not the place regularly inspected by the Guardians, or some of them? How often did they visit it? Had they no complaints from their medical officer? We await answers to these questions. What a merry Christmas the inmates will have!

Smoking may or may not be a sin; it certainly is not a deadly one. Yet one might imagine the contrary from the tone of the discussion at a conference in Manchester, called nominally to consider juvenile smoking, which developed into a series of absurd tirades against nicotian indulgence by ministers of religion. It is not our business to argue with the no doubt excellent female who said it was inconsistent for ministers to tell drunkards that with God's help they could give up the drink and to admit themselves unable to do without smoking. Probably the man who finds that he cannot resist his pipe without a superhuman effort, would be wise to knock off smoking for a month, when he might either return to his "vice" with renewed zest or drop it for ever. We do not hold a brief for tobacco—and we do not smoke—but we can conceive that a hard-worked minister who, if he does his duty, has at least a fair share of this world's trouble on his mind, might obtain very excusable solace at the day's end from the sovran herb. A Mr. Thomas Hardy (of Manchester) is shocked that some of the Nonconformist bodies which used to ask candidates for the ministry whether they smoked or not, have dropped the custom. For ourselves, we congratulate these bodies on a widening intelligence. Charles Kingsley, Spurgeon, and a few other famous smokers have served God possibly as well and faithfully as even Mr. Thomas Hardy (of Manchester).

Although, from the strictly practical point of view, one grave may be as good as another, a very ancient and excusable sentiment lingers about the amenities of "the last resting place." Therefore we trust that whoever is responsible for the control of the Nottingham cemeteries will take measures to prevent any repetition of a scandal reported to us from the Lace City. Recently, orders were given for an interment in a certain family grave, but the record of family graves at this Nottingham cemetery has been so badly kept that the particular plot could not be located with absolute surety. The sexton dug up one grave, but it proved to be the wrong one. He started on another, and was midway with his task when the corpse and mourners arrived on the scene. Some members of the burial party were convinced that this second grave was also the wrong one; and so it turned out. But the coffin was lowered into it, being eventually transferred to a third grave, presumably the right one. A funeral is a gruesome affair at the best; incidents of this sort are disgusting and painful aggravations of grief.

Fortunately it is not often in this country that judges go out of their way to say things which are seriously prejudicial to men whom juries have found innocent, although frequently by weak jokes and uncalled for comments the Bench may imperil its dignity and even disturb the proper working of the brains in the "twelve wooden heads in a wooden box." However, there was one of the more undesirable judicial lapses at Carlisle Assizes, by a judge unnamed, in the case of a Cumberland solicitor found "Not Guilty" of misappropriation. "The jury," remarked his lordship, "have not taken my view of the matter. I think they ought to have convicted." This should not have been said at all, much less after the verdict. It was, we understand, admitted by witnesses for the other side that the defendant "did not set out with the intention of defrauding;" and the defendant, as perhaps was natural, "denied fraudulent intent." Nevertheless, the judge went out of his way to besmirch a man declared innocent by the jury and incidentally to snub the jury as fools or knaves. This sort of thing ought not to happen. Judges should know when to keep their mouths shut.

A Southampton reader sends us a specimen of a paper-bag used by a Mr. C. Hadler, baker, of that town, and over his name and trade and address we find printed, "Holiness unto the Lord," whilst underneath we read, "Dough cakes and brown bread a speciality;" and on the back of the bag is a text from Romans. Now, we cast no imputation upon the integrity of Mr. Hadler, but we do say that if he were *our* baker—well, we should make a point of weighing the bread.

To prevent further interruption of their business due to calls from people who do not know "Julia's" number in Norfolk Street, we are asked to state that she is in no way connected with the Spirit Appliances Company, of No. 10 in that street. Apparently, the local authorities are inclined to have faith in Spiritualism; for, since the reported interview with the G.O.M. in Julia's parlour, we notice that they have begun to renovate his statue at the top of the street.

The conduct of the Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., a well-known Baptist minister of Spalding, is worthy of consideration and emulation by all other Guardians of the Poor. Some time ago, being in doubt as to the suitability of stone-breaking as a labour test for tramps, Mr. Jones took off his coat and tried the job. "I could not manage it," he says, "and I would rather go to gaol than do the work." This evidence, following upon similar testimony offered by another Chairman of a Board of Guardians, ought to lead to the stone-breaking test being made in person by guardians generally. In that event we feel sure that the Spalding Board's abolition of the "work" will lead many others to do likewise. Stone-breaking is a method of barbarism, a heartbreaking business for half-starved men. And the substitution of wood-chopping has saved the Spalding ratepayers £100 a year!

The Hon. Director of Dr. Barnardo's Homes tells us that although they have had tenders for envelope addressing as low as 2s. 6d. per thousand, they always pay at the rate of 5s., and introduce express conditions into their contracts for the protection of the actual addressers. We very gladly give this disclaimer.

A charity that is in the direct line of John Bull League activity is the Children's Happy Evenings Association, as to whose good work many of our readers can testify. We may differ as to whether the adult portion of our people spends more time than it need in frivolous amusements; we are all united, or ought to be, in the view that children cannot play too much or too pleasantly, and that the children of the slums have too little play, and most of it of the wrong kind. The element of personal service is the axis of the C.H.E.A., and more young men and maidens of the leisured classes are wanted to devote two hours weekly of some one of their evenings to giving the kiddies of the poor a good time. We venture to suggest that there is no more real enjoyment for any well-to-do person with a sense of humour and a sound heart than to play with the youngsters. Money is welcome, too, of course, and anyone who wishes to give something, can do so by sending it to Mrs. Bland Sutton, of 47, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W., to whom we raise our hat.

Sorrow weighs our eyelids down as we hear the news that over 103,000 persons were charged with drunkenness and disorder in bonnie Scotland last year. We really always thought the English governed Scotland; but evidently it is the Scotch.

Golden text for Lord Rosebery: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

The Westminster coroner uttered a word of real friendliness to owners of motor vehicles and others interested in the new forms of wheeled traffic, the other day, when he pleaded for courtesy from those who ride or drive, toward elderly and infirm pedestrians. We cannot allow the streets to become so dangerous that they "must be reserved entirely for young people in good health," he said. Most motorists will agree; and we believe that the bulk of the population recognises their desire to do the right thing and is rapidly dropping its prejudice against the motor. The motor 'bus is the chief instrument in keeping alive the remnant of popular ill-will; and it was against the occasional recklessness of the motor 'bus drivers in bad weather when the roads are treacherous that the coroner protested.

Is there anything to be gained in connection with the various murder "mysteries," which of late have been far too numerous, by trapesing around the scene of the tragedy with leashed bloodhounds? In connection with one of the latest of these horrors two "experts" have got themselves extensively photographed, which may be a great gain to them in their native capacity as breeders and sellers of dogs, but is not obviously to be commended from other points of view. The futility of using these hounds as man-trackers was proved by the fact that each of the ugly-looking animals led the police in a different direction, starting from the same scent, and neither of the directions was of the slightest use. Of course, we have the usual excuses about the weather and all the rest of it. Our own view is pretty much that of one of the detectives. He was the last man to handle the "clue" to the scent, and handled it longest. Yet all the dogs absolutely ignored him.

Our dear friend the *Daily News* is always amusing. But it surpassed itself on the night of the Lords' Divsion. In its issue of November 30th, it announced that it would make known to the country the fate of the Budget by means of "coloured rockets," and then it proceeded:

> A red rocket will mean that the Lords have rejected the Budget, *and that the Revolution has begun*. A white rocket will mean that the opposition to the Finance Bill has failed, *and that the Peers are in flight*.

Certainly, it will not be the fault of the *Daily News* if the country refuses to revolt—and prefers to get on with the Christmas festivities. But what says the *Star* to its journalistic brother-in-law? For did not our rosy contemporary announce, weeks ago, that "Civil war" had "begun"? And what about "fireworks"?

Up to last Christmas, Charles Richard Harrington, a seventy-eight-years-old solicitor's clerk, lived comfortably with his wife at Brixton. Then he was discharged from his employment on account of age; the couple had to sell up the home, and in a little while they had nothing to live on except the old man's State pension. A few days ago Harrington died, according to the medical evidence at the inquest, "of syncope from sheer starvation." It is pleasant to record what followed. Having heard the story and returned their verdict, the jury handed their fees to the white-haired, destitute old woman, left to face the world alone, and the doctor "added a piece of gold." Which is another illustration of the fact that the practise of religion is a better thing than canting about it.

A reader tells us that this journal formed the subject of a recent sermon at Watford Congregational Church, King's Norton, by the Rev. Ogmore Morgan—when it appears the rev. gentleman stated he "had made enquiries at various bookstalls as to which is the most popular paper of the day, and, to his horror, each one had said **John Bull**." What else did he expect to be told?

They seem to be teaching the young mind how to shoot in Netherwasdale, near Whitehaven, under difficulties. Some years since the managers of the school made an application to the County Education Committee for a geographical globe for the use of the scholars. But the Committee hadn't any money (this being our Christmas Number we must not say they hadn't any sense). At any rate, they refused the application, and recommended the school managers to use oranges, remembering that the geographers are unanimous that "the world is round, like an orange." The managers duly sent in a requisition for the oranges, but even the oranges did not arrive, so that picturesque illustration from nature was never given to the scholars. From time to time since the managers have applied for globes or oranges, but without avail. Happily, however, for the advance of knowledge in Netherwasdale, a certain firm of biscuit makers supply biscuits packed in globular tins, around which is displayed a coloured map of the world. One of these tins has been obtained for the school, and the managers are now applying to the County Education Committee for the price of the biscuits. This ought to teach that august body the touching, yet beautiful, moral lesson, that where there's a will there's a way. As the French Minister said to Marie Antoinette, concerning one of her financial propositions, "Madame, if it is only difficult, it *can* be done; if it is impossible, it *shall* be done." Our hearty congratulations to the managers.

We take leave to call the attention of Mr. Haldane to the following story, taken from the report of an inquest held at Canterbury on the body of Annie Stanley, wife of William Edward Stanley, a private in the 21st Lancers, holder of the Distinguished Conduct Medal and other Service decorations. The man's wife had a fall indoors in March last, was medically attended, and was well within a week. On August 6th she gave birth to a child. On August 9th Stanley left barracks for the autumn cavalry manœuvres. While away he learned by telegram that his wife was ill. He was given leave of absence, and returned to Canterbury to find her in the hands of two regimental doctors. He went back to his regiment, as she seemed to have taken a turn for the better. He had eight days' furlough afterwards, and on returning to barracks was informed that his wife had been turned out for drunkenness and misconduct; "though," said Stanley, "I have not known her to drink to excess and have not seen her the worse for liquor."

On being turned out of barracks, his wife went to live in a private house. On Monday, October 18th, he went home to dinner, found his wife ill, or "queer," as he put it, at her washing, left her in charge of his daughter, and resumed his duties in barracks. In the evening he was at home again and found her in bed. As he was washing his khaki in the kitchen she called out, "Oh, Bill, it has taken me in the back of the neck again. That is what I was suffering from in barracks, what I was turned out for." The doctor who had attended her after her fall in March came and prescribed, but she could not take the medicine he sent, and when he was again summoned she was dead. "From what I could gather," said the doctor at the inquest, "she must have had another fit just after my first visit. The cause of death was cerebral hæmorrhage." Here a juryman spoke up. "I should like to know," he questioned, "by whose authority or on what evidence the woman was turned out of barracks?" As Captain Thompson, who was in court, was "not prepared to give evidence," we take leave to put that juryman's pertinent question to Mr. Haldane. *Prima facie*, there is a serious case for the commanding officer of the 21st Lancers to answer.

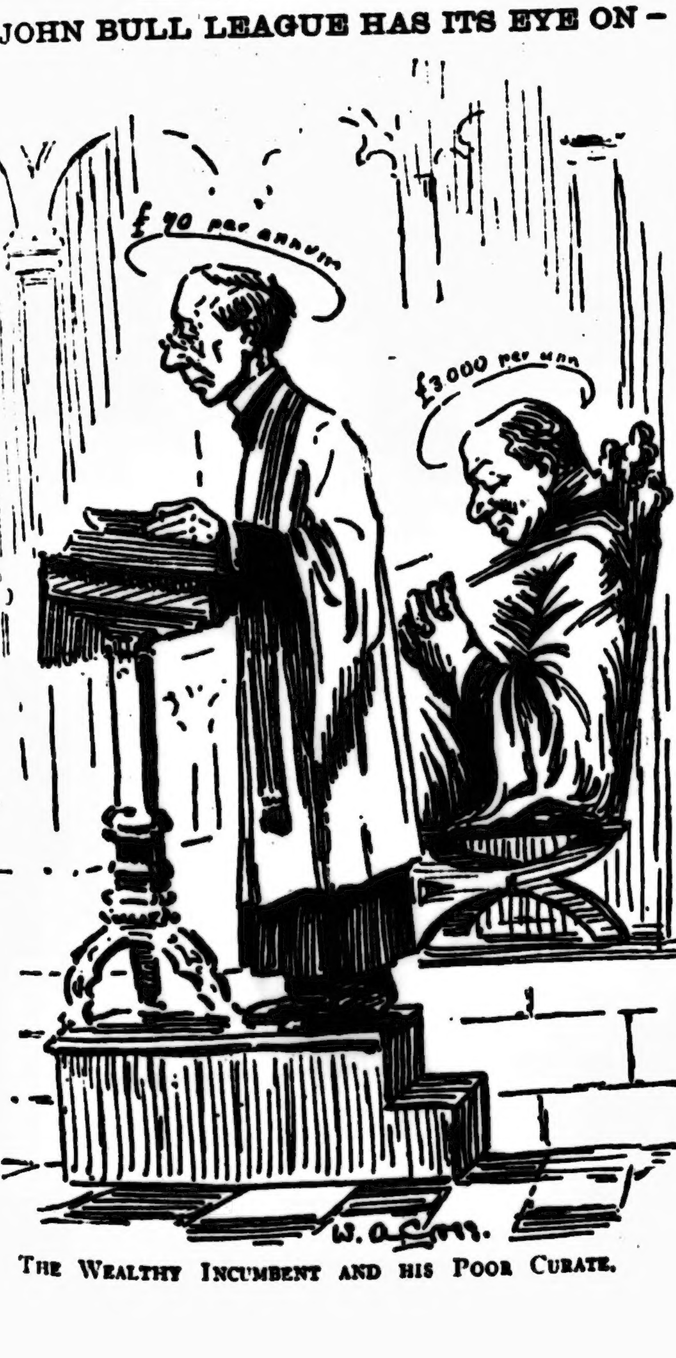
We cannot help noticing the frequency with which we come across an old friend in the shape of that paragraph about the heroic action of a young woman who saves the life of a policeman beset by a murderous gang of roughs by the simple expedient of blowing his whistle. How is it that the active and intelligent constable can never blow that whistle for himself? And who is the female knight-errant who invariably comes to his assistance just in the nick of time? It is impossible to say, for she has scores of aliases and her activities are limited to no particular district of the metropolis.

Then there is our old friend the burglar who gets into some business-house on Saturday night and is left undisturbed until the following Monday morning, during which time he tries in vain to open one of Thingamy's patent burglar-resisting safes. So graphic is the description of the unrewarded exertions of the perspiring criminal that we can hardly refrain from dropping a sympathetic tear. Of late, however, we have heard very little of him. This disappearance appears to have coincided with the conviction for obtaining money by false pretences of a penny-a-liner in whose pockets were found postal orders obligingly sent to him by a certain firm of safe-makers.

The Week's "Chestnut":—

He was a compositor, but was devoid of any knowledge of either metaphor or Scripture. Consequently, when called upon to set up the phrase, "He asked for bread and they gave him a stone," he took upon himself the responsibility of correcting the sentence, making it read, "He asked for bread and they gave him a scone."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—



The Wealthy Incumbent and his Poor Curate.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No more biscuits for births, deaths, or marriages, which creep into the wrong column. Much too gruesome to be funny!

OLD WOMEN.—Biscuits are uncompromisingly denied to papers alluding to "old women of both sexes." There are so many of them.

WEDDINGS.—No biscuits for bridegrooms wearing picture hats and crepe de chine. Why shouldn't they?

For stating that: "Many a brave HEART *beats beneath the regulation* TROUSERS *of the Town Postmen,"*

THE WORTHING GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing: "Fate of the Budget. Lord Crewe moves second reading without a WORD,*"*

THE EVENING ARGUS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a police-sergeant said he saw "a CHILD *in the kitchen which was used for drinking purposes and also for the family meals,"*

THE WESTERN MAIL.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting a lecturer as having stated that in order to have good milk "healthy CROWS*" were necessary,*

THE PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Lieut. Basil E. M. Waters, R.N., "was married to Miss Alice E. Packard, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edward Packard and MISS *Mollie Copeman,"*

THE GLOBE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the takings at the Congregational Bazaar on Wednesday amounted to £839, bringing the total for the three days up to £356."

THE LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating the "stalls were in charge of the local tradespeople, and the following WELL FILLED *ladies and gentlemen,"*

THE LOUGHBOROUGH ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing the following par: "Thenceforward, like minute guns, at FIVE*-minute intervals they fired a salute, while every* THREE *minutes the flaming streamers of the rockets bore the news of the revolution,"*

THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "for the first time this season the SOAP *kitchen was opened on Saturday, and a large quantity of excellent* SOAP *was distributed,"*

THE WELSH COAST PIONEER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a letter to the Editor of the "Glasgow Evening Citizen" that many of the ringleaders of the University students, "who are only FEATHERLESS *goslings, will be* PLUCKED *year after year,"*

"DR." WALFORD BODIE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that in his recent match with Harverson, Stevenson "scored 12,000 points in the afternoon,"

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing an Arts and Crafts Exhibition as "Exhibition of CHESS *and* DRAUGHTS,*"*

THE HECKMONDWIKE HERALD AND COURIER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Christmas Daisy, the Cambridgeshire winner, was also out of the same mare as Mr. Howard's HALF-BROTHERS,*"*

THE BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEAD PARLIAMENT.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

On February 13th, 1906, I witnessed the birth of King Edward's second Parliament, in which I was almost the first private member to "catch the Speaker's eye." On Thursday of last week, December 2nd, 1909, I was present at its death—being absolutely the last member who addressed it.

I recently told the story—as it appeared to me—of how a great Government had committed suicide. But this is the Christmas number of JOHN BULL, and to-day, leaving party politics severely alone, I am turning my thoughts to some of the personal aspects of the House of Commons as I have known it.

I begin with the head of the House—the Speaker. To convey to the outside world an adequate idea of the place which Mr. Lowther occupied in the life of the Commons, is a task altogether beyond my powers. He was the Spirit of Parliament. After four stormy years, there was not a member—not even an Irish member—who did not cherish an affectionate regard for him. Dignified, cultured, intensely human, urbane, witty, and absolutely fearless, he held the scales of Justice with such a steady hand that they never once got out of a dead level of impartiality. I often wondered what would have happened if by any chance he had returned to the position of an ordinary member of the House. I believe he would have been able to have done as he liked with the lot of us! In a sentence, we loved our Speaker.

The Prime Minister—what shall I say of him? His rise has been one of the romances of the Parliament. During its first two years, whilst dear old "C.-B." was with us, we looked upon "Asquith" (we never spoke of him more familiarly than that) as a frigid, matter-of-fact, and a somewhat self-conscious dialectician. To-day he is voted the best leader the House of Commons has had since the days of Gladstone.

Mr. Balfour is an enigma. I wish he would marry. He was the most uneven man in the House. Alert as a weasel, slippery as an eel, keen as a razor—one day dazzlingly brilliant and another dismally dull—you never knew how you would find him. I have thought for some time past that he has overtaxed his physical powers, and I am reluctant to suggest that unless he takes things a little easier he will not be equal to the strain. Which would be a Parliamentary calamity, for no man either understands or, at heart, loves the House of Commons more. Withal, he is a man of delightful manner, and, after watching him for nearly four years, I "take back" all I have ever said against him.

Of the leader of the Irish party one can say little more than that he has been lying very low. He is a convincing, earnest speaker, and a man of grim determination; and though, I doubt not, destined ultimately to get his way, he was, apparently, prepared to play a more waiting game than one usually associates with the Irish temperament. But, perhaps, we shall see a change soon.

Keir Hardie was the most picturesque figure on the Labour benches, but the party was sadly lacking in practical leadership. Snowden was, perhaps, the least attractive personality, and yet, by the irony of fate, was the most effective speaker. The enigma of the party was Ramsay Macdonald.

There was no Welsh and no Scottish party—the bulk of the representatives for these countries being content with the *rôle* of a Nonconformist wheel in the Liberal machine.

The "nuisances" of the House have been Rees—the most "superior" man in the assembly (with almost the smallest majority!); Mackarness—with his eternal questions about either real or imaginary native grievances; J. M. Robertson—for ever harping upon Egyptian affairs; Evelyn Cecil—the most self-satisfied dealer in ponderous party platitudes I have ever met; and pedantic old Swift MacNeill—with his precedents and pomposities.

The bitterest man in all the House, I need scarcely say, was Tim Healy—the free lance of the Irish party. What a tongue! I know nothing of his private life, but feel quite sure that at some time or other he has been badly jilted. And yet a capital fellow, withal!

The "wits" were Lulu Harcourt, Willie Redmond, "Jerry" MacVeagh, Birrell, and, in the early days, "C.-B."

The most successful private member, on the Liberal side, was Harold Cox—although he slightly dimmed his reputation in the last days by an obvious desire to propitiate his Preston critics. His rival would have been Herbert Paul, had he not been stricken down. Of the Opposition, F. E. Smith—although at one time risking his position by talking too frequently—easily held his own as the "star" of the back benches.

Of the Ministers, Winston did splendidly at the Colonial Office, but was out of his place at the Board of Trade; Lloyd George is more in his element on the platform than in the cramped atmosphere of the Treasury Bench; Haldane and Grey were never really part of the House; McKenna was pushed along a bit too fast; Burns set a rare example by sticking to his job and refraining from interference in anything outside his department; Sydney Buxton, too, rarely ventured beyond the safe region of St. Martin's-le-Grand; whilst Macnamara, who had a nasty tongue and a thick skin, had his career somewhat obscured by the acceptance of a minor office, in which he had little chance of getting into the limelight. Herbert Gladstone, I shall always maintain, did well; and, though considered by many to be lacking in grit, frequently exhibited a firmness and decision which might well have been emulated by some of his colleagues. But the success of all the new men was Seely, who followed Winston at the Colonial Office—and will follow him further.

On the Front Opposition Bench, Balfour was without a serious rival. Wyndham—*when he liked*—could wake things up; Walter Long now and then brought up some heavy guns; Austen Chamberlain "came on" a lot towards the finish; Pretyman was a useful acquisition during the Land debates, but talked too much; and Carson, when he had time, could always be relied on for a pungent party attack. But most of the help came from behind, where, apart from "F. E.," Ashley, Cave, Salter, Gilbert Parker, Younger, Remnant, Winterton, Robert Cecil, Goulding, and young Bowles, were usually at hand. Banbury, of course, stood out as the champion obstructer—always ready, as he told his constituents, to talk about anything.

The saddest spectacle in the House was, to my mind, Sir Charles Dilke, sitting, in that seat of his, divided only by a narrow gangway from the Treasury Bench! And yet, apparently, no political aeroplane could get him across. I throw out to Asquith the suggestion that if he "comes back" after the Election offer Dilke a portfolio—and, in the now classic phrase, "damn the consequences."

The continued absence of Joseph Chamberlain was the tragedy of the Parliament. I see he is retaining his seat, and so I give Balfour, also, a suggestion. If *he* "comes back," see to it that, by any means, Joe is there for the Budget.

And so I could go rambling on. But space is getting short. And I can't close these reflections without a thought of those who have fallen in the battle. If you would appreciate the flight of time, just turn your mind for a moment to the birth of this House of Commons of which I am speaking. Run over a few names which I will mention—Campbell-Bannerman, Wilfrid Lawson, Colonel Saunderson, Howard Vincent, Lawson Walton, Arnold-Forster, Randal Cremer. Do you remember them? Do you realise that they are all gone—they and many more? Think of them—sleeping! Where are the party differences now? Think of them—at rest. And, at this Christmastide, let the memory of them make your hearts warmer and your vision wider—that Charity and Tolerance may be on your tongues.

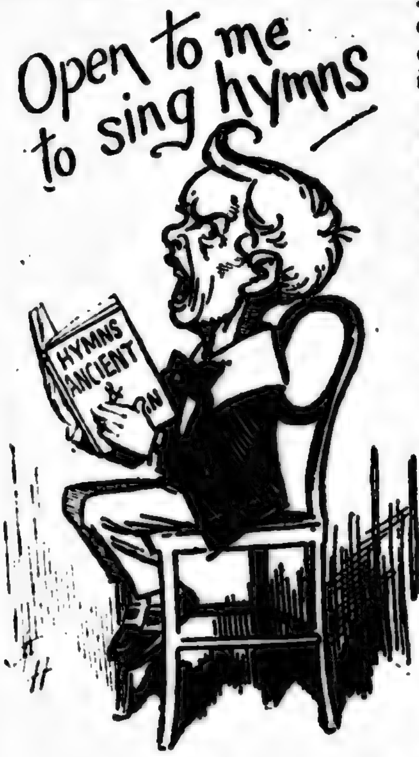
THE CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS.

By JIM CROW.

I believe I did write an illuminating paper on Christmas some two years ago, describing it as an overrated festival. I know that I have also written about Christmas presents and suggested that, save in my own case as a prospective recipient, they were useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. Now, however, the gentleman who fondly imagines that he edits this paper in my absence has made a personal appeal to me to be genial for once and abandon myself to the festivity of the season.

THE KILL-JOY CHRISTMAS.

Well, I am always willing to oblige, ever ready to be festive—at the expense of others. If it can be made perfectly clear to me that my creature comforts will receive due attention, I will try to reciprocate with a resolute sense of favours to come. I must confess, however, that my recollections of Christmas are not associated with any special merriment. As a child, I used to be driven to church two or three times on Christmas Day, and my toys were no less taboo than on the so-called Sabbath. On my remonstrating and pointing out that the season was supposed to be one of joy and gladness, I was reminded that, as in the case of Sunday, joy and gladness ought to find expression in holy meditation rather than in frivolity, and that if I felt disposed towards merriment it was quite open to me to sing hymns. As, however, my voice is even less melodious than that of my eponymous bird, I felt that it would scarcely have been consonant with Christian charity to seek my relaxation in this particular way. And so it has come to pass that my liveliest recollections of Christmas are centred in an excess of rich food, in monotonous religious exercises, and in a feeling of envy for children who were not so well brought up as myself.



THE COMPLIMENTARY EQUIVOCATION.

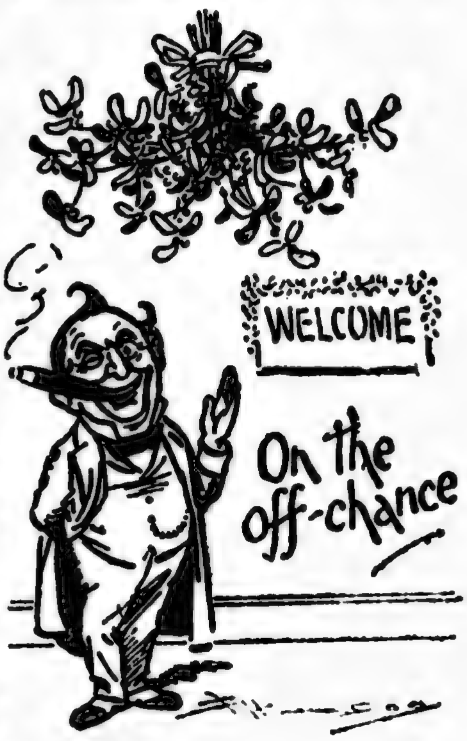
Moreover, it was the invariable etiquette that the day should conclude with a lie. As my mother kissed me good-night, her eyes would glisten with affection and she would enquire tenderly whether I had spent a happy Christmas. Now I ask anyone of you how you would have wrestled with such a dilemma. If my answer had been in the negative, I should have set up a feeling of resentment which would have been visited upon my devoted head during the rest of my holidays,—I should have been voted an ill-natured curmudgeon, been subjected to all manner of spiteful usage. Accordingly, I used to compromise with my conscience and vow that I could not conceive a period of greater felicity. But the effect on my morals was bad, and it is certainly surprising that I should have grown up to be a conspicuous model of veracity.

CHRISTMAS AT HOME.

But now, let us try to pull ourselves together and make up our minds about the ideal Christmas. It is not a pleasant day to go out of doors, for all the shops are shut. What can I do at home to enjoy myself on Christmas Day more than on any other day of the year? As I am fortunate enough to have plenty to eat and drink all through the year, I do not regard a banquet as a special treat. Turkey and plum-pudding are the seasonable dishes, I understand, but I always regard turkey as inferior to veal and plum-pudding as only fit for consumption in Lapland. I suppose I might give a party, but at the best a party is only a congregation of insulting individuals who waste my time and disturb me at my work. What pleasure is there in a party? You may have music, which I regard as no better than co-ordinated noise; or dancing, the essentials of which are panting and perspiration and the multiplication of corns; or gambling games, which mean the depletion of my slender exchequer.

A SOLITARY CELEBRATION.

Ah! Now I have it. For once I will do something original. I will spend my Christmas quite alone amid the comfort and security of my baronial hall. I will hang up a great deal of mistletoe on the off-chance of stray intruders. I will instruct my menials to decorate a dozen Christmas trees and light a thousand coloured tapers. I will have a bowl of punch for breakfast and keep it steaming all day. I will play at Snapdragon by myself in the twilight and try to imagine myself a small boy who has not been forced to go to church on Christmas Day. I will burn clouds of incense and give myself the illusion of an ecclesiastical atmosphere without the accessories of moist hymnbooks and snuffling school children.

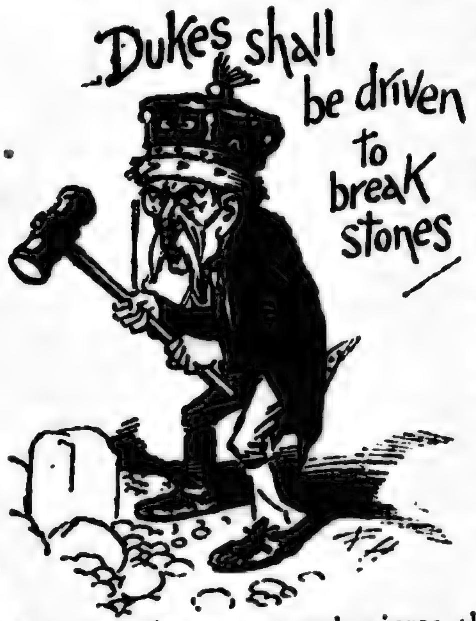


ORIENTAL ORGIES.

On reflection, I am not quite certain that I will spend this Christmas all alone. It comes to us from the Orient. Why not spend it in an Oriental fashion? I will call for a divan and sit cross-legged smoking a hubblebubble pipe, and I will hire a corps de ballet to dance fantastically before me. Or, I will seek forgetfulness in Hashish or Kif, while sirens sing unto me soft Arabian songs. I will wander away into the House of Illusion and forget all about all other days in the year. Or, I will imagine myself a miser and send round to the bank for a bag of gold wherein I may wallow. Or, I will bathe in Benedictine and half drown myself in a butt of Sack.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

I am always alert for new sensations, and it now occurs to me that perhaps the newest sensation would be the most obvious. Happy thought! I will have a thoroughly family Christmas. Mrs. Crow shall find diamonds galore in her stocking, and after breakfast, I will summon the faithful retainers and give them guerdons. We will have a baron of beef for lunch, and roast an ox whole on the lawn in the snow for dinner. Then everybody shall be sent to bed and we will play at Darby and Joan and recapitulate venerable memories while the waits are soothing us with carols. We will send postcards or telephone messages to our enemies and assure them of our complete forgiveness, and proffer a plenary indulgence to all Tariff Reformers, Suffragettes, fraudulent bookmakers, money-lenders, Puritans and sinners. We will inaugurate a new Christmas. Hitherto Christmas has been regarded as a period of condescension by the rich towards the poor. Now we will start a campaign under the auspices of the Thomas Cat League for persuading the poor to forgive the rich. Kill-Joys shall be plied with whisky punch, frowsy fanatics shall be filled with incense, and the Children of Israel shall be invited to raise their interest to ten thousand per cent. The mighty shall be abased and dukes shall be driven to break stones; workhouses shall flow with champagne and princes shall starve in all their palaces.


Dukes shall be driven to break stones

EHEU!

But this is not practical politics.

THE "TIGER" DISASTER.

THE MAYOR OF PORTSMOUTH EXPLAINS.

In our issue of November 27th we referred to the Fund for the victims of the *Tiger* disaster, which occurred some eighteen months ago, and to the £6,000 or £7,000 which, as we understood, had been obtained by public subscription in aid of the sufferers. We asked if the whole of the money had been distributed, if a balance-sheet had been published, and if it is a fact that certain claims have been entirely ignored, and we invited the Mayor of Portsmouth to give us this information.

Our reference has attracted attention in the local press, which asks us not to throw doubt upon the administration of the Fund, but to commend it to the support of our readers, and we have received the following letter from Mr. Dupree, the Mayor of Portsmouth :—

> My attention has been called to the paragraph which appeared in last week's JOHN BULL relative to the *Tiger* Disaster Fund and, as requested, I beg to give you particulars.
>
> In April, 1908, soon after the sad occurrence, a public meeting was called by the then Mayor, Councillor F. G. Foster, " to consider the best means of furthering the establishment of a Naval Disaster Fund which, while primarily intended to afford assistance to the widows, children and other dependants of those who lost their lives in the disaster to H.M.S. *Tiger*, will, if sufficient funds be obtained, be immediately available to meet any claim which may arise from any similar disaster should one unfortunately occur, and to take such steps in reference to this question as may be thought fit."
>
> The Fund was opened, and a sum of over £2,000 was subscribed. Unfortunately, shortly after this, the accident to the *Gladiator* occurred, and a further sum of £1,700 was received in respect of this, and a sum of £6,000 subscribed generally.
>
> A scheme was formed, a copy of which I enclose, and the whole of the dependants in both cases, *Tiger* and *Gladiator*, were placed on the Fund, with one exception, and this was a claim from a father who had nobody dependant upon him but his wife, and who is in constant work earning 35s. per week, and I have no doubt that this is the case which you suggest has been ignored.
>
> I also enclose the published balance-sheet, and hope that you will give publicity to the statements given to remove any false impression there may be as to the administration of the Fund.

Mr. Dupree's letter very fully answers our enquiries. The balance-sheet he encloses indicates clearly the way in which a portion of the Fund has been expended, and it shows that £9,000 of the balance as it stood at the date of the balance-sheet has been lent to the Portsmouth Corporation at 3½ per cent. for twenty-five years. We are not acquainted with the facts of the one case to which the Mayor refers, but if it be the only case not helped, why not allocate a few pounds to it, if only by way of a Christmas box ?

DONT'S FOR DONORS,

OR PRESENTS NOT TO GIVE AT CHRISTMAS.

Don't give a *Postman* " A Life of Knox "—he has it already.

* * *

Don't give *Mr. Balfour* a photograph of *Mr. Ure ;* he would hate to see it " lying " about.

* * *

Don't give a model of the House of Lords to *Mr. Asquith ;* he'd be sure to smash it.

* * *

Don't send *Dr. Bode* any *more* British bedspreads ; he dislikes the samples he has already.

* * *

Don't give nuts to *Mr. Eustace Miles ;* it would probably only get his monkey up.

* * *

Don't give *Mr. W. T. Stead* a case of spirits. It is only putting temptation in his way, and besides, he has a whole bureau-full.

COUNTRY DANCES.

By E. P. Medley.

In hearts ready for enjoyment Christmas revives the love of dancing, and though voted old-fashioned by untiring waltz-lovers, " Sir Roger de Coverley " never loses in favour from its adaptability to the footing of both old and young.

The melody of its accompaniment was deemed delightful in the days of Queen Elizabeth, but sank for a while into forgetfulness, returning at intervals, till in the reign of Queen Victoria it was in fashion from palace to barn. The charm of its simplicity is never failing, the advances from the ends of two long lines of eager dancers, their turnings in the centre, their returnings, their backings, the chain and, lastly, the arched hands under which every couple passes, all create a scene of mirth and goodwill infinitely pleasing.

We are told that Roger of Cowley, a village near Oxford, was of fame sufficient to have his name given to the tune and dance which were so popular in Queen Anne's time that Addison called the most famous character in the *Spectator* " Roger," but with a higher dignity, for by a few strokes of the pen plain Roger Cowley became Sir Roger de Coverley. The delineation of this fictitious character gave scope for Addison's genius in the portraiture of an Englishman with a strict soul of honour and acute sense, but mixed with eccentricity which belongs to a humorist. In the indulgence of this humour he does nothing spiteful, but rather, being unconfined by forms and ceremonies, he is ever ready to please all around him. He dwells in a house where he entertains lavishly, beloved and served willingly by fellow-creatures, whom he treats as friends though paying them justly for their services. He enters into all their sorrows with sympathy, as well as into their joys, and it is in their merry-makings that Fancy's eye can picture Sir Roger dressed in becoming costume of full-skirted coat, ruffles and flowing wig, knee-breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes, leading a smiling partner through the dance now linked for all time with his memory. It is said that Addison became so fond of his own creation that he killed him off quickly in his writings lest an alien hand should spoil him in his older age.

Love of the Gaelic reel still holds sway in Scotch hearts and considering the acknowledged skill required for its correct rendering, it is a matter of surprise that Southerners continue to look on it as an eccentricity of the Scot, to be tolerated and scoffed at when occasionally introduced at English entertainments. His native tenacity of purpose makes the Scot entirely indifferent to this scorn ; in fact it only engenders in him the firm opinion that it is lack of ability prevents the scoffers from taking part in the reel, which affords opportunities for the display of an incredible variety of steps and is calculated to show off a trim ankle to distraction not to be guessed at in the monotonous waltz. True it is that the enthusiasm inevitably growing during reel-dancing vents itself in shouts provoking dismay by their weirdness, and these, no doubt, have helped in producing an uncanny effect on strangers, but it will be a step in the right direction when young South meets North with better understanding by joining hands in learning the reel.

Equally impossible to Englishman or Scot is the attainment to perfection in dancing the Irishman's jig. The effect on dancer and audience is positively indescribable. None but a true-born Irish heart can realise the " atmosphere " of this dance. It cannot be beaten for exhilaration of spirit. It is dominated by the intense delight in quick movement, accompanied by indifference to happenings. Fitly, to complete this dance, it should end in a sudden development of wings on the dancers, for only in airy flight can the exuberance born of jig-dancing be adequately expressed.

Long life to dancing and innocent merry-making. In them lies happiness for all who would enjoy the season of Christmas now before us.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

December 13*th.*—Peter Keary.
Get on, or get out.—*Peter Keary.*

December 14*th.*—Viscount Midleton.
If the cap fit, wear it.—*Proverb.*

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President—Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P.

Objects: To stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to create a robust and self-reliant Public Opinion; and to promote a Common Sense Business Government for a Common Sense, Business People.

Readers desirous of joining the League must fill up the subjoined form and forward same to the Secretary, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

GREAT MEETING AT MANCHESTER—THE PRESIDENT CONTINUES HIS TRIUMPHANT TOUR.

The fourth of the series of public meetings now being held throughout the country in connection with the inauguration of the John Bull League took place in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Friday evening of last week. Notwithstanding the drenching weather, several thousand people assembled, and during the interval between the opening of the doors and the commencement of the proceedings the Lancashire Military Band gave a selection of popular airs.

The President, on taking the chair, was accorded an ovation, the vast audience rising and cheering for several minutes before he was allowed to commence his speech. After mentioning the wonderful meetings which had already been held in London, Glasgow and Cardiff, he said he had suddenly remembered that what Manchester thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow, but that having omitted the precaution of consulting the citizens of the Cottonopolis at the outset, he had ventured the experiment of seeing whether perchance what they might think to-day the relatively unimportant cities he had already mentioned had thought yesterday. He then proceeded to explain the objects of the League, and aroused great enthusiasm by the manner in which he applied its principles to the questions arising in the present crisis. Dealing with the fiscal controversy, he expressed his confidence that a dozen hard-headed business men, free from party prejudice, would have no difficulty in deciding whether any fiscal antidote was necessary in the circumstances of a given trade in a given district at a given time, but he regarded it as gross impertinence on the part of any professional politician, getting his knowledge solely from theoretical books on political economy, to come and lay down the law to the commercial community as to the best methods of conducting its business. Party tyranny was the greatest enemy of our commercial prosperity. As regards the Navy, the policy of the League was simplicity itself. By tradition and history and natural law, Great Britain was mistress of the seas. No European nation had any right by virtue of Colonial possessions or oversea trade to challenge the supremacy, and the business of the Foreign Minister should be to demand an immediate halt in the present mad race in naval armaments, and, failing getting it, to assert our supreme power whilst we still possessed it—a sentiment which brought down the House. As regards the House of Lords, the more he saw of the working of the Parliamentary machine, the more convinced he was of the need of a second or revising Chamber, but its constitution should be so altered as whilst containing a fair representation for the peers, it should embrace a strong elective element—chosen by the Government of the day and consisting of men of ripe experience and mature judgment. It was the constitution and not the veto of the House of Lords which called for reform.

Dealing with the hypocrisy and expense of so-called Missions, Mr. Bottomley caused great amusement by quoting from the report of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews in regard to its Manchester branch. This had, apparently, been in existence for sixty years and had cost upwards of £30,000. But amongst all the elaborate detail given in the Report he failed to find any statistics giving the number of Jewish converts, and great laughter was caused by his request to any member of the vast audience he was addressing to give him the name and address of one. The view of the League was that the large amounts now spent in Foreign Missions to the Heathen might be better employed in relieving suffering and misery at home.

The speech was listened to with rapt attention throughout, and at its close was greeted with long and continued applause. The opinion was freely expressed by many prominent local men that having regard to the weather conditions, scarcely any other public man could have attracted such an audience. The resolution approving the objects of the League was carried unanimously.

Birmingham Meeting.

As will be seen from an announcement on the first page of this issue, the President will address a meeting under the auspices of the League in the Town Hall, Birmingham, to-morrow (Friday), December 10th. Prior to the commencement of the proceedings, selections will be given by Riley's Military Band, the vocalist being Miss May Seiber, who is so well known throughout the Midlands. Mr. Sidney Stoddard will sing the John Bull League Song to full orchestral and organ accompaniment.

Great interest is being evinced in Birmingham and the Midlands generally in the meeting, and the Organising Secretary (Mr. J. W. Ward), who has been at the Queen's Hotel since the commencement of the week, will be pleased to meet members and others who may desire to assist. A limited number of tickets for reserved seats can be obtained on application to Mr. Ward.

North-East London Meeting.

The President will address a Public Meeting under the auspices of the League in the King's Hall (Hackney Baths), Hackney, on Friday, December 17th. Chair will be taken at 8.30 p.m. Full particulars next week.

SOME BRANCH REPORTS.

Anerley.—The League is making great strides here. A favourable reference to its policy, with reference to foreign missions, was recently made at a performance of "Penelope" at the Crystal Palace Theatre, and was greeted with rounds of applause.

Bournemouth.—Our friends here have made up their minds that the League Branch shall be thoroughly established, in order that a monster demonstration shall be held on the occasion of the centenary fetes. John Bull is always sold out by Friday.

Cardiff.—The President's visit has resulted in a very large accession of membership, and it has been decided to hold regular monthly meetings of the branch. The eyes of the public are being opened to the way their interests are being looked after in Parliament. Good luck to our President.

Clapham Junction and Wandsworth.—The meeting of this branch, which was to have been held in this district early in December, has been postponed until January, to suit the general convenience of members.

Kilburn and Willesden.—Great enthusiasm has been evoked in consequence of the speeches of the President at Glasgow, Cardiff, and Manchester. The ostrich-like policy of the London press is the subject of adverse comment.

Ilford and Manor Park.—A grand meeting was recently held in connection with the League at Broadway Chambers, and delegates attended from Stratford and Forest Gate. A strong committee was formed, and things are now in thorough working order.

Leeds.—The League is going stronger than ever here, and the membership is increasing daily. Canvassing for new members is being actively pursued, and the results are very encouraging.

Newcastle.—Steady headway is still being made here. Recently a local member of the I.L.P. made very favourable references to its policy. Our teetotal Sheriff has been "at it again." An eye must be kept on him.

Sheffield.—Local members are anxious to know when Sheffield will be honoured with a visit from the President. Badges are very much in evidence, and the membership increases rapidly. The League is going to throw its searchlight on the Sheffield Guild of Help, which has succeeded this year in distributing in relief the amount of £586—*at a cost of £800.*

Tipton (Staffs.).—The interest in the League has greatly increased since the meeting at Manchester, and badges are very much in evidence.

BIRMINGHAM MEETING.

The production of this copy of "John Bull" will secure admission to the above meeting.

Members producing their badges will be entitled to Reserved Seats.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Please enrol me as a Member of the John Bull League.

Name ....

Address ....

....

HUMAN DOCUMENT—LXIX.

ANOTHER DYING SOLDIER.

We have received the following appeal from a Birmingham correspondent, and if any of our readers can lend a hand to help the poor man to whom it refers, and who is in his present straits owing to the contraction of incurable disease during the time he was serving his country in the South African war, we shall be very happy to be the medium of putting them in touch with him :—

> I am writing you in reference to a very sad case, which came to my notice a few days ago, which I think will interest you. The facts are these :—
>
> A married man, thirty-eight years of age, who served in the Worcester Regiment, went through the South African war, for which he has medals and bars, is dying of consumption, and for want of nourishment to combat that dreadful disease.
>
> He and his wife were caretakers of a dispensary in Birmingham until he had notice to leave owing to the above complaint. He has references from clergymen and others for over twenty years. His discharge papers from the Army are marked, "Character, very good." Their home now is gradually going to pay rent and buy food. The future looks very gloomy. Last summer he was granted leave of absence from his duties at aforesaid dispensary, and tickets or notes were obtained for the purpose of his staying at a home (near Worcester) for consumption. This treatment was of no avail, and the poor chap and his wife are now in want of necessities.

With reference to writer of Human Document LXVII., we have received the following, which has been forwarded as requested :—3s. from G.A. (London, W.); 1s. from D. H. J. (Cottingham)

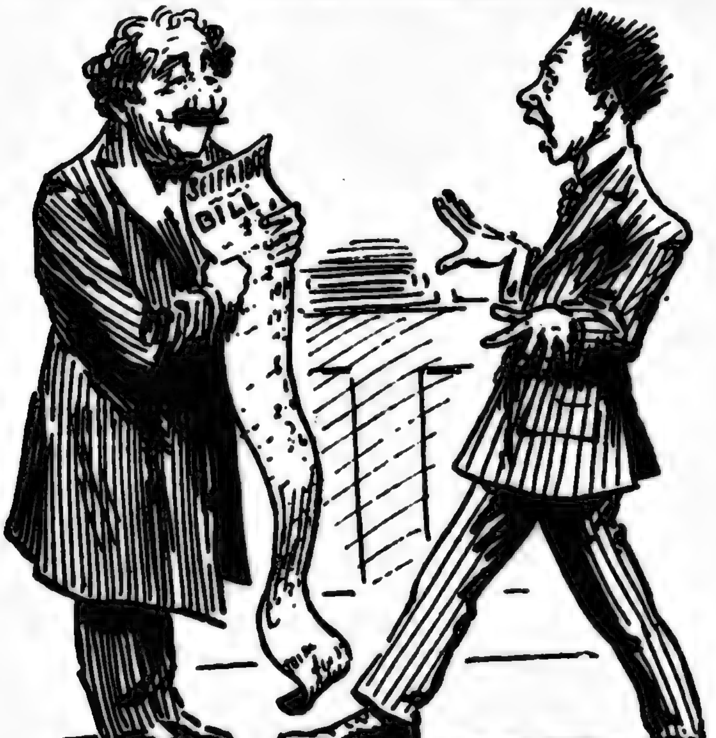
UNDER THE PUMP.

It was a foolish Suffragette,
She had refused to eat,
Although the wardress offered her
A plate of savo'ry meat,
Saying, " My dear, don't be a chump,
But try this bit of steak—it's rump."

In vain. The Suffragette refused
The proffered nourishment:
That self-starvation she designed
Was very evident.
" No food!" she cried (now far from plump).
" Starvation is my winning trump!"

Alas! she lost the trick; for next
They called the doctor in,
Who, having felt her pulse, declared
That she was far too thin.
Now, if you want to make her jump,
Just whisper softly, "*Stomach pump!*"

" Retlaw."



"Our Prices Will Surprise You."

A "LOYAL PROTESTANT."

A Word to Pastor Primmer, of Scotland.

The intolerance of Protestants in Scotland does not seem to abate in process of centuries. A person called Pastor Jacob Primmer, of Dunfermline, sends us a copy of a resolution passed at a meeting over which he presided in Edinburgh. The object of the meeting was to express condemnation of the King for " honouring the Papacy," and a long resolution exhibited " anxiety and alarm at the recent actions of His Majesty towards the Papacy with which he has sworn he will have no dealings or communion." This is a somewhat exaggerated view to take of the Coronation Oath, particularly when we consider the particular actions complained of :—

(1) " Only recently, His Majesty knighted the intolerant Popish Archbishop of Malta.":

(2) This " was followed by the knighting of the Popish Abbot of Tepl."

(3) " Attending the Popish Mass at Marienbad.":

(4) " On September 22nd, sending a telegram of thanks to the Popish Hierarchy met in council in Quebec for a telegram of loyalty."

Evidently, according to this body, honours ought to be conferred only upon Protestants, Jews, Mahometans, infidels and heretics, and even ordinary amenities are to be denied to loyal Catholics who express their devotion to the throne. Many people imagine that in these enlightened days all ideas of religious persecution have been abandoned, but we are willing to wager that Pastor Jacob Primmer, while denouncing the Holy Inquisition, would welcome the revival of Penal Laws and deprive his opponents of their rights of citizenship. If a Catholic is not entitled to a knighthood or a telegram of thanks, surely it is much worse to allow him to sit in Parliament, serve in the Army, or exercise the franchise. Which is absurd.

THE NEW COUNTY CLUB.

AN INVIDIOUS INVITATION.

Ladies' clubs have been announced with great flourishes of trumpets, but few, if any, of them have been crowned with success. One of them has been for a long time in the hands of the Official Receiver, and most of the others live only from hand to mouth. The latest struggler is the New County Club, 21, Hanover Square, and the honorary secretary has sent out a circular addressed to perfect strangers informing them that as a huge favour fifty new members are to be admitted at the present subscription of three guineas with an entrance fee of two guineas. The recipients of this precious circular are informed that it is addressed only "to a few ladies of high social standing," and that "in their case a proposer and seconder will be unnecessary," but full particulars "as to family, etc.," will be required as the Committee are determined to keep the club very select. This being so, it is difficult to place full reliance upon the statement that the circular has been sent only to ladies of high social standing. In any case the attractions offered are not overwhelming. "A special feature has been made of afternoon tea served in particularly dainty fashion." It will not be specially gratifying to ladies of high social standing to learn that it is not served out of a tin urn or poured into a mug.

THE SUPPRESSION OF SNORERS.

A SUGGESTED REMEDY.

We are quite ready to admit that paupers cannot always enjoy the same consideration as the more prosperous members of the community. But it does seem rather hard that the inmates of the Stepney Union Workhouse should be compelled to sleep with their heads under the bedclothes. This sounds almost like a regulation in a Russian prison, and one wonders why this particular form of annoyance should be insisted upon. It appears, however, that some of the inmates have been so indiscreet as to indulge in the reprehensible habit of snoring. It may, therefore, be argued that the guardians are only safeguarding the susceptibilities of light sleepers. Why not institute an enquiry and draw up a black list of snorers and condemn them only to muffled slumbers? Even then, we are not quite sure that a snore is necessarily more soothing or melodious when it permeates from the seclusion of bedclothes. Surely the best way out of the difficulty would be to have dormitories for snorers and non-snorers, just as we have railway compartments for smokers and non-smokers.

GIVING AND RECEIVING.

By Irene Miller.

There is a little moral maxim that, on behalf of "the fair," I should like to impress upon the minds of "the brave" during the festive season. Remember, then, oh my brethren, that it is more blessed to give than to receive!

And often, too, with men, it seems likewise more satisfactory. The shops are packed with things useful and pleasing to dames and damsels; whether it be a present for one's best girl, one's tom-boy sister, or the maiden-aunt, there is equally an embarrassment of riches. But the aforesaid best girl, tom-boy sister and maiden-aunt probably give themselves absolute headaches in pondering over the problem of what to give *Him*.

Embroidered objects, "every stitch put in with my own fingers, darling," are nowadays regarded as distinctly old-fashioned, not to say tiresome; he is sure to have an adequate supply of slippers and braces already, and doesn't really want them to be beautified—or otherwise—by absurd flowers in floss-silk. Of course the ideal of a present is some luxury that the recipient is too self-denying to indulge in on his own account—just think how impossible husbands and fathers usually make it for their feminine relatives to bestow upon them the "ideal present"! Yet sometimes they contrive to give it to themselves by proxy, as did the old Professor who offered his frivolous young wife a complete set of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." In this case the little lady was not above taking a hint, and next year presented the Professor with an ermine coat, toque and muff of the latest fashion.

There prevails a sort of feeling that unless the donor and recipient be really intimate, a Christmas offering must not be anything of the useful order. But in dealing with people who are not well off, surely this is a mistake. Boxes of chocolate, silver photo-frames, calf-bound volumes of poetry, are all very well in their way—so is plum-pudding after one is almost comfortably filled-up with turkey! Really the most popular and widely appreciated form of gift, if any possible excuse can be found for gracefully offering it, is filthy lucre—lovely yellow-boys or a deliciously rustling bank-note. Even Queens have not been above such tributes. Good Queen Bess accepted from the Archbishop of Canterbury a red silk purse containing £40 in half-sovereigns, and from a lady of the Court a russet silk purse in which jingled £10. This Queen graciously received gifts of the most useful type—thereby showing her good sense. Her silk-mercer offered as a Christmas present the first pair of silken stockings ever seen in England; her apothecary gave a box of lozenges; a pie came from her servant of the pantry, and even Smyth, the dustman, made some offering, but what it was history recordeth not.

Barring actual hard cash wherewith to buy for oneself exactly what is most wanted, the young man or woman who is self-supporting, as the great majority are nowadays, will probably prefer a useful present to any luxurious trifle. I know a courageous and practical man who last year asked two young bachelor-girl friends of his what they really and truly would most appreciate. One chose a patent closed broom for sweeping round her little flat, the other decided on a fur foot-muff to keep her toes cosy while she sat for hours at her daily work. Both girls were made quite happy by these gifts, yet the most observant and kind-hearted man would scarcely have thought of them, inspired only by his own genius.

But with the seeming unfairness of Fate the rule of present-giving is all too often "Unto him (or her) that hath shall be given." Even the "struggle-for-life," as the French call those who live from hand to mouth, will make an effort to give a more expensive gift to the well-to-do friend than to the fellow "struggler" in the neighbouring attic. Of course, the motive for this can be seen without any magnifying-glass. Nor do the rich and lordly always feel it necessary to return the compliment in anything more material than smiles and patronage. Yet not many are as bad as Madame de Maintenon, who one Christmas received innumerable valuable gifts and made but one return; that was to a lady, and consisted of a hair-shirt, a scourge, and a prayer-book set with diamonds. The setting of the book may have redeemed an otherwise rather grim joke.

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

(Specially Mis-Reported for John Bull.*)*

By Richard Morton.

(Mr. Morton satirises recent Police Court Proceedings.)

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS THE ROUGH WAY.

At the East End Police Court a coarse-looking fellow, named Ben Cooper, described as a horse-dealer, was charged with working a horse in an unfit state.

The evidence of Mr. Lynx, an inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Unkindness to Animals, was to the effect that he observed the accused in charge of a horse, which he was walking slowly along the Barking Road. Noticing that the animal was limping, the inspector stopped the man and found that the horse was in a very bad state of health, consequent upon old age, neglect, and want of food. Accused admitted that the horse was old and ill, but stated he had not been guilty of any cruelty. He had bought it for a small sum, had given it a feed, and was walking it as gently as he could to the Sausage Boat.

Magistrate: The Sausage Boat! What is that?

Inspector: These poor animals are carted abroad to be made into sausages. The men get a good price for them.

Magistrate: The cruelty had been fully proved, and this was an offence that must be sternly dealt with. Apart from the cruelty to the horse, there was the possible cruelty to mankind in offering its flesh for consumption in a skin that was not its own. Prisoner must go to hard labour for a month.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—THE GENTLEMANLY STYLE.

There was a special sitting at the Greater London Police Court to dispose of a charge against Marmaduke Nimrod, Master of the Epping and Hanwell Hunt, for permitting cruelty to a stag.

Mr. Downham, who prosecuted, said everybody knew that the Act of Parliament did not admit the possibility of any cruelty during the hunting or coursing of an animal, but in this case he contended that the hunt was at an end. The defendant, with a number of other undergraduates, from Hanwell College, had chased this stag for two or three hours, till at length it took refuge in a cottage garden. When the gentlemen arrived on the scene, they endeavoured to get the creature to resume the sport, and, with broomsticks and hunting crops, persuaded it to turn out into the road again. There it stood peaceful, but, on the hounds starting to bark, it trotted into the garden once more. This method of procedure was repeated, until for the third time the poor creature refused to run and sought safety in the cottage garden. At last she fell down. They got her up again, she ran a few yards, and then fell dead. He contended this was gross cruelty under the Act, for the hunt or chase was finished.

Magistrate: Were not these young gentlemen in great danger from the creature's horns and antlers?

Mr. Downham: No, sir. In what is called a stag hunt, the animal hunted is really a hind, a female, without horns. There is no danger, except to the hind.

Mr. Silky, for the defendant, said that in his opinion the hunt was still in progress, and therefore the law said that cruelty was impossible. The hunters were there, and the hounds and the horses, and so was the quarry. These high-spirited young gentlemen were not tired, if the stag was, and it would be folly to say that a chase was at an end simply because the hunted animal desired it to stop. What would become of sport in Old England if such a contention held good? Why, the very foxes would laugh at them. Besides there was evidence to prove the extraordinary kindness of his client. When the stag fell dead, it was admitted by the members of the hunt that the chase was finished, and seeing the creature had expired, most humanely cut its throat to save the possibility of any pain. He had seldom heard of a more thoughtful and kindly act, and he appealed with confidence to the bench to dismiss this most monstrous charge.

Magistrate: I am of opinion that the hunt was not at an end, and therefore there could be no cruelty. Were not these young gentlemen admittedly trying to hunt the animal out of the garden? Why, they were pushing it out! If that was not proof that the hunt was in full cry, he should like to know what was. He had much pleasure in dismissing the case.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Consols at Last Galvanised into Life—Stock Markets More Cheerful, but Business Rather Quiet—A January Boom Predicted—The Present, therefore, an Opportunity for Securing Bargains.

Considering that a dissolution of Parliament has been decided upon, and that the General Election commences on January 8th, the Stock Markets are wearing quite a cheerful appearance. As to the gold movements, provided Brazil or Argentina do not effect some sudden large withdrawals, the Bank of England should manage to pass through the fag-end of the year with comparative ease, but I do not believe, as some sanguine ones still anticipate, that the Bank Rate will be lowered this side of the New Year. There are the usual needs of the public to be considered at this season, and they will this year be considerably increased by the necessities of the General Election, which always causes a good deal of money to be displaced. The City is evidently looking forward to a January boom—after the Election. Those who are of this opinion cannot do better than to take time by the forelock, and try to get hold of some bargains, for these are still to be obtained. No one, however, should make such purchases if he cannot take up the stock and pay for it. It is as well to take to heart the lesson taught to so many small and large speculators, who have during the time of the 5 per cent. Bank Rate been mercilessly sacrificed by the Banks in the North, and by the Shylocks of the Stock Exchange. With this proviso investors might safely buy sound Kaffir shares, either dividend-paying, or working up to dividend point, low-priced Rhodesians, and, above all, West Africans. To these I devoted a special chapter last week, and it is evident that the market has adopted my view. On the other hand, Copper and Copper Mines had best be left alone. A new feature in Wall Street in the shape of the control obtained by Mr. Pierpont Morgan of the great Equitable Insurance Office of New York, is a big "Bull" point, and to some extent offsets any possible action by President Taft. Home Rails are already firming up. Argentine Rails, as I stated a week ago, are improving and likely to further advance, while San Paulo have also been a feature of strength. My favourite Brazilian and Japanese stocks have been advancing, as I said they would, and Russians will probably keep them company. Colombia is playing a sorry *rôle* just now, spoiling her credit by an attempt at default which must hurt the Republic generally, and the various Colombian railway companies in particular.

A Colonial Revival—Corporation Stocks from the Investment Point of View.

My readers will remember that in recent issues I drew special attention to the merits of Colonial Government bonds, and especially of the Australian group, for investors. I have reason to think that this advice has been largely acted upon, and buyers of such bonds have certainly not had long to wait for tangible results. During the past week there has been a steady upward movement in quotations, which now stand well above the level ruling when I first singled them out as a particularly good medium for investment. Nor is the rise by any means exhausted. The project for the consolidation of the various Australian State loans into one issue of the Commonwealth of Australia has now come within the range of practical politics, and it should not prove beyond the capabilities of the powers that be to devise a plan, agreeable to all the parties concerned, under which holders of the State Bonds could exchange into a Consolidated stock, in accordance with the varying terms of interest carried by their present holdings. The credit of the Commonwealth would thereby be raised automatically, and it stands to reason that the credit of the various Corporations would also appreciate. Under these circumstances, there are some good investments to be made amongst the stocks of the latter, as will be gathered from the following table:—

COLONIAL CORPORATION STOCKS.

Name.	Interest P.C.	Red.	Buying Price.	Yield P.C. Per Ann. £	s.	d.
Bloemfontein	4	1954	98*	4	1	9
Bombay Guar. Ster.	4	1969	102½	3	18	0
Calcutta Ster. Deb.	4	1939	98½	4	1	3
Calgary Deb.	4½	1928-37	105	4	5	9
Cape Town (City of) Ins.	4	1953	102*	3	18	6
Durban (Borough of) Ins.	3½	1949	90*	3	17	9
Edmonton (City of) Ster. Deb.	4½	1917-29-49	105*	4	5	9
Johannesburg Municipal	4	1933-4	99	4	0	9
Melbourne (City of) Deb.	4	1915-22	101	3	19	3
Port Elizabeth Ins.	4	1964	99*	4	0	9
Quebec Cons.	3½	½ yr. dr.	94	3	14	6
Toronto (City of)	3½	1929	94	3	14	6
Wellington Harbour Board	4	1912-46	101	3	19	3
Woodstock Reg.	4	1955	96*	4	3	3

* Ex. div.

In this table, preference is given to stocks standing at par or under, in order to avoid any possible loss on redemption. Where quotations rule above this level, allowance must, of course, be made for redemption on the date mentioned, the yield being reduced to a corresponding extent. It is a wise plan not to place all one's eggs into one basket, and therefore an investment in Colonial Corporation stocks should also take in issues of the other leading Cities of the Empire, such as India, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand. In this way, a comparatively good average return is obtainable at a minimum of risk.

Peruvian Corporation Position—Looking to the Future.

A perusal of the Peruvian Corporation Directors' report gives rise to the consoling reflection that, whatever disappointments the past may have yielded, the future can be looked forward to with greater confidence. One of the chief points in the report, and one which bears re-telling, is that the Corporation gained the day in the arbitration suit which sought to make it responsible to the Peru Government for a sum of about £200,000 for the debt incurred by Peru to Chili under the Iglesias Administration. When the *Cerra de Pasco* claim is settled, there will no longer be any bar to the resumption of the most cordial relations between the Corporation and the Government, besides permitting the former to devote its undivided attention to the development of its properties. The result of the working of the Railways for the past year was a net gain of £35,000 as compared with the preceding year, and the showing would have been still better had it not been for a series of temporary but annoying accidents. It is encouraging to note that the labour troubles are disappearing, that the cost of fuel is decreasing, and that a further reduction in working expenses may be anticipated during the current year. *En passant*, it might be mentioned that, encouraged by the satisfactory adoption of oil fuel on the Mexican Railway, the Directors of the Peruvian Corporation are also looking into the possibility of the adoption of oil fuel on their lines. Guano, however, is a rapidly diminishing source of income, that having declined during the year by £27,147. The Peru Government is duly carrying out its obligation to pay the Corporation an annuity of £80,000 for thirty years, but there has been a fairly large loss on interest, exchange, etc. As a result the total income for the year has shrunk by £9,524, and the Preference stockholders have to be content with a dividend of 1 per cent. as compared with the 1½ per cent. for the preceding year. This dividend is largely provided by the Government annuity, but it should not be long now ere the expenditure on railways begins to bear fruit. It might be added, by the way, that the estimated cost of the three proposed railway extensions is now placed at £1,130,000. The various stocks have lately been largely absorbed on French account, on rumours that the arrangements have now been concluded for a loan to the Peruvian Government, a portion of which will be devoted to the satisfaction of the Dreyfus claims. This will pave the way to the introduction of Peruvian Corporation stocks upon the Paris Bourse, and to a consequent enhancement in their value.

Rubber Exploration—Testing "Rapidin," the New Motor Spirit.

The factory which has been established in this country for the purpose of testing the new motor spirit "Rapidin" (of which the Rubber Exploration Company has acquired the British patents) at the old Powder Mills, Dartford, Kent, is now working, and motorists are cordially invited to visit the factory, to inspect the manufacture of the spirit, and to test the same with their own cars. The spirit will be supplied at the price of 6½d. per gallon. "Rapidin" can also be obtained at the Royal Motor Garage, German Place, Brighton. I understand that trials with several cars for 20 miles, with severe hill tests, have already proved most satisfactory, and in view of the importance of this remarkable spirit, for which it is claimed that it is much cheaper than petrol and more efficient. I have no doubt that many motorists will take the trip to Dartford, or look in at Brighton.

The Kaffir Circus Displays Strength—Sir Julius Wernher on Native Labour Supply and Reduced Costs—Selections of Large Dividend-paying and Far Eastern Mines.

More than once has a carefully-worded statement by that leading Rand magnate, Sir Julius Wernher, turned the fortunes of the Kaffir Circus by brushing away the cobwebs which ignorant or bearish persons had been weaving round the position. He did so again in masterly style when presiding, last week, over the meeting of shareholders of Fraser and Chalmers, and, after some slight hesitation, the market responded with an upward movement. He showed how, with regard to the native labour supply, the turning point had been reached, and was able to state that there would be an increase of 2,000 for November on the Rand. He also pointed out how the mines are worked with greater knowledge and better management every year. The large combinations take some time to materialise, but the benefits are undoubted and the view which he takes, that we have not yet reached, by a long way, the lowest working expenses on the Rand is very encouraging. In compliance with numerous enquiries I gave in last week's issue a list of twenty-one of the leading dividend-paying Rand mines, with yield and length of life. From this my readers might select, for instance, *Durban Roodepoort, Robinson Gold, Rose Deep, Langlaagte Estate, Crown Mines, Witwatersrand Deep,* and *Meyer and Charlton,* and thus get an average of from 8½ to 14 per cent. yield per annum, according to length of life. Then, again, there are the mines which are still working up to dividend-paying point, and especially the large amalgamations, such as *Randfontein Central, Randfontein South, City Deep, Cinderella Deep. West Rand Consols, Simmer Deep,* etc., which will be largely producing next year and paying big dividends. Finally, the following table shows the large properties on the Far Eastern Rand which have been supplied with working capital, and have also entered the race for the dividend point. The shares in many of these are at low prices as compared with the much higher prices touched earlier this year :—

FAR EASTERN MINES.

Name.	Capital Issued. £	Highest, 1909.	Lowest, 1909.	Present Price.
New Modderfontein (£4)	1,200,000	14	10¾	11¾
Modder Deep	90,000	4⅝	1⅞	2⅜
East Rand Extension	146,500	2 7-16	2¼	1 3-16
Modderfontein B.	600,000	3 13-16	2⅛	2⅜
Brakpan	628,514	3⅞	2 3-16	2⅜
Van Dyk	500,000	1⅜	⅞	1
Cloverfield	295,000	2⅛	1⅛	⅞
Boksburg	625,000	1⅛	1 1-16	⅜
East Rand Mining	400,000	1⅞	1⅛	1⅜
Geduld	690,000	3⅜	2⅜	2⅜
Welgedacht	10[illegible],510	8⅜	2⅜	2⅜
Rand Collieries	505,[illegible]00	2⅝	1⅜	1⅜
Apex	200,000	7	3¾	4 1-16
Transvaal Coal	500,000	3	1⅜	1⅝
Transvaal Cons. Land	971,214	3⅜	2⅛	2⅜
Daggafontein Gold	411,507	1⅜	⅞	⅞
New British Transvaal (5s.)	25,107	5s.	3s. 9d.	4s.

Some of the most attractive of these are *Apex, Brakpan, Rand Collieries* (a coal mine and a gold mine) and *Daggafontein.* Despite the general stagnation which has existed in the lower priced shares in the Kaffir Market, both *Harmony Props.* and *New British Transvaal Mines* have attracted considerable business and at present prices give a favourable opportunity for buyers to acquire them at a low price. *New British Transvaal* especially, in view of the developments on the Far Eastern Rand, are well worth the attention of those seeking a cheap share with good prospects. The freehold properties consisting of three farms on the Far Eastern Rand are capitalized at only £40,000 in 5s. shares now obtainable at little over 4s. per share, whilst nearly twenty-five per cent. of this is represented by unexpended working capital. The forthcoming report should be of a very encouraging nature, and the shares can safely be recommended as a very promising speculation. The great opportunity for the *Harmony Proprietary,* of course, will come next year when the Silati Railway extension is completed. Messrs. Barnato will shortly formulate their scheme for the flotation of companies to take over from the Government the leases of the two portions of the farm Modderfontein recently acquired by them bv tender. The *Witwatersrand Township and Estate Company* has declared a dividend of ten per cent. and more dividends will be announced in the course of the week.

RHODESIANS THE BETTER FOR THEIR DRASTIC SHAKE-OUT—A BIG DIAMOND GAMBLE—WEST AFRICANS THE COMING MARKET—COPPER OUTLOOK AS OBSCURE AS EVER—WESTRALIAN AMALGAMATION.

The shake-out in the Rhodesian market has been very severe, but it is evidently all the better for it, and although operators have still to live in hopes as regards the striking of the reef in the Giant Mine at the 7th level, and the publication of the assays of the re-sampling of the *Globe and Phœnix* ore reserves, the "Bulls" have got the upper hand again. As the *New Found Out Mine* has gone to allotment, it would be interesting to know how many shares the public have taken, and how many the underwriters have been saddled with. The *United Rhodesia Goldfields,* which has been one of the numerous disappointments of the Rhodesian market, now proposes to get rid of its debit and suspense balances by the bold stroke of writing the shares down from £1 to 7s. 6d. apiece. A big gamble has been proceeding in diamond shares, and although the position of the diamond industry is undoubtedly improving, there can be no two opinions about the fact that this has now been greatly discounted, and those who buy the leading shares at present prices might easily burn their fingers. The market with the greatest speculative attractions is undoubtedly that for West Africans, as I have so repeatedly shown here, and a sign of the times is the announcement that the *Prestea Block A* expects to resume crushing operations next March. The fashion of amalgamation has now seized upon the Westralian market, the *Oroya Brownhill* having decided to join forces with the *Golden Links* and the *Kalgoorie Amalgamated,* and also to distribute a portion of its assets amongst its present shareholders. Thereupon the shares have been put up to 13/16. Otherwise the Westralian market is as dead as the proverbial doornail. The copper outlook is as obscure as ever, and none of the rumours of combine or working agreements have yet fructified. One thing stands out clear, viz., that some of the *Butte* mines and smelters have had to close down, ostensibly because of the railroad strike in America, and I maintain my view that this section is best left alone.

ANOTHER RELAPSE IN RUBBER PROVIDES CHEAP PLANTATION RUBBER SHARES FOR INVESTORS.

The observant looker on will have noticed that there are times at which purchases could be made more cheaply of Plantation Rubber Shares than at other times, and it is more especially the Mincing Lane Rubber sales which are held every fortnight, which cause reactions, sufficiently important to permit of cheap purchases. After a day or two, the market pulls itself together again, and prices rally, if not altogether to previous prices, yet approaching the same again. In some instances, however, the fall has reached larger proportions. This will be gathered from the following table of the more active shares, which gives the highest price touched this year, and the present price :—

Name.	Share.	Highest, 1909.	Present Price.	Fall.
Anglo-Malay	2s.	16s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	2s. 3d.
Bukit Rajah	£1	8½	8 3-16	5-16
Golden Hope	£1	4	3½	½
Highlands & Lowlands	£1	3⅝	3 3-16	7-16
Kuala Lumpur	£1	5	4½	½
Linggi Plantations	2s.	25s.	24s. 6d.	6d.
London Asiatic	£1	2 9-16	2½	1-16
Malacca Ord.	£1	10	7⅞	1⅞
Do. Pref.	£1	9 15-16	7¾	1 3-16
Pataling	2s.	23s.	24s.	1s. (a)
Perak	£1	4	3 1-16	15-16
Straits Bertam	£1	35s.	33s. 6d.	1s. 6d.
Sumatra Para	2s.	7s. 6d.	6s.	1s. 6d.
Tandjong	£1	37s. 6d.	1½	7s. 6d.
United Sumatra	2s.	8s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	9d.
Vallambrosa	2s.	24s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	1s.
Cicely Ord.	2s.	11½	25s. (b)	2s. (a)

(a) Rise. (b) Now 2s. shares.

The last sale of Plantation Rubber took place on November 30th and December 1st., and the next sales will be held on December 14th, 21st, and January 4th. There is not much of a prospect of a sharp recovery just yet, so that these sales would provide excellent opportunities for picking up bargains in Rubber Shares, under the influence of any further decline in the rubber itself. Fine Malay and Straits is now quoted 8s. 8d. to 8s. 10½d., and is down about 1s. from the highest point, while Fair Average is quoted from 7s. 6d. to 8s. Fine Hard Para has fallen to 7s. 8d., and there is no doubt that more Para Rubber is now coming forward, the receipts in Para during November having amounted to 4,640 tons, against 3,430 tons in November 1908, and 3,200 tons in 1907, but consumption, after all, will say the last word, and from that point of view, the outlook is, upon the whole, encouraging; a strong demand also prevailing for American account. In fact, America is on the war-path to buy Plantation Rubber for forward delivery at about the present spot prices. Amongst the above rubber shares, the leading dividend payers are Linggi Plantations, Sumatra Para, Vallambrosa, Highlands and Lowlands, Bukit Rajah, Cicely and Selangor, and anyone laying these in on the reaction, is not likely to do badly. The important point is to obtain an interest in such companies which are already producing, and can fully avail themselves of the present high prices. Straits Bertam are also a popular fancy, and after the decline, might be worth buying. Of Linggi (which, by the way, has already paid 65 per cent. dividend), 20,000 shares were sold in one lot a few days ago. Vallambrosa have been raided by Bears, but are rallying again. Malacca have declined, partly perhaps because holders have been selling their shares in order to invest in the debentures, which are convertible into shares, and thus give a free option. Patalings are also an attractive share. It is advisable to note the denomination of the shares, as some are £1 shares, while others have, only more recently been split into 2s. shares.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

Information will be readily supplied to readers of John Bull *on the following conditions:—*

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, *2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter. Communications received after Saturday cannot be dealt with in the next issue of the paper.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed

Whitland Gas and Water.—Cymbro.—It does not look as if you will ever get anything back out of this concern. The documents are returned.

Share Certificates.—A. J. G. (Birmingham).—How can I advise you if you do not even mention the name of the company in question?

Jumbo.—Flints.—(1) You might buy a few on the decline, but (2) should be left alone.

Liptons, Worthingtons, Etc.—Bootle.—1 and 2 are good industrial holdings; No. 3 should participate in any general Kaffir rally. I do not like the Tin shares.

Spencer Santo.—H. G. (Italy).—There is not much recent information available, but from what I can gather, the concern is not doing at all well.

Cassell Debentures.—W. H. Y.—The nominal price of this stock is 70—75, but the dealing price may be higher than this, as the company is said to be doing better.

Bank Shares for Investment.—B. E. T. (Kentish Town).—Bank of Australasia, London and River Plate, and London Joint Stock should answer your purpose, as yielding about 5 per cent. per annum.

Consols.—C. J. T. (Grimsby).—It should be worth while waiting with regard to selling Consols until January, when cheaper money and more settled political conditions may enable you to realise a higher price. Lady Reader.—(1) As I presume you paid a comparatively higher price for your Consols than the ruling level, you had better hold on now. (2) I should think it would be safe enough to leave it to them. (3) See previous reply. (4) If the stock is sold x.d., the seller, not the buyer, gets the interest.

G. N. Central Colombia.—Colombia (Hounslow).—Most of these Colombian Railway obligations are governed by the same conditions, and everything depends upon the honesty of the Colombian Government. There may be a recovery when the Colombian National arrangement has been fixed up, and you cannot do any harm by taking a profit when you see one.

West Rands, Simmer Deep.—P. H. R. (Dudley).—Both Nos. 1 and 2 are good locks-up, after the big reaction. I do not recommend the Newspaper shares, No. 3. As regards No. 4, Van den Berghs would be as good as any.

New Century Engine.—M. K. T.—Difficult of sale. I have sent you what you require.

Continental Lotteries.—F. J.—I regret that I cannot help you. Many of the intermediaries are shady, and I cannot obtain any information about the firm mentioned. Hazard.—There is nothing to add to my remarks. You are entirely in the hands of these people, and if they liked to withhold the prizes you could not recover them by law, which does not recognise lotteries. Curious.—I regret not being able to help you in the matter. Richard Wagner, Nautical, C. L. (Paddington), Sims.—The lotteries themselves are genuine enough, but most of the agents are extremely shady, and the prizes usually stick to their fingers, while, of course, you have no remedy. I advise you not to have anything to do with them.

Foreign Railway, Gold Mine.—Kathleen M.—(1 and 2) Randfontein Central or Randfonten South would be preferable. (3) Yes, if you will risk a possible temporary suspension of dividends next year. (4) Hold, and average on any further reaction. (5) The good ones are very hard to find, and those mentioned do not come within this category. I send what you require in your envelope.

Van Ryn Deep, Mills Day Dawn.—Wolmot.—(1) Very speculative, and the dividend stage is a long way off yet. The shares, however, have possiiblities. (2) Better sell. What you require has been forwarded in your envelope.

Five Per Cent. Investment.—X. Y. Z. (Brockley).—Why not put the £100 into a good Argentine railway, such as Central Argentine or Buenos Ayres Great Southern? I send what you require in your envelope.

£2,000 to Invest.—Dorset.—As you cannot take any risks, you might leave the £3,000 in the freehold mortgages in question. As regards the other £2,000, you can safely invest this in, say, Colonial Government bonds, such as West Australian 3½ per cent., Cape 3 per cent., Natal 3½ per cent, and South Australian 3 per cent., all trustee investments, and yielding at present prices up to 3½ per cent. per annum.

Middelburg Coal, Buluwayo Syndicate.—J. L. H.—I do not care for either Nos. 1 or 2, and you can do better in other South African shares, such as Randfontein South, Van Ryn, Witwatersrand Deep, Johannesburg Consolidated Investment, etc. What you require has been sent in your envelope.

South Africans.—G. T. C. (Eastbourne).—Hold Chartered and Johnnies for a further improvement. The best shares on your other list are Nos. 2, 5, and 6. I send what you require in your envelope

Alagoas 5 Per Cent. Bonds.—Jenkins.—A fair holding of the kind, but with a certain element of risk.

East Russian Mines.—Only a Woman.—There is no market for the shares. As regards the latter question, it, of course, remains for the shareholders to take action in a body.

Sutherlands Reefs, Etc.—A. W. (New Barnet).—(1) I do not like the concern. (2) Ditto; no market. (3) Nor are these rubber shares quoted.

Entertainment Shares, Etc.—Inquirer (Gateshead).—Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are highly speculative. Nor do I care for Nos. 4 and 5. The rubber shares, No. 6, are quoted at 6d. discount, and are not desirable. As regards No. 7, I cannot advise on the standing of brokers, much less outside dealers.

Para Loan, Etc.—Ajax (Southgate).—(1) All right. (2) These may go better with other Cuban Rails. (3) A fair industrial holding. (4 and 5) Ditto. (6) Midland Deferred should go better presently. (7) Sell if you can. (8, 9, and 10) No reason to sell. (11) A progressive industrial. (12) Hold for the present.

Gerson Hamson and Co.—Kent, Rail, O. S. W., J. B. J.—No; and see special paragraph in the issue of Nov. 27th. E. M. H.—(1) Ditto (2) I am not responsible for other people's opinions. (3) Cloverfield are a fair spec., especially on any further reaction A. W. (Merthyr).—See previous replies *re* Gerson Hamson and Co. I cannot advise regarding the other people, except that caution is most advisable. J. P. (Melton).—See above replies *re* Gerson Hamson and Co. The other firm is not to be recommended. Constant Reader (West Hartlepool).—See previous replies. What you require has been forwarded in your envelope. H. S. (Bradford).—See previous replies *re* Gerson Hamson I also advise you to steer clear of the other firm. Subscriber (Co. Carlow).—You will have seen the paragraph in last week's issue. I am afraid it would be a case of throwing good money after bad.

Ulundis, Jungles.—Spiral.—(1) I think you can do better in other leading Rhodesians. (2) Prestea Mines.

Various Industrials.—C. H. R.—Nos. 1 to 3 are fair Industrial holdings, but you might sell No. 4 on a favourable opportunity. The £130 you might put into promising Home Rails, such as North Western.

Anglo-Maikop.—Marco.—I should prefer established rubber companies, Vallambrosas, for instance

Nigeria Investment.—Wearside.—Promising, but highly speculative, and subject to very sharp fluctuations.

Spanish Tin Mine.—W. F. (Beeston).—No market for the shares here, and no option but to hold The little par. in question was obviously inspired. The documents are returned in your envelope

Kaffirs for Investment.—Wm. A (Woolwich).—All four shares mentioned, viz., Tanganyika Concessions, Knight Central, Amal. Props of Rhodesia, and Simmer, are suitable for holding. I do not like the firm in question. If you wish it, I shall be pleased to send you the address of a reliable "house" firm.

Utah Apex, Etc.—Ajax (Lonsdale).—(1) Yes, if you have a profit (2) Yes. (3) Simmer Deep would be preferable.

Railway Preferences.—Official.—Your selection of Home Railway Preferences and of Industrial Preferences is quite suitable What you require has been forwarded in your envelope.

Proposed Share Exchange.—Constant Reader (Dublin).—(1) I do not think so. (2) Yes (3) Van Ryn, Durban Roodepoort, Meyer and Charlton, Johannesburg Consolidated Investment, Simmer Deep. (4) See previous reply.

Cobalt Townsite.—Cam.—I do not think much of the prospects for this concern You can do far better in, say, South Africans.

West Africans and Rhodesians.—Consolidated.—Yes, Prestea Mines, and Fanti Mines would be an excellent lock-up in view of the coming rise in West Africans; but amongst Rhodesians, only the Amalgamated Props. of Rhodesia, amongst those mentioned by you, are attractive. Why not buy some of the bargains amongst Kaffirs?

Gold Mining Shares.—A. F D.—(1) These rates are very high, and how can you view them "in the category of safe investments"? (2) You should hold Zinc Corporation, but sell the others, and put the money in sound Kaffir Gold Mines. I can get no information about the Golden Stream Syndicate of Burma (3) The risk of losing your money or being cheated out of it

Brixton Company.—Marketwoman.—I am afraid you will lose your money if you do not look very sharp after it. Try to get an offer from the Secretary to buy you out, and accept a reasonable offer. As you hold one-fourth of the shares you have a right to a balance sheet.

Drapery Concern.—B. W. S.—You will do well not to put your money in such small concerns. There is no market for the shares, and if you wished to sell, you could not do so. You should deal in sound securities, and through a member of the Stock Exchange.

Building Society.—Crouch End.—I have not heard any such rumours, but I always am of opinion that investment in sound securities is far preferable to Building Society shares.

Rinks.—E. R.—You could not call this a safe investment. On the contrary, it is highly speculative.

Rubber Shares.—Bar.—(1) Probably it is, but that would obviously have been taken into account when the Company was formed. (2) No, there is no market for these shares. If you wish it, I will name to you some high-class dividend-paying Rubber Shares.

Fraser and Chalmers.—Longshort.—A good Industrial Company of high standing, and both the Ordinary and Prefs. are good investments.

New Enterprise.—Curn.—(1) Advertise in the *Times*. (2) You must be guided by circumstances.

Building Societies.—Cautious (Woolwich).—(1, 2, and 4) Small building societies, regarding which it is difficult to advise. (3) To a small extent.

Renard Train.—W. L. (Leeds).—It looks as if your forebodings would prove correct.

Law of Financial Success.—Miner.—You should deal through a member of the Stock Exchange, and not through these outsiders. If you like, I will send you such a name, and a sound dividend-paying South African mining share.

Bank.—Lancastrian.—I have heard nothing against this Bank, which is believed to do a sound business. T. Otac, Enquirer (Horsham), [illegible], Gunner D., Kathleen.—I cannot take any responsibility in the matter, but the concerns should be safe enough for small amounts

Firm of Financiers.—Coal.—(1) Perhaps some firm who will undertake finding about £50,000 on debentures of a first-class colliery may see this inquiry, when I will place them in communication with you (2) The General Mining and Finance Corporation is a sound South African Finance Company.

1/40th Panama Bond.—Mint.—The paper stopped long ago I cannot help you.

Speculative Account.—Fooled.—The firm seem to have treated you badly, and they ought to have sold you when you gave them instructions. You should have insisted upon this at once.

Borneo Rubber.—Saxon (Edinburgh).—This British North Borneo Rubber Company is one of the latest flotations, and there is no market for them as yet. I send you the address you require.

Unmarketable Mines.—Dalberg.—Neither of the three shares mentioned is marketable, and their value is problematical.

"JIM CROW'S" A.B.C.

By J. Wyr.

A stands for Absinthe; B stands for Brandy; C stands for Chartreuse; D stands for Dewar's; E stands for Eau de Vie; F stands for Fernet; G stands for Gin; H stands for Hock; I stands for Imperial (Dry); J stands for Julien (St.); K stands for Kummel; L stands for Lager; M stands for Maraschino; N stands for Negus; O stands for Orange Gin; P stands for Port; Q stands for Quinquina; R stands for Rum; S stands for Sherry; T stands for Tangerinette; V stands for Vodka; W stands for Whisky; X stands for XXX.

An anonymous Slough reader sends us 2s. 6d. for the benefit of the poor woman whose child was drowned under the sad circumstances we recently detailed. The amount has been duly forwarded.

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THE MISSING ROOM.

By Mrs. Baillie-Saunders,
Author of "Saints in Society," "Litany Lane," etc.

It really was Christmas, but the fire was imitation logs made of asbestos, with little jets of flame shooting pertly from them, and the holly over the pictures was artificial and shiny, got from the Stores. The Greek statues in the hall were hollow behind, and liable to break off in little chips that crumbled flakily in your fingers; and the piece of ancient tapestry over the dining-room door was backed with jute. A large arsenic-green Christmas tree, made in Germany, with glass frosting, stood in a cardboard plant-pot, now more or less rifled of its gauds. For the Christmas Eve children's party, purposely designed to outdo that of the doctor's wife next door, was over, and the little guests of social diplomacy had all gone home. The children of the house, who were hardly so much children as reasons for going to the dentists and pegs for High School educations, were already in bed, and after the labour of displaying his best silver plate to his guests, Major Groutby was smoking a Havana made in Poplar, at last at ease. His wife was sitting at her desk, reckoning up the cost of the affair from a sheaf of bills before her.

A sound of midnight bells was borne on the surge of the snowy blast outside, but they did not hear.

What they did hear was a sudden loud ring at their own front door.

The butler, who was really the gardener in an old dress-suit too big for him, put a sulky head in at the tapestry-covered opening, saying in a pompous sing-song:

"There's an express messenger to see you about a room in this house, Sir. Someone wants one, he says." The Major rose to battle, his eyes goggling with indignation.

"Is this mansion a dashed lodging-house, Sir? A *room?* You can tell the young scoundrel this is the biggest mansion in Boundary Park, and belongs to a military officer, Sir. Tell him that, and send him packing. Lodgings, indeed!"

"Lodgings, lodgings, what are lodgings?" said Mrs. Groutby, wearily, without looking round from her desk. "*We* always stay in good hotels. All the hotel keepers tell me 'Major Groutby and family' written in the visitors' book helps their custom. Send any beggars away, Watson, at once."

Watson, the sloppily clad, was about to do so, when the tapestry curtain was pulled aside, and a small, red-haired messenger boy of preternaturally grave aspect entered and stood there, looking critically up at them all. He seemed illegally young for the service—barely nine years old—and was dappled with snow from the storm outside. He had the solemn, drop-faced outline of a cherub on an 18th century tombstone, and his pale-red hair hung in a straight, silken fringe over his profoundly serious grey eyes. A funnier little slim imp had never entered the Groutby mansion doors to confront the gallant master.

Major Groutby surveyed the weird thing ferociously from his lord-of-the-castle station on the goat-skin polar bear hearthrug.

The boy opened his leather pouch and looked in, then high up at the Major, and shook his head slowly.

"What, lost it, you young idiot?" blustered that warrior.

Mrs. Groutby raised her head, and looked coldly from under the stiff curls of her *toupée* at the child, and then at her husband.

"When you have quite done, Gordon," she said, querulously. "I want to consult you about this Charity Bazaar Committee. I shall only consent to become a patron if my name heads the list. It is bad enough to have this precious Mrs. Dykes-Dawson pushing in front of me in Church, but now it is a question of charity, I refuse to——"

"Hang it all," roared the Major, unheeding. "Look at this young idiot here! Says he's been sent here for a room! A *room!*" He fairly spluttered out the word in a fury of impotence. His mother had let lodgings in her honest day, but her ancestral portrait, sitting on a lordly terrace with a stately castle behind her, hung on the wall above his head.

"Come, where were you sent from?"

"Bethnal Green," said the solemn thing, briefly.

"Bethnal Green!" The derision in the Major's voice was almost apoplectic. "I thought as much. Some Socialistic devil, trying to get a rise out of me. Like their cheek! Then where was it? What house?"

"No house," the boy replied, his grave eyes fixed on the Major's purple face with a curious watchfulness. "Under a railway arch."

"A railway arch?"

"Yes, those where the railway companies keep rubbish, and old iron, and fodder for the van-horses, and that sort of stuff. The closed-in kind. There were two van-horses there when I was called. They made it warm with their breath."

"I'll make you warm, you young rascal, if you cheek me!" said the Major. "Out with it; now, were there any others mixed up in this wretched affair?"

"Why, yes, when I think of it, there was a big ox, by the wall. And—yes—there was a little grey ass, like velvet. She had such pretty eyes. She stood near the straw bed that he was lying on. I saw that because there was a light from it, sort of. Just a little flickering light, but it showed up his face, you know."

"Whose face?"

"Him that sent me."

"O indeed. What was he like, old or young?"

"*Both!*" said the red boy, solemnly.

There was a moment's silence. The gas-jets flickered in the imitation logs. Outside the real night wind moaned in wild blasts round the house, and a distant church bell began to ring.

"It is some silly conundrum. I wonder you waste your time, Gordon," said Mrs. Groutby, crossly, from her corner. "Order the tiresome creature away, do. There's this Yule-tide dinner next week to arrange. If I invite the [illegible] Hucksters, the Dykes-Dawsons will be perfectly furious, and though I hate them, I mean to. It will pay that woman out if I sing 'Auld Lang Syne' with her enemy!"

"How could he be young and old?" said the Major, ominously.

The boy paused, and then said slowly, very slowly:

"Why, he was a little, little thing in a straw manger, but he spoke like the stars when they shouted together. They call him 'The Darling of the World.'"

"Out with you, off with you, no more of this—this—this dashed twaddle, Sir!" cried the Major, and made a threatening rush forward. But the butler was quicker, and seized the boy roughly by his upper arm and dragged him forth from the room and out into the hall to the front door.

"A hanged, impertinent hoax!" roared Major Groutby, coming out of his collar at the top in the most awful way, as though he was boiling over in bubbles of red flesh. "Kick him out of the front door at once, Watson. Let him thank his stars I don't send for the police. A room! Ugh! Get out with you!"

The butler almost ran along the hall, dragging the little red boy with him ruthlessly. But out by the door, amongst the breakable stone figures, he suddenly loosed his sharp hold and put a musty arm round the child's shoulder caressingly.

"Come on, you, with me, sonny," he whispered softly and excitedly, "and I'll give you some supper—mince-pies, and cakes, and sweeties"; he made big eyes and nodded at each word. "And I've got some toys and some crackers! So I'll pretend to turn you out." He opened the big front door noisily, and banged it to with a final sort of clang. "Now, quick, down these stairs into the kitchen! We'll put you up in the kitchen to-night, make up a bed, and they'll never know. And to-morrow I'll look out for a room for your railway friend. I promise I will. He shan't sleep under arches."

As the man chattered he hurried the child down the kitchen stairs to the lower premises, where some small revelries were going on amongst the servants. They petted him and fussed over him and made him up a bed in the servants' hall, unknown to the gallant warrior upstairs.

But next morning, in the faint, early glow and chill of a "snow Christmas," when they came to look for the child he was gone. Not a bar or a bolt was touched, nor was his impromptu bed in the least ruffled. He was simply not there.

But when the housemaid, blowing on her cold fingers for warmth, went up to sweep the dining-room floor she found amongst the cracker mottoes and torn caps a little strip of paper, on which a few words were written. She took it to the butler, who in the morning was only the gardener, and they pored over it together, rather vainly, it must be confessed. What old Herrick wrote for a bygone Christmas revel in the Court of my Lord King James at Whitehall was a little strange to them, except two of the phrases. The verse ran:—

"The Darling of the World is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome him. The better part
Of all the house here is—the heart."

"It's the message the little chap lost, bless him," said old Watson. "I'll keep it till he comes back."

But they never heard any more of the matter. Evidently the sender of the message had found the room—only it happened to be in the kitchen.

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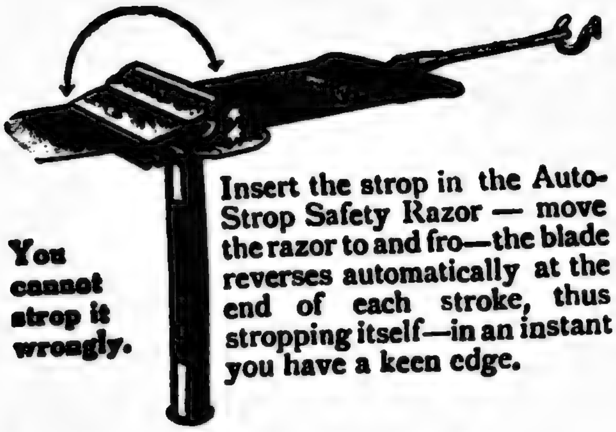

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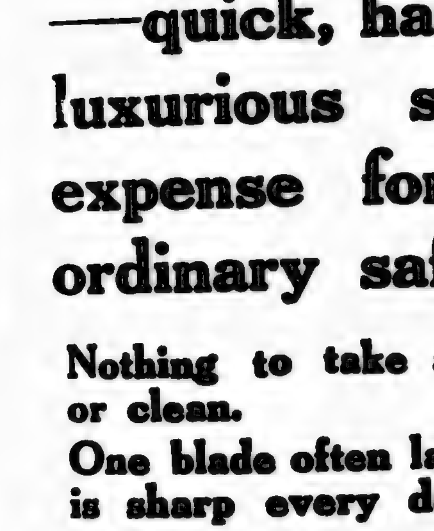

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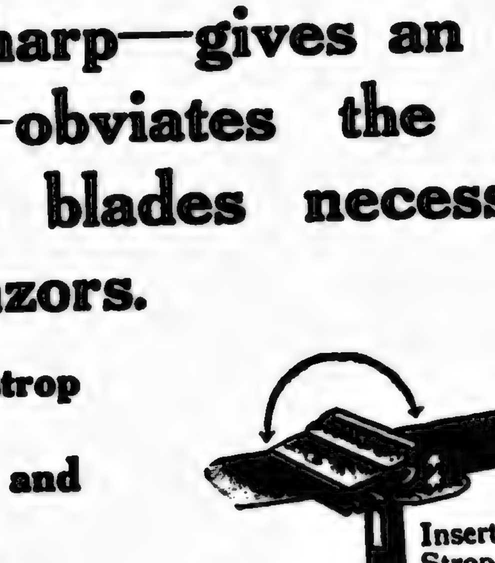

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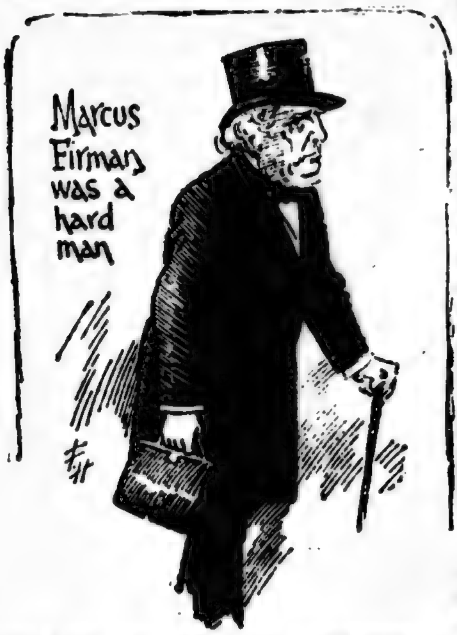
THE MAN WHO CURSED CHRISTMAS.

By "Retlaw."



Marcus Firman was hard, hard body, head and heart. Thanks to the iron constitution he had inherited, a neglected childhood and laborious youth had rendered him unsusceptible to fatigue. The necessity to fight his way in the world, unaided, had driven from his mind every faculty but those which go to the making of an efficient man of business. While as for his heart, well, having no recollection of kindness or consideration shown him during his grim, single-handed struggle from childhood to middle age, his heart had atrophied, and remained a dead, cold weight in his unemotional breast. In every respect, from every point of view, Marcus Firman was a hard man.

For him the words charity, benevolence, romance, had no significance. They had nothing to do with business; and that which had nothing to do with business was nothing to Marcus Firman. For business was the beginning and the end of his existence. It was the instrument of his revenge against the world which had neglected, spurned and resisted him. It was the weapon with which he fought his fellows, whom he scorned and hated, and he had wielded it unsparingly, resistlessly, victoriously, until he had carved for himself a position of power in the world of commerce.

But when Marcus Firman mused upon the past, which often he did, and reviewed the long struggle, the set-backs, the momentary defeats, and his final complete success, no glow of satisfied ambition warmed his heart. His only feeling was that of hatred towards those persons and circumstances who and which, from time to time, in any way had obstructed his advance. He hated his clerks. To him they were necessary evils. He detested his clients. To him they were puppets to be played with. He scorned his fellow creatures, because he had no part in their joys and sorrows, aims and ideals. But himself he pitied, because of his loneliness, forgetful that it was self-created.

On the evening of December 23rd, 1908, Marcus Firman left his office, which was situated in the neighbourhood of Friday Street, turned into Cheapside, and directed his steps towards the Bank. Cheapside was crowded. The shop windows were brilliant with lights and gay with Christmas decorations. The throngs upon the pavement seemed already imbued with the spirit of the season. Laughter and gay chatter mingled with the rumble of the traffic, whilst the raucous cries of itinerant toy-sellers, lining the gutter, added to the confusion of sound.

The light pouring from the shop windows irritated him. He was angered by the seemingly aimless perambulating of the crowd; and when a toy-seller held a tiny Teddy Bear towards him, saying, "All made to hug yer ter death—a penny," he felt an unreasoning rage against what he deemed the childish follies of society. Indeed, the insistent clamour of the gutter merchants enraged him, and he felt deeply insulted that they should mistake him for one of the fools who waste their money on puerile rubbish.

The offer of a little image of Father Christmas, "like life—a penny," was the last straw. Turning savagely on the astonished toy-man, he clenched his fist, and hissed—

"Curse you and Father Christmas—get out of my way!"

* * * * * * * *

When Marcus Firman reached his dreary bachelor rooms in a northern suburb, he locked his sitting-room door, and sinking into an armchair, gazed gloomily into the fire. His rage against what he called the intrusion of Christmas foolery into the serious business of life had not yet abated. He brooded over the brief cessation of labour which it caused, and scowled at the thought that his underpaid and overworked clerks would enjoy three days' respite from his tyranny.

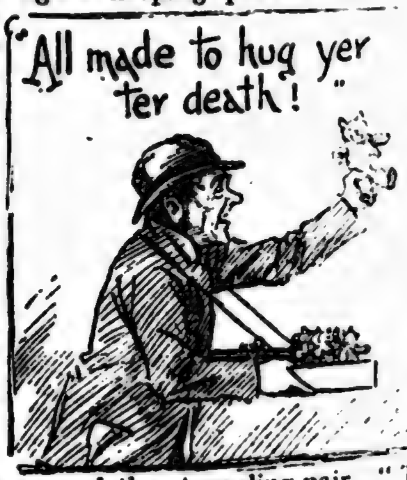
"Curse Christmas!" he muttered, and rising, passed into his bedroom.

* * * * * * * *

The night seemed strangely brief to Marcus Firman. He awoke with a feverish desire to get at once to his office. He had no particular reason for hurry, but some mysterious impulse hastened his movements; and, without waiting for breakfast, he literally scrambled into his clothing and rushed from the house. He noticed the solemn tolling of a neighbouring church bell as he strode towards the tube station. Each muffled boom jarred his nerves, and he felt grateful for the less oppressive rattle of the train as it sped towards the Bank terminus. But he found a fresh cause for depression in the gloomy aspect of his fellow passengers. The usual lively morning chatter which always irritated him had given place to a grim silence. The cheery, eager faces of energetic business men youths and girls, upon whom he was wont to scowl, now wore expressions of hopeless misery.

When he emerged from the Bank subway and turned into Cheapside, the atmosphere of inexplicable wretchedness which had pervaded the train seemed to have preceded him into the streets. At every step he was greeted with sullen scowls. At every step he was jostled and shoved by pedestrians as indifferent as himself to the comfort and convenience of others. When, now and again, he chanced to glance in the shop windows, he noticed with astonishment that they were dismantled of the Christmas bravery which had made them gay, and, consequently, hateful to him, the night before. The long line of gutter merchants had disappeared; and the church bells, instead of ringing the joyous peals which herald Christmas Day, were tolling a heavy message that spake of woe.

Although Marcus Firman was keenly alive to the strange alteration in the aspect of the City and its people, he felt no particular desire to be enlighted as to the cause. He took it for granted that some heavy disaster had overtaken the race. But, it was nothing to him. He had always been one apart. He had always hated the cheery optimism of the average man. But now, not to see one smiling face to feed his misanthropic rage on the way to the office, moved him strangely. He no longer felt singular. The sense of superiority to which his hostile attitude towards humanity gave rise no longer seemed justified; and, as he mused upon the possibility of the spirit of cheerfulness being withdrawn from the world for ever, he dimly realised what it would mean, and a hot wave of strange terror broke over his soul.


"All made to hug yer ter death!"

At the same moment he became conscious of the presence of a ragged, dejected figure keeping pace at his side. Glancing down at the man, he recognised the toy-seller who the previous night had thrust in his face the little image of Father Christmas. Their eyes met, and the next moment, with a wild scream, the unkempt creature had him by the throat.

"This is the man who cursed Christmas!" he yelled; "tear him to pieces! Tear him to pieces!"

Instantly a fierce, excited crowd gathered around the struggling pair. "The man who cursed Christmas!" they roared; "kill him! Tear him to pieces!"

A dozen hands clutched him. He was borne down. The toy-seller still had his hands at his throat, and, kneeling on his chest, was slowly pressing the life out of him. He was gradually losing consciousness, but through the throbbing of the restricted blood in his head he could still hear the yell of the crowd—

"Kill him! Kill the man who cursed Christmas!"

* * * * * * * *

When Marcus Firman awoke on the morning of December 24th, he trembled at the recollection of what he had passed through. He knew it had been a dream. But it was a dream that sweetened a soured heart, and changed a man of selfish gloom into a hearty, laughter-loving human being, with consideration and a cheery word for his fellow travellers on the road of life.

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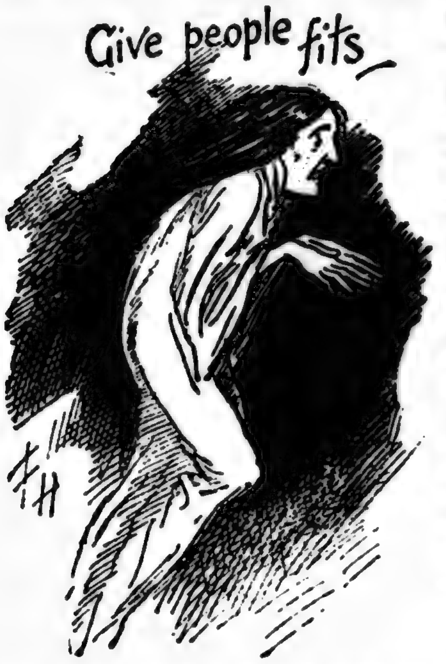
THE GHOST WHO GOT THE SACK.

(A Story in Season.)

By RICHARD MORTON.

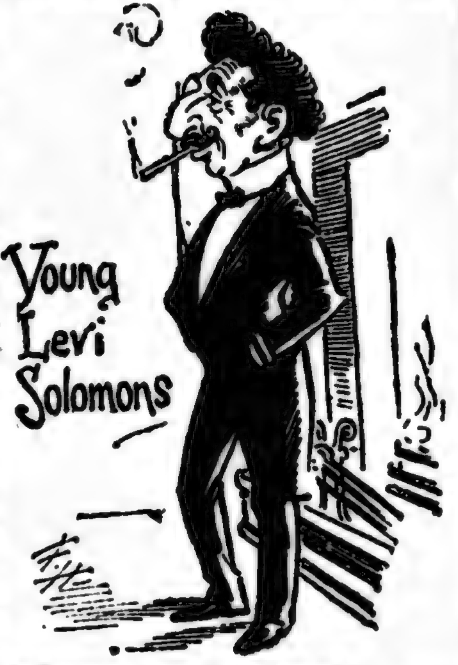
I.—QUITE THE USUAL THING.

On Christmas Eve there was the usual annual disturbance in the ruined chapel adjoining Grisly Grange. It was necessary for the Christmas ghost to get up and attend to its business. In this case the spectre was a female one, an Elizabethan young lady in white, clinging garments, with black, wavy hair and a terrible bloody wound in the throat. She was the intangible remnant of a de Grisly who had been shockingly done to death in the years that were past and gone. It had been her habit, ever since, to wander on Christmas Eve around and about the home of her ancestors and of those subsequent members of her family who occupied the Grange. As the clock struck twelve it was up to her to arise from the tomb and go and give people fits. And she had never shirked her duty. What was expected of her by her family and connections she was ever resolved to fulfil. It may have been that she did so as a kind of penance, for tradition said that, had she been as attentive to her family duties in life as she was after death, she might not have come to such a sudden and regrettable end.



So, as the hour grew near, she shivered, yawned, and got up. It was a cold night, and the chapel was very draughty, for it was in a most ruinous condition. In this it differed from the rest of the mansion, which had been entirely rebuilt during the year by its present proprietor, Solomon Solomons, Esquire, of Bevis Marks. Sad to say, the de Grislys were no more; they had sold out and departed, and their home of many centuries was in the hands of the alien. Of course, the poor ghost did not know that, and yet the front of the Grange looked strangely unfamiliar. Change seemed in the air. "Ugh!" she muttered, "I must be getting old." Recognising this, she controlled her feelings as she gazed at the bricks which were so new to her, and prepared to go ahead and do her duty as a well-behaved phantom should do at such a season.

Family tradition ruled that she should make her first appearance in the drawing-room. That had been the custom for a deuce of a long time, and she was not going to depart from it, peculiar as this drawing-room looked. For instance, there was the electric light. Now, it had taken her many decades to get used to gas instead of candles, and this new style of shoving the illumination into bottles was rather unsettling. It was not the de Grisly way, and some strange influence must be at work.



Still, her annual promenade must be made, and she was there to make it. So she just precipitated herself, in correct ghostly fashion, slam through the solid oaken door of the drawing-room. She was up against trouble at once.

II.—A COLD RECEPTION.

It happened that the room was occupied at that moment by young Levi Solomons, the only son of his respected father, and by nobody else.

The clock struck twelve as the lady came through the door. She seemed to skim over the ground as she advanced towards him.

Now, although the door had not been opened, young Levi certainly felt a draught. He shook himself, and gazed at his visitor in undisguised astonishment.

She, on her side, pursued her course with that deliberateness which especially characterises female ghosts.

"Excuse me, madam," said Levi, "but haven't you mistaken your apartment?" She certainly was rather scantily clad. And Levi was a modest youth.

Nearer she came. This young man was an interloper; he was no de Grisly, she could see that. But she must do her duty as the family spirit. She stretched one thin, white hand to touch him. And then he rammed the bell-push home for all he was worth.

The door opened, and John came in. John was the new butler. Being made of flesh and blood, and plenty of both, he was obliged to open the door.

As John entered, the lady vanished.

"Who is that lady who has just gone out?" demanded his young master.

"Sir?" enquired John, with a discreet cough.

"A young woman in her bed-clothes, with a lot of red ink round her neck. Who is she?"

"I observed nobody, sir," said John, "though I must admit that I did feel an uncommonly cold draught."

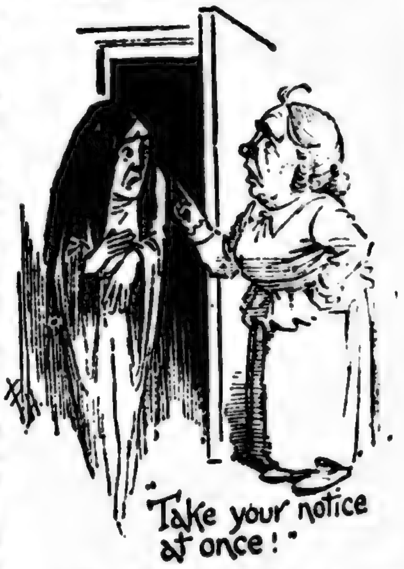
Levi looked as though he could annihilate the stupid creature. "Very well," he said, "but take care it doesn't occur again. You may go."

"Yes, sir," said the man, with profound deference. And then he turned to go—but, instead, stood and stared in his master's face, and his master stood and stared at him. For a most appalling shriek was ringing through the house, a shriek as of a man mortally afraid.

III.—BACK TO THE LAND.

Old Solomon Solomons had gone to bed in the Queen's Room, for, of course, the Grange contained an apartment where Queen Elizabeth was reputed to have passed a night. But sleep would not come to him. The ghost came instead.

"Get out, you baggage!" cried the man, when he saw the poor spectre in the room. "Can't you let an old man like me alone?" He took her by the shoulder and pushed her from the room.


F.H.
"Take your notice at once!"

Would nobody take pity on a highly conscientious ghost who had haunted her family mansion for hundreds of years? The poor creature was in tears as she met the crowd of frightened servants who were flocking up the stairs.

Repulsed and humiliated, the slighted spectre crept sadly to the foot of the staircase. There she came face to face with the housekeeper. With a despairing effort, the ghost made herself visible to the old lady. Now it happened that the housekeeper could not see very well, for in her hurry she had forgotten her spectacles.

"Why, you shameless hussy!" she cried. "To be walking about with nothing on but a nightgown and a bit of red flannel round your neck! In front of all the men! You'll take your notice at once, and leave in the morning!"

But the shrinking, persecuted spirit did not wait for the dawn. She went right away, then and there, back to her old familiar vault. "This is my last appearance in public," she sighed as she laid herself down, never to rise again. "The world is different. It is no place for me any longer. These changes are too sudden."

* * * * * *

And, when you come to think of it, that is how it strikes lots of old fogies—ghosts of their former selves!

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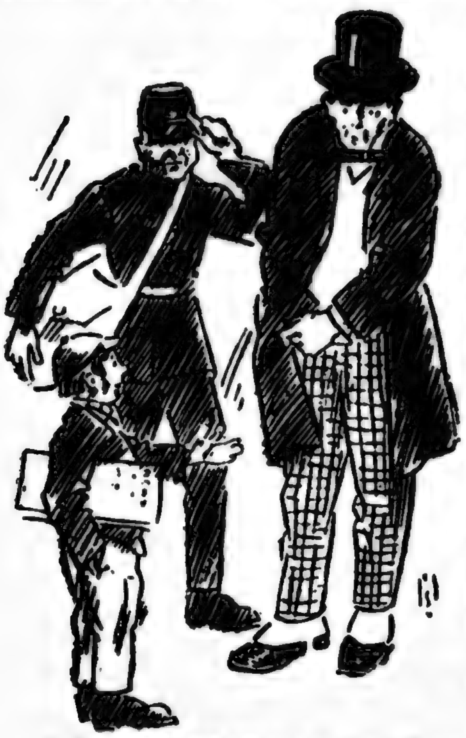
SHOULD CHRISTMAS BE ABOLISHED?

By George Frankland.

Yes! Why not? What is Christmas, anyhow, but an intolerable annual nuisance?

Mind you, dearest shocked reader, it used to be nothing of the kind. The Christmas Festival had a beautiful origin, and for long was sincerely and joyously welcomed as one of the few excitements of the placid sauntering centuries we have left so far behind. But in this headlong age Christmas is an anachronism; it is a sorely begrudged pause in the fever of our money-getting. More and more perfunctorily do we observe it—fuming at the interruption, hating the expense, feeling anything but Christian at the demands for doles and dues that shower upon us most thickly at that inconvenient season.



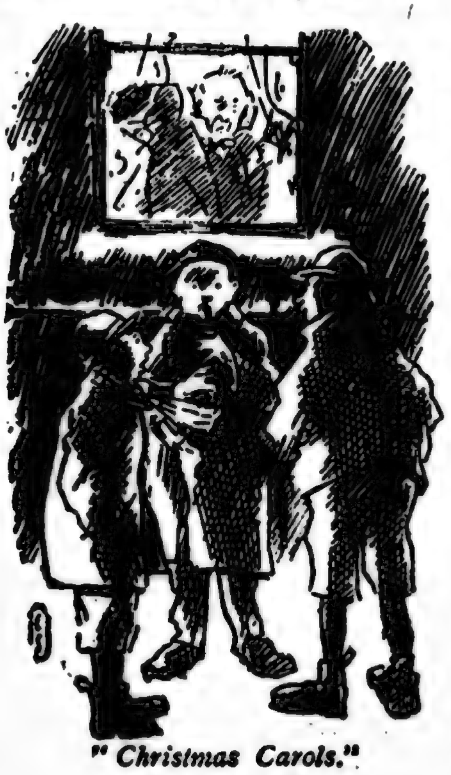
" *Bestowed without blessing.*"

The observances of Christmas, how they have degenerated! Can there be any better proof that the institution is effete—that we have outgrown it?

Take Christmas cards. In old time we ransacked shop after shop, spending uncounted hours in selecting the right, the fitting, the inevitable card for Uncle George, for Aunt Eliza, for Peter and for Polly and for Cissums; and possibly for Some One Else whose name we kept in the sanctuary of our bosom. But now—we get our cards by dozens, by scores, by hundreds; identical cards, as individual as peas, with some artfully-worded inscription designed to wish the greatest happiness to the largest number, and to serve for the New Year card as well.

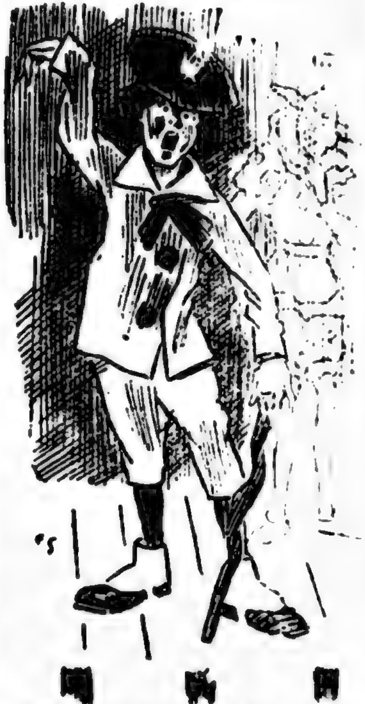
And so with the giving of presents, which has become a species of barter. To whom do our best gifts go? To our best beloved? To the most deserving? No; not to those, but to the exalted ones who may be expected to give as good or better value in return. And for our poor relatives and humble friends, are not there the leavings of our Church bazaars, the refuse of amateur sewing circles.

Ah, the irony of our Christmas-boxes! Once they were true Christmas benevolences, tokens of the heart's good will; given eagerly, joyously and by stealth; received with delighted surprise and loving gratitude. But now they are Christmas taxes—odious word!—demanded as a right and bestowed without blessing. The postman, who brings us two letters a year (both containing circulars) calls nevertheless for his Christmas-box; which, lest he cause some fortuitous money order to go astray, we produce. The dustman, to whom, as ratepayers, we give a liberal (or perhaps conservative) salary, comes for his; the milkboy expects his; the newsboy demands his; the servants wait for theirs; the very tramps and vagrants whine for theirs; and so on, and so on, and so on What is all this but degeneration of a once laudable custom into mere mercialism?



" *Christmas Carols.*"

And Father Christmas, with his Christmas tree? F Christmas, indeed! No, the good old man must have away long years ago, and this must be a Goblin Chris who has stepped into his shoes, or a Shylock Christmas has bought up his business! What would our dear *real* Father Christmas have thought of those to collapse in a baby's clutch, those tops that won't spin, ships that won't sail, those trains that won't run, those guns that won't go off, that paint that won't stay on; those delusions, shams and fakes with which our offspring are made prematurely worldly-wise? We long-legged adults can look after ourselves; but where is our Anti-Humbug League to stop this hideous cynicalisation of our children?

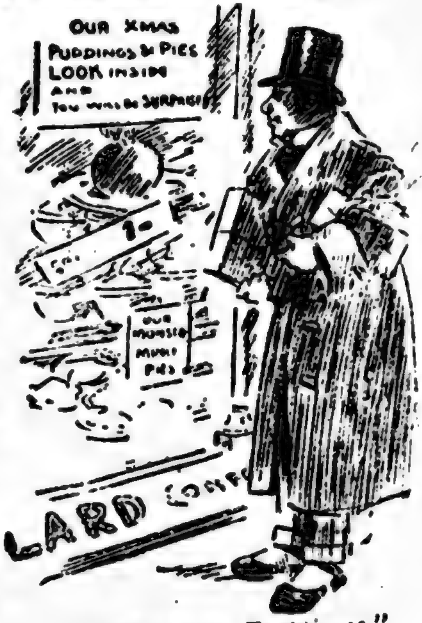


" *A Succession of Music-H Turns.*"

Our Christmas carols, no doubt, were at one time serious, genuine and musical. But now they are *done* (not sung) by gangs of little rascallions, who, with scarcely a pretence of earnestness, go about for days before Christmas, yelping unintelligible words to distorted tunes, until one is tempted to take the law—and the water-jug—into one's own hands!

The Christmas pantomime! Gone are the days when th characters told a coherent story—to which, since it story, we easily forgave sundry departures from the nurs text. Gone, too, is the real old-fashioned rollicking har quinade, eagerly anticipated by us children as the sweets and *summum bonum* of the whole delirious rep Gone! And, instead, we have a succession of music-h "turns" interspersed with high-kick dancing, and w just enough pretence of a story to give a name to t hodge-podge.

But our mince pies and plum puddings, surely *they* a the real thing? Are they? Who make their own g things in these wholesale days? Where are the min pies and plum puddings that our mothers used to make pure, substantial, plenteous, altogether delectable—ma with spice of love, eaten with sauce of joy? Gone! An in their stead we have the loathsome produce of the coo shop, *made to sell*—made, for cheapness and profit, wit lard and common fat (not butter); made with mutton suet, which cleaves to the palate (not beef suet, whi leaves no regrets); made with unwashed currants and sulphured sultanas; so-called mince pies, with a spot o mysterious mince to a mountain of bilious puff-paste portentous emptiness; pah! And plum puddings—ah! words fail us to describe the debasement of those plum puddings!

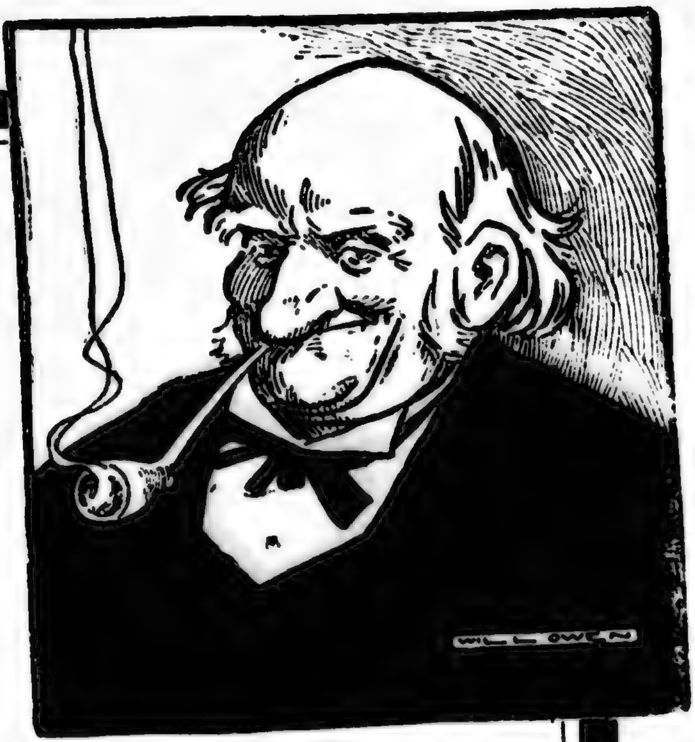


" *Portentous Emptiness.*"

Even the beef—is it full-blooded British or anæmic foreign? Who can say but the butcher; and—and will he tell us the truth?

Enough, enough, and too much! The day of Christmas is done. Let us bury it decently, while yet we can think of it with a little kindness, a little of tender regret.

The Perfection of Enjoyment.



One of Lea's smokers, *by Will Owen.*

The smoking of

Chairman

is one of the pleasures of life which count.

It is a well-blended mixture of ripe tobaccos, some of which are unknown to pipe smokers except in Chairman.

Their qualities and fine smoking properties are the reason of their selection.

They make Chairman what it is—a pipe tobacco of quality that will satisfy most pipe smokers—and continue to satisfy them whether they smoke much or little.

It is cool, always cool, and burns evenly and slowly to the last shred with a rich and pleasing aroma.

Boardman's is the same tobacco milder, and

Recorder the same but fuller flavoured.

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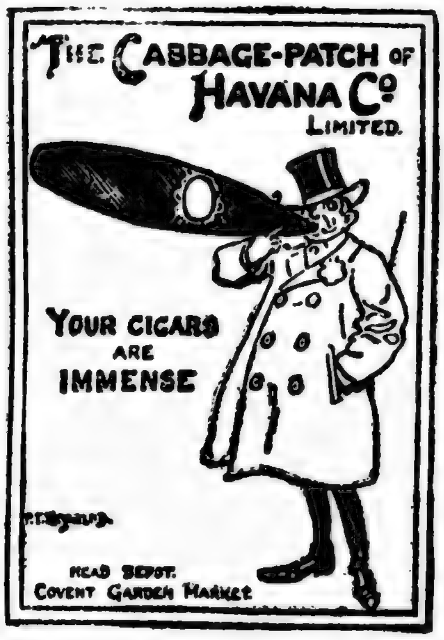
R. J. LEA Manchester.

JBs

OUR ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER EDITS A PAGE.

IN THIS NUMBER WE ARE GIVING EVERY MEMBER OF THE STAFF A CHANCE—AND THIS IS THE EFFORT OF THE ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER, WHO OFFERS HIS CLIENTS SEVERAL ORIGINAL IDEAS FOR THE NEW YEAR.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Your cigars are immense
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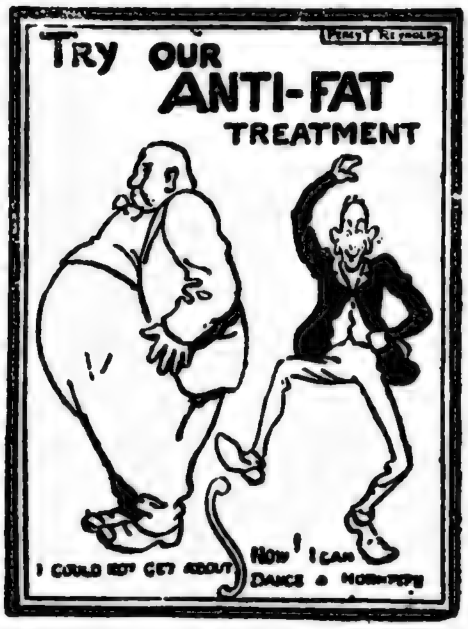
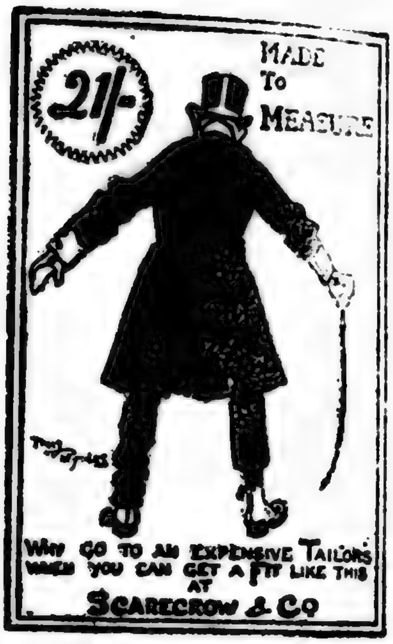
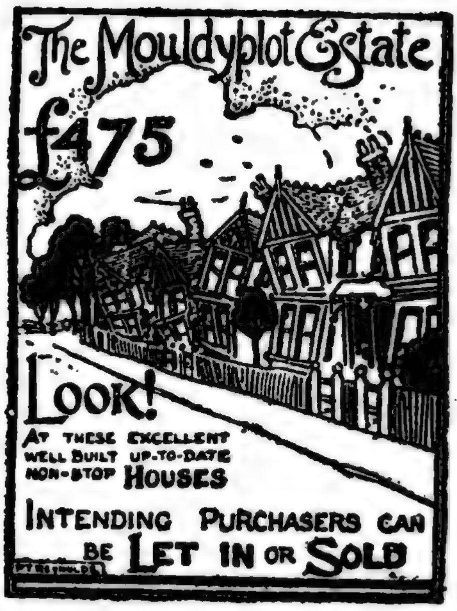
Head Depot. Covent Garden Market


Percy T. Reynolds
Try our Anti-Fat Treatment
I could not get about
Now! I can dance a hornpipe


21/-
Made to Measure
Why go to an expensive Tailors when you can get a fit like this at
Scarecrow & Co


The Mouldyplot Estate
£475
Look!
At these excellent well built up-to-date non-stop Houses
Intending purchasers can be Let in or Sold
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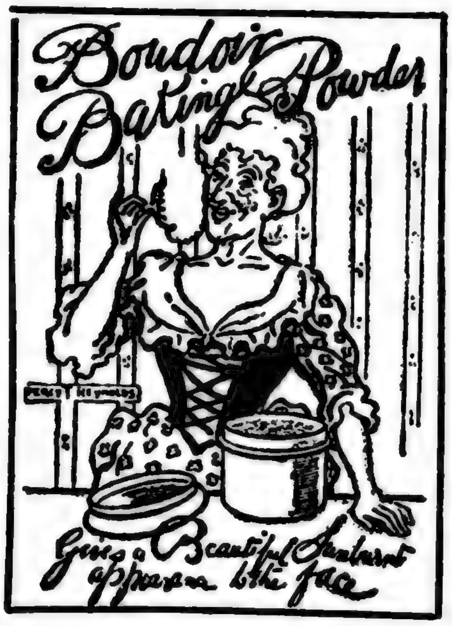
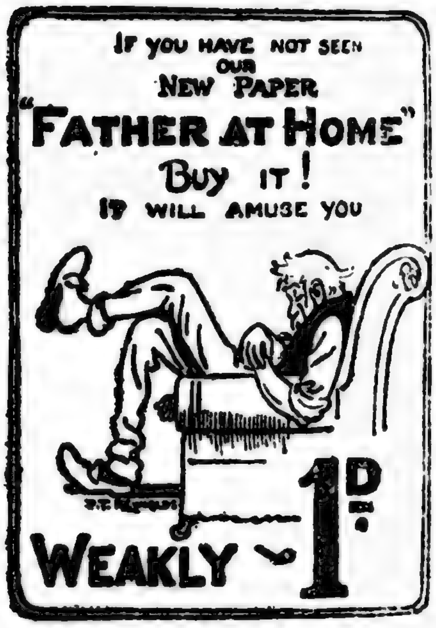
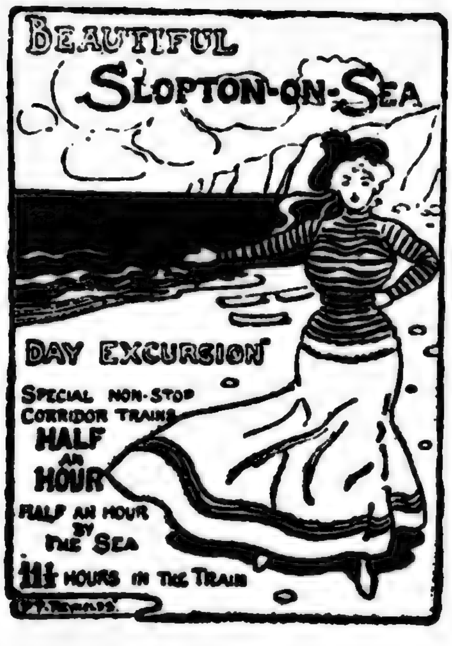

Boudoir Baking Powder
Percy T. Reynolds
Gives a Beautiful Sunburnt appearance to the face


If you have not seen our new paper
"Father at Home"
Buy it!
It will amuse you
P. T. Reynolds
Weakly — 1d.


Beautiful Slopton-on-Sea
Day Excursion
Special non-stop corridor trains
Half an hour
Half an hour by the sea
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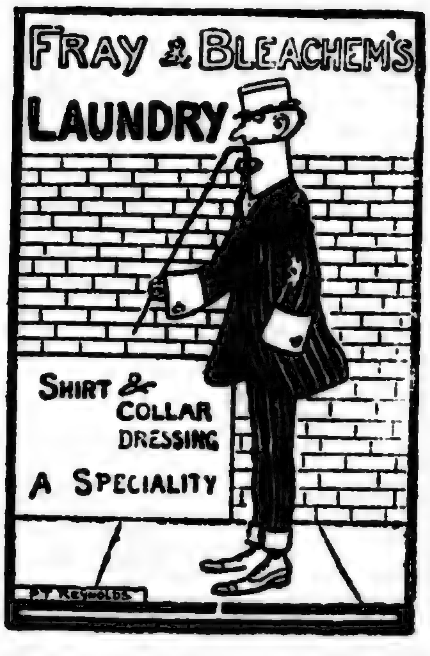
Fray & Bleachem's Laundry
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A Speciality
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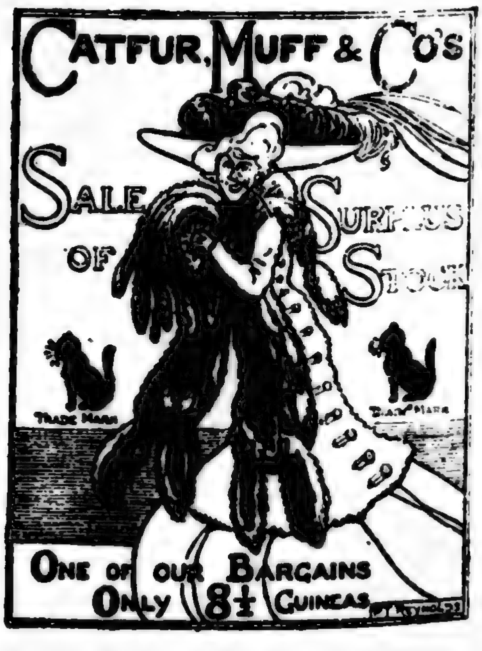
Catfur, Muff & Co's
Sale of Surplus Stock
Trade Mark
Trade Mark
One of our Bargains
Only 8½ Guineas
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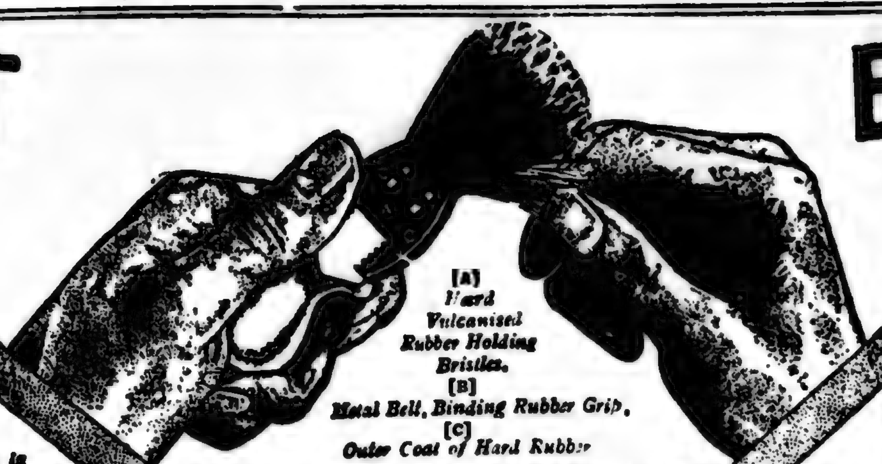
BERSET
TRADE MARK
SHAVING BRUSHES


[A]
Hard Vulcanised Rubber Holding Bristles.
[B]
Metal Bell, Binding Rubber Grip,
[C]
Outer Coat of Hard Rubber

BERSET
TRADE MARK
SHAVING BRUSHES

OUR GUARANTEE.
If after 30 days' trial the Berset Shaving Brush is not satisfactory, exchange it for another or receive back your full purchase price.

BRISTLES CAN'T COME OUT.
GRIPPED IN HARD RUBBER.

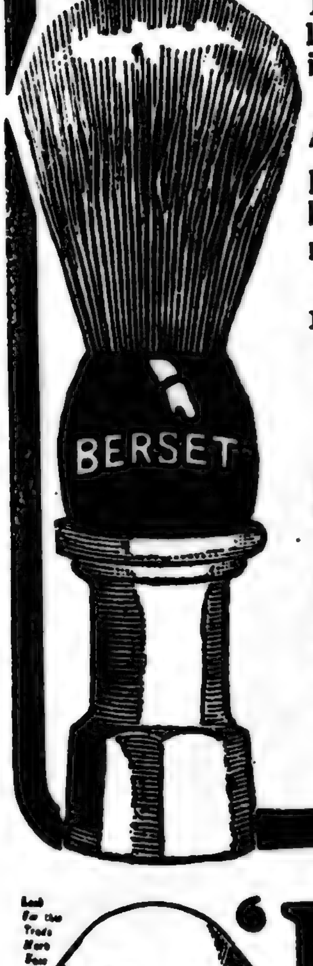
BRISTLES PUT IN TO STAY FOR EVER

Try as you may—pull as you will, boil it if you wish, rub it as you must, you can never dislodge a single bristle from its permanent berth in a **BERSET** Shaving Brush.

Each bristle of a Berset shaving brush is deeply embedded in rubber which has been turned from its original soft state to stone hardness by our method of vulcanization.

The bristles of ordinary shaving brushes are tied, glued, or cemented. Continual applications of hot water and hard usage will loosen and crumble their entire inside. There is but one method of everlastingly holding bristles in place, and that is the BERSET (Bristles gripped in hard rubber) method.

"Guaranteed never to shed a bristle."



Throw your old shaving brush, with its loose bristles, away, and end all your shaving troubles by **purchasing to-day at our risk,** a Berset Brush.

See our Guarantee at upper left hand corner of page.

Berset brushes cost no more than ordinary brushes. A complete assortment varying in prices according to quality of Badger and finish of handles.

PRICES FROM **1/-** TO **21/-** EACH.

[1/-, 2/-, 2/6, 3/-, 3/6, 4/-, 4/6, 5/-, 7/6, 8/6, 10/6, 15/-, 18/6, 21/-]

Insist on Berset. Accept no other. There can be none as good because no other brush is gripped in rubber.

See that the Trade Mark "Berset" is on the ferrule of the brush. Berset shaving brushes are on sale at all Cutlers, Ironmongers, Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores throughout the United Kingdom. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for Illustrated Price List. Sent post free.

International Distributing Co., Ltd.,
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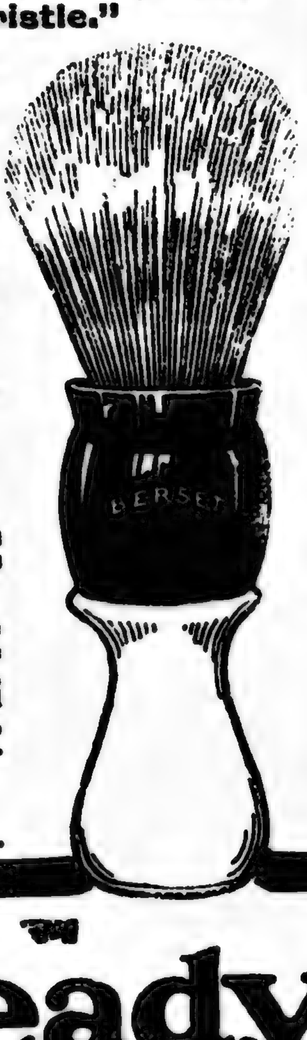

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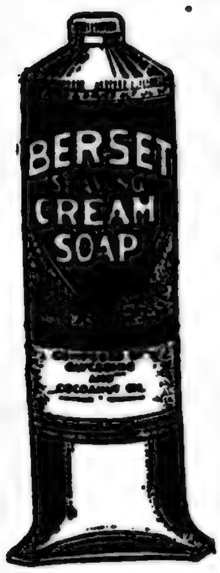
SHAVING CREAM SOAP



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The quickest, easiest, and most pleasant beard-softening lather imaginable.

The glycerine softens the toughest beard, the Cocoanut Oil soothes and heals the tenderest skin.

Will **NOT** dry on the face.

Sold in antiseptic tubes.

Ask your dealer for a tube to-day.

Be sure you get BERSET.

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THE NEW

'Ever-Ready'
12 Bladed Safety Razor 5/-

A NEW Marvel. A NEW frame with the most remarkable improvements. A model of efficiency. Handsomely silver-plated and

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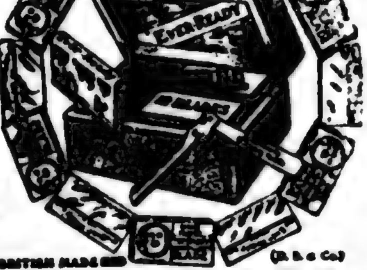


International Distributing Co., Ltd., 2 & 3, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

A NIGHT CALL.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

By WALTER MOORE.

The doctor slept soundly—heavily. His had been a trying day. A week of mild, wet weather succeeding sharp frosts and easterly winds, had suddenly swelled his list of patients. All day long he had been in company with sickness. All day long he had battled with disease and death—sometimes victor, sometimes the vanquished. And now at last, worn out with the day's toil and anxiety, he had sought his bed, where he slept the sound, deep sleep of physical and mental exhaustion.

The deep boom of the neighbouring church clock had solemnly sounded the hour of midnight as he climbed the stairs to his bedroom. But now a shriller sound broke in upon his rest. It was the night-bell.

At first it mingled with his dreaming, suggesting to his reluctantly awakening brain a confused vision of a mighty forge, with countless hammers swinging. Then, as his momentary dream merged into wakefulness, he recognized the sound which he had almost prayed might not disturb his sleep that night.

With a sigh, the doctor sat up in bed and reached for the speaking tube.

" Who is there ? "

The clear treble of a child's voice shrilled through the tube to his ear.

" Please, sir, will you come quickly to an old man who is dying ? " There was a pleading note in the sweet, childish voice that the doctor found strangely affecting.

" Where is he ? " he demanded.

" Not far away, sir," replied the child ; " will wait for you, please, and show you the way."

Thoroughly aroused, and moved by an unaccustomed and unaccountable feeling of curiosity, the doctor sprang from his bed and hastily assumed his clothing. Before leaving the bedroom, he stepped to the window and looked out into the night. The moon was nearly at the full, and shone in unclouded splendour upon the silent street and frost-gemmed roofs. Peering below, he gazed for an instant at the waiting figure of a little boy standing motionless on the curb. Surprised to see so small a midnight messenger, the doctor hastened his movements and descended to the hall, where he donned a heavy ulster, slipped the usual instruments and emergency drugs into his pocket, drew the protesting bolts, and stepped out into the street.

Instantly the boy ran to his side and took his hand. " Oh, please hurry, sir," he said, with a little break in his baby voice ; " he is *very* bad."

" Who is the old man ? " asked the doctor, as he was hurried along through the deserted, echoing street.

But now the boy was sobbing bitterly, and made no attempt to answer.

Through many streets, round many turnings, the doctor was led, until he found himself in a district unfamiliar. At last, his little guide stopped before an apparently empty house in a sombre thoroughfare.

" He is in here, sir," said the boy, pulling the doctor towards the flight of green, neglected steps. " Oh, please hurry ! "

Infected by the pathetic impatience of the child, the doctor sprang up the steps and followed his guide into a bare and echoing passage. Not once had the boy relinquished the doctor's hand, and now he pulled him towards a flight of stairs which were faintly illuminated by the feeble rays of moonlight filtering through a dusty landing window.

A second creaking flight succeeded the first, terminating with a narrow landing. A single door confronted the doctor as he reached the topmost stair. It was closed. Not a gleam of light, not the faintest sound, suggested that the room beyond had living occupant. For an instant the doctor paused, a thrill of apprehension turning him suddenly cold.

" Oh, *please* hurry ! " sobbed the child, dragging him towards the door.

The doctor hesitated no longer, but, advancing, he seized and turned the handle, threw the door wide, and stepped back.

The room, or rather garret, disclosed, was bare. A skylight in the sloping roof admitted the pale moonlight, which fell upon a motionless figure stretched upon the floor. His professional instincts at once aroused, the doctor stepped forward softly, and knelt beside the recumbent form.

It was the scarcely-breathing body of an old, old man. Never had the doctor seen a man so old. His snowy head rested on a little bundle, and his silvery beard flowed in patriarchal beauty over his breast and on to the naked boards.

So motionless was the figure that the doctor thought, at first, he must be dead. But the pulse still beat feebly and fitfully, and a fluttering sigh now and again escaped his lips.

Disturbed by the doctor's touch, the old man opened his eyes, and gazed sorrowfully into the doctor's face. " You have come too late," he whispered.

" Let us hope not," was the doctor's cheery response : " I think we can pull you round. Now just tell me what you think is the matter."

" Coldness of heart," whispered the old man, " selfishness, and indifference."

" Ah, you have caught a chill," said the doctor briskly, busy with his medicine case, and thinking the while that the old man's mind was wandering. " Drink this, it will revive you. And then we can see about making you more comfortable."

He raised the old man's head on his arm, and put a glass to his lips. But the draught was refused.

" What is your medicine ? " asked the dying man, in scarcely audible tones. " Is it charity ? Is it generosity ? Is it kindliness ? Is it love ? "

" No," returned the doctor, anxious to humour the dying man's fancies ; " it is something rather more useful in the present case. It is sal volatile."

" Then, it is—of no—use—to me." With a sudden return of energy the old man turned to the doctor and grasped his arm.

" Sir," he said, his voice stronger than it yet had been, " I am dying—dying for want of the things whereof I have spoken. Charity, love, generosity, kindliness, pure happiness, and innocent merriment have been my sustenance through my life of many centuries. Now, I cannot find enough to keep my poor old body warm, and—I am dying—dying on Christmas morning."

The doctor heard the child sobbing bitterly as the old man ceased to speak. Somehow, the sound irritated him. There seemed a mystery about the whole incident that preyed upon his practical, common-sensed mind. He turned almost roughly to the dying man.

" Who is that child ? " he demanded.

The old man once more opened his eyes. " Do not you know ? " he asked, with mild astonishment. " He is Nineteen Hundred and Ten."

" And who, then, are you ? " questioned the doctor further.

" I am dying—dying through the coldness of the world," murmured the ancient.

" Yes, yes," said the doctor, impatiently ; " but *who* are you ? Tell me before you die."

For the last time the old man opened his sorrowful eyes.

" I am Father Christmas," he said, and breathed his last.

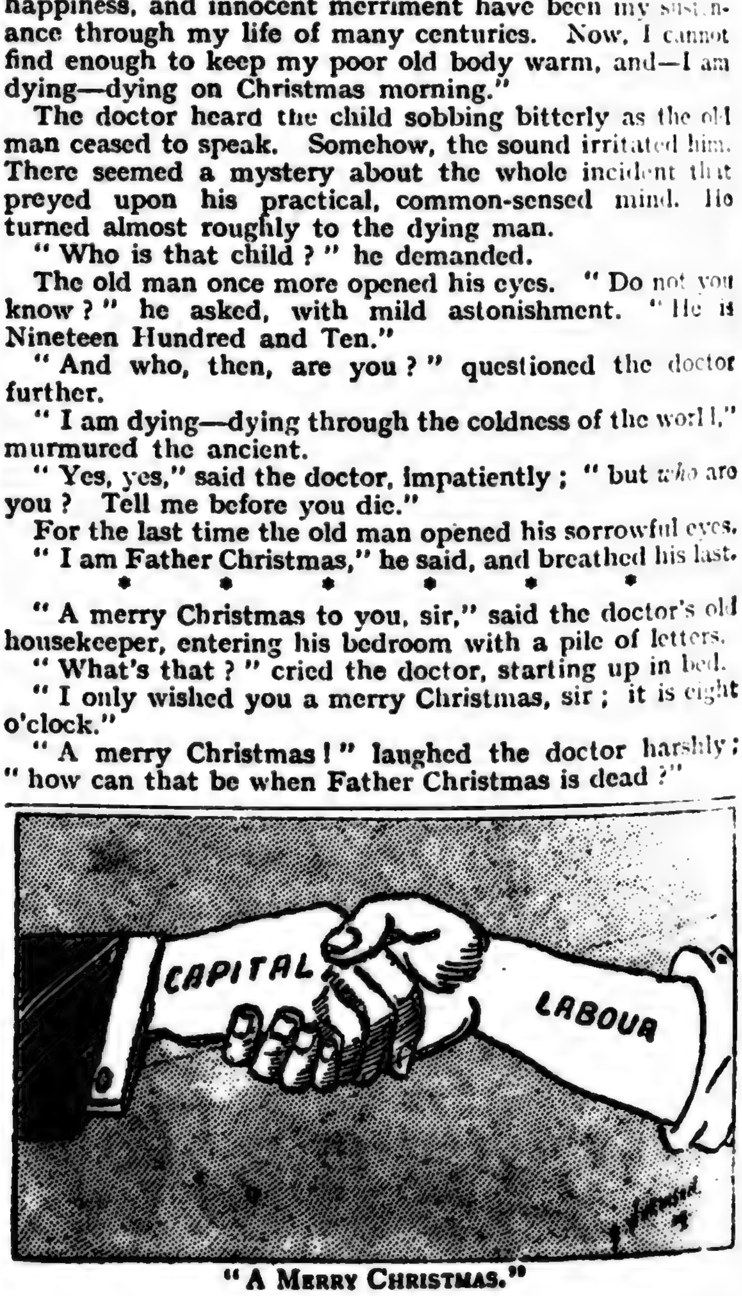
* * * * * *

" A merry Christmas to you, sir," said the doctor's old housekeeper, entering his bedroom with a pile of letters.

" What's that ? " cried the doctor, starting up in bed.

" I only wished you a merry Christmas, sir ; it is eight o'clock."

" A merry Christmas ! " laughed the doctor harshly ; " how can that be when Father Christmas is dead ?"



" A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

IF YOU WANT

FINE QUALITY in your Cigarettes. The best value that money can buy.

SELECTED LEAF of the finest growths of the State of Virginia.

PURE RICE PAPER. Your Cigarettes wrapped in the purest rice paper, disappearing practically into thin air when burnt.

HYGIENIC SMOKING. Cigarettes made and packed under the most perfect of Hygienic Conditions by machinery, untouched by hand.

BUY

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CIGARETTES

10 for 2½d.

PERFECT CIGARETTES. PERFECTLY BLENDED, PERFECTLY MADE.

"WHO KILLED THE GOVERNMENT?"

A PARODY AND A FORECAST.

By Richard Morton.

Who killed the Government?
  "I," said Mr. Asquith;
  "Blind eyes I faced the task with—
I killed the Government!"
All the Christabels and Despards were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Liberal Government,
When they heard of the death of the Liberal Government.

Who helped to kill him?
  "I," said Lloyd George;
  I raised the nation's gorge—
I helped to kill him!"
All the Nonconformist Conscience was a-sobbing as it went,
When it heard of the death of the Goody Government.

Who aided and abetted?
  "I," said little Winnie;
  "You can bet your last half-guinea
I aided and abetted!"
All the Pink-Pyjama-Makers were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of this All-Night Government.

Who saw him die?
  "I," said Lord Lansdowne;
  "I watched the sands down—
I saw him die!"
All the Dukes and Belted Earls were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Mighty Government.

Who caught his blood?
  "We," said John Burns;
  "Samuel and I in turns—
We caught his blood!"
All the Hyde Park Agitators were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the People's Government.

Who'll sew his shroud?
  "I," said Sir Thomas W.;
  "I'm awfully sorry to trouble you—
But I'll sew his shroud!"
All the Strict Teetotalers were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Watery Government.

Who'll dig his grave?
  "I," said Arthur Balfour;
  "It's a job that I've a call for—
I'll dig his grave!"
All the Tar-riff-raff Reformers were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Free Trade Government.

Who'll make his coffin?
  "I," said Mr. Bung;
  "I'd like to see him hung—
I'll make his coffin!"
All the Ginger-Beer Imbibers were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Mineral Government.

Who made his will?
  "I," said Sammy Evans;
  Quoth Carson then, "Great heavens!—
He made the will!"
All the Disappointed Chancellors were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Lawyers' Government.

Who'll carry the pall?
  "Me," said Tim Healy;
  "Me and Crooks and Colonel Seely—
We'll carry the pall!"
All the Gentle Cattle Drivers were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Home Rule Government.

Who'll buy the wreath?
  "I," said comrade Hardie;
  "In that I won't be tardy—
I'll gladly buy the wreath!"
And he and Victor Grayson were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Socialist Government.

Who'll be chief mourner?
  "I," said every faddist;
  "I don't know who's the maddest—
But I'll be chief mourner!"
All the Cranks and Crotchet-Mongers were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Brainy Government.

Who'll read the prayers?
  "I," said Mr. Bellairs;
  "I don't want to give myself airs—
But I'll read the prayers!"
All the Very Little Navyites were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Dreadnought Government.

Who'll preach the sermon?
  "I," said R. J. Campbell;
  "It's safe to have a gamble
That I'll preach the sermon!"
All the Bishops in their Frocks were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Penal Government.

Who'll sing his requiem?
  "I," said Bonar Law,
  "With the strength of all my jaw—
I'll sing his requiem!"
All the Haldane Territorials were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Militant Government.

Who'll build his tomb?
  "I," said Herbert Gladstone;
  "I'll erect the sad stone—
I'll build his tomb!"
All the Smokers under Sixteen were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Motherly Government.

Who'll write his obituary?
  "I," said Augustine Birrell;
  "I'm as nimble as a squirrel—
I'll write his obituary!"
All the Publication Department were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Pamphlet Government.

Who'll toll the bell?
  "I," said JOHN BULL;
  "Because I've got the pull—
I'll toll the bell!"
All the Continental Powers were a-sobbing as they went,
When they heard of the death of the Asquith Government.

AN ALTERED CASE.

I'd like to write a poem which
The critics could with truth
Applaud. But there is just this hitch—
  An aching tooth!

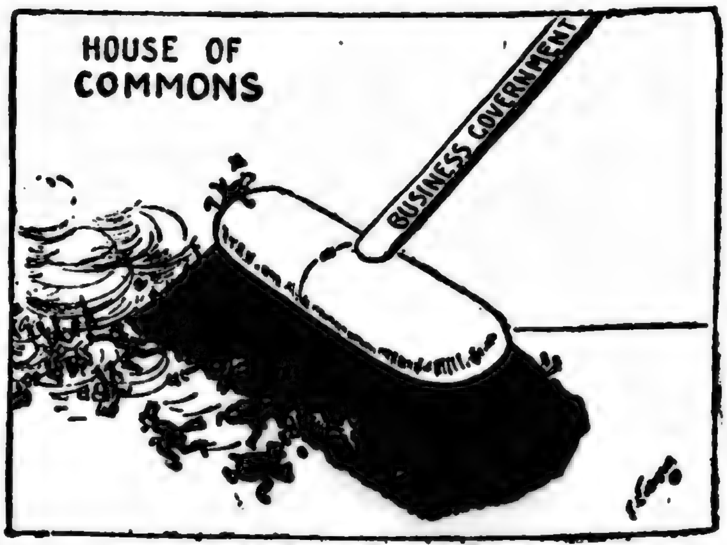
I'd write of love and chivalry,
Alarums, beat of drum,
Morality or ribaldry—
  But, oh! My gum!

I'd write an epic, Miltonwise,
I'd write of greed and grab;
A ballad to my loved one's eyes—
  Ah, what a stab!

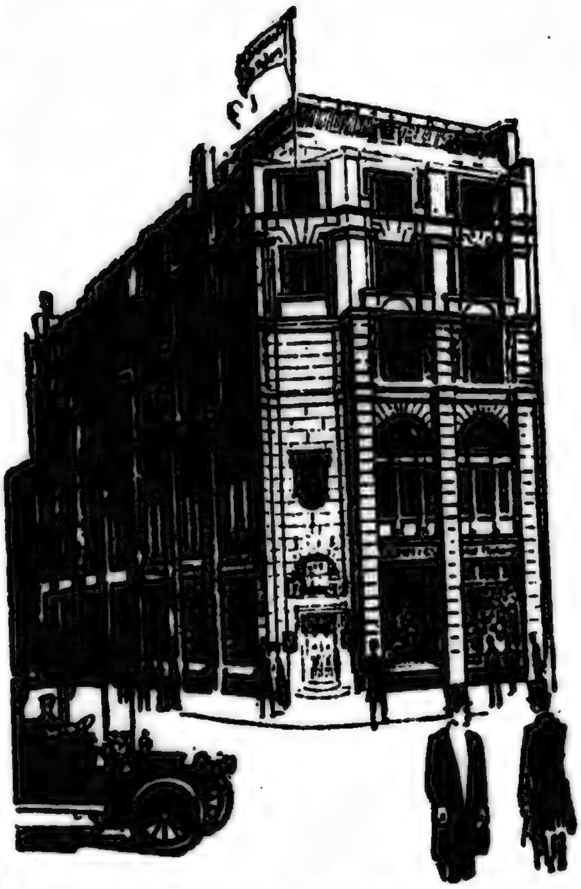
I'd write of summer and of spring,
Of derring-do, romance,—
Well, any blessed mortal thing,
  If I'd the chance.

The pain has passed, my jaw is eased!
I'll write of—no. I think
I'll go (I feel so jolly pleased)
  And have a drink!

H. I.



An Early Spring Clean.



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FELTS at 3/9, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, 12/6, 15/6, & 21/-
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NEW WEST END BRANCH,
429, STRAND (NEAR CHARING CROSS).

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THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

MOSLEY HOTEL,
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Family and Commercial Hotel.

Recently Re-decorated and Fitted throughout with all Modern Appliances.

120 Spacious Bed Rooms, Stock Rooms, Masonic and Banqueting Halls.

MODERATE TARIFF.

Most Centrally situated, and within seven minutes of the principal stations.

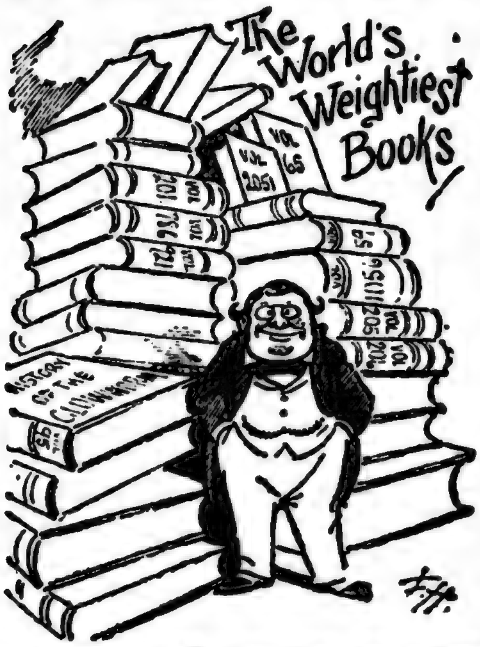
Telephones :—Hotel, 09106. Manager, 2167.

"OVERWHELMED WITH GOLD; OR, THE WORLD'S WEIGHTIEST BOOKS."

(Being Extracts from the Prospectus of a New and Important Serial Work.)

By Charles P. Sisley.

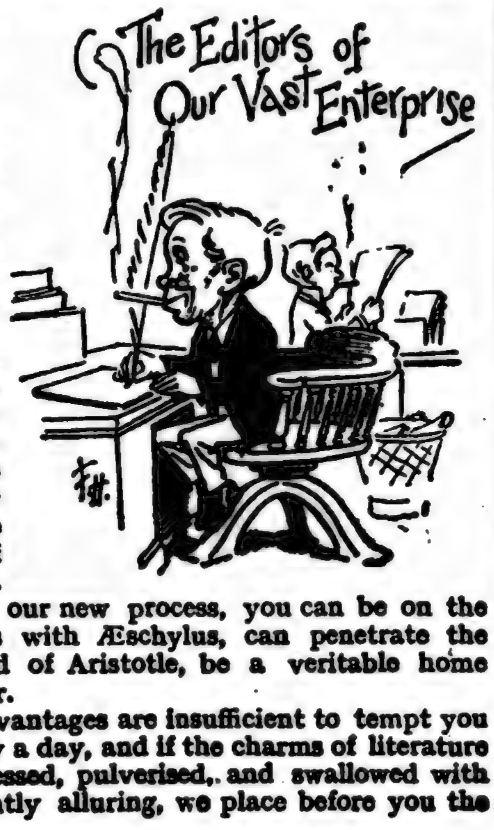
Forty million men, women and children must have felt the need of the World's Weightiest Books; must be feeling it very badly now; must have yearned to possess all these mighty tomes wherein lie embedded the richest treasures of the world's stupendous minds. There can be no doubt about it.



But to be able to call all this vast mass of literature their very own would have meant the wealth of a Rockefeller, filled a Castle as great as Windsor, and occupied in the reading many and many a lifetime. Few of us, if we even possessed great wealth and spacious palaces, could assimilate with safety all that the hoary-headed sages from time immemorial have written. Think what this would mean; 350,000 works at the very least would have to be digested—one a day for a thousand years.

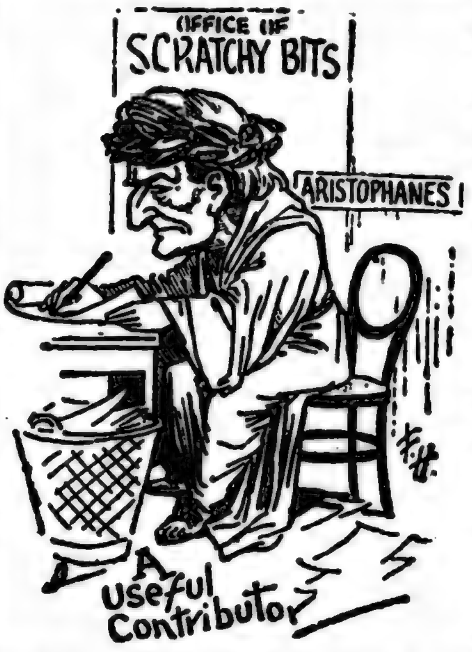
But though these 350,000 masterpieces are now to be brought within the reach of even the most simple-minded and poverty-stricken—such as you, dear reader—do not imagine for a moment that they will oppress or overwhelm you by their weight; that they will contain millions of closely-set pages, billions, nay, trillions of words—that they will occupy a thousand years in the reading—years that in these days few of us can spare even for ju-jitsu—to say nothing of mental culture.

No; you will have the 350,000 priceless gems, but they will be in tabloid form—tasteless, odourless and almost invisible. How beautiful and how convenient, for example, to be able to have the concentrated nourishment of all the plays of the immortal Shakespeare on the back of a threepenny bit. And yet we shall literally give you all this, and less! "Paradise Lost" to occupy no greater space than a penny postage stamp. "The Pilgrim's Progress" in a tiny capsule — how precious!


The Editors of Our Vast Enterprise

The great writers of yesterday were undoubtedly worthy but wordy persons. But the editors of our vast enterprise will show how great thoughts can be expressed in the smallest possible compass. They would have turned Aristophanes into a useful contributor to *Scratchy Bits*, and Boccaccio might under their direction have done smart snappy stuff for the *Spinning Top*. In five minutes, by our new process, you can be on the most intimate terms with Æschylus, can penetrate the recesses of the mind of Aristotle, be a veritable home companion of Homer.

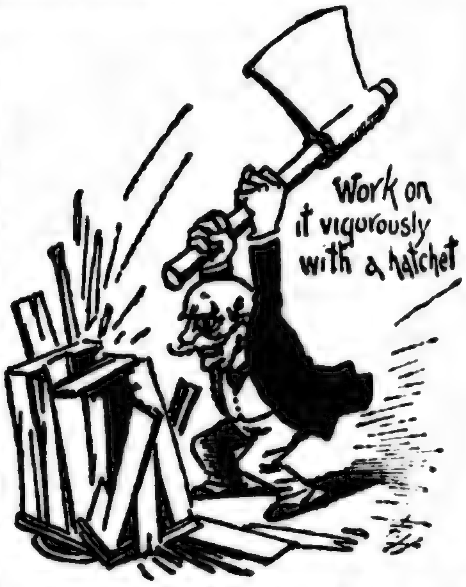
And if all these advantages are insufficient to tempt you to put by a halfpenny a day, and if the charms of literature concentrated, compressed, pulverised, and swallowed with ease are not sufficiently alluring, we place before you the claims of the special solid mahogany revolving bookcase which we shall present to every subscriber to this stupendous enterprise, who is bright enough to send an additional Two Guineas to cover the cost of packing, etc. Literature should not, of course, be judged by mere weight, but with solid mahogany furniture this is an infallible test. You may not be able to appreciate the work of a Goldsmith, a Taylor, or a Miller, but you are bound to be pleased with this magnificent work of a Cabinet-Maker. A better and more massive production than this fine bookcase—solid real mahogany, highly polished, revolving freely, and weighing over a cwt.—never left Curtain Road.



A useful Contributor

Great as our knowledge of literature may be, our judgment in furniture is without equal. Even if you do not read a single line of the world's Weightiest Books, surely it is a great thing to possess so dignified a setting to such glorious golden gems. The presentation solid mahogany revolving bookcase will fill your back parlour as nothing else could. Remove the mangle and see the difference. It will raise you in the social sphere of your suburb. It will give you that literary reputation you need, and lend to your home that atmosphere of solid culture hitherto the monopoly of rich tradespeople. It will help you better to enjoy your *Reynolds's* on Sunday; on it you can stand your gramophone or your aquarium. You can use it as a tea-table, a hat-rack, a linen cupboard.

If you send your money this very day the bookcase should reach you by December 15th. If on inspection it should not please you, all you need do is to work on it vigorously with a hatchet, and make it into firewood. It will blaze like fury. Write and tell us how you get on, and, above all, ask your friends to subscribe to the great work.


Work on it vigorously with a hatchet

"CRAZY."

Time was when Gerald's girl enjoyed,
'Midst summer's heat, an ice,
When Bertie's sweetheart shyly toyed
With shells of creamy spice;
When Alfred's girl would plague her beau
To buy her bottled stout;
And Cuthbert's belle, with cheeks aglow,
For fruit and nuts would shout;
When "winkles," spread out on a cart,
Along with saveloys,
And 'Arry satisfied the heart
Of Sal, in spite of noise.
To-day, when Gussie asks his choice,
With limbs that shake with dread,
What she would like, with trembling voice,
And flushing "bricky" red,
She answers him with girlish zest,
"Let's see, Gus—on the whole,
I think that I could fancy best
A Two-step, with a roll."

Frank S.

CATCH BARGAINS.

IS IT FAIR AND JUST TRADING?

How strange it is that as soon as Christmas comes near there are always firms that commence to advertise wonderful bargains—goods sold far under cost price—things that you must have, and cannot possibly do without. They don't make any profit on these extraordinary bargains—according to their advertisements—but are selling them only to give you an idea of what their furniture, or whatever they sell, is like.

Profit—why they would scorn the idea of making money at this time of the year. They do not want it. They want just the reverse—they like to lose money in order to give the British public a Christmas gift. We don't think.

Is it not absurd—on the face of it—that firms, established for the purpose of making a profit, should lose money at one season of the year more than at any other? The whole matter can be explained in one of two ways. Either these great "bargains" are not bargains at all, the goods not being worth the money charged—or, secondly, the purchasers of other articles than the ones advertised have to pay more to make up the loss. Personally, we should think the former is more correct.

Anyhow, whichever way you look at it it is unfair trading, and we should not countenance this class of business by allowing the advertisements of such firms to appear in our columns.

Perhaps the greatest culprits are to be found amongst the lower class of the hire-purchase house furnishers. Now we are not going to run the hire-purchase system down, as a system. What we want to make quite clear to all readers of John Bull is this. The system is good and useful. It is the abuse of the system, by low class firms, that the public should beware of. Our readers know that we never hold a brief for one firm more than another, provided everything is straightforward and above board, but when we see the public supporting—through lack of knowledge—firms that cannot—or will not, it is the same thing—give fair value for money spent, it is always our way to point out to them exactly what they are doing.

There are firms that do a high-class and straightforward business on the gradual payment system who must not be confused with other houses that turn out shoddy and roughly-made furniture. Without doubt the first house in the trade is the Midland Furnishing Company, Ltd., of 15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

While we are speaking of the Midland Furnishing Company, perhaps it would not be out of place to give a word of praise to their business methods. They are beyond reproach. No scandal or suspicion of sharp dealing has ever been associated with their name.

Their gradual payment system is simplicity itself. You select your goods—everything is marked in plain figures—and you can extend your payments over one, two, three, or more years without any extra charge whatsoever. If you live too far away to make a personal selection, write for their free guide and catalogue, and select from that. They ask you for no deposit, and under no circumstances is any interest added.

If you live in the country, but prefer to come to town to select personally, the firm pay your fare upon any order of £30 worth and upwards.

They plan and lay carpets and linos free, and pack and deliver goods without charge. Should you prefer to pay cash, they allow you 5 per cent. discount.

Do not forget to write for their free guide and catalogue, and whatever you do don't forget their address—15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C. Call and look round; say John Bull sent you. They will be delighted to show you anything you like without any obligation to yourself.

MEN WHO MAKE ENGLAND WHAT IT IS!

BLUMENSTEIN.

"The hand that locks the cash-box rules the world!"

The Octopus leads the life, feckless and free,
Of a bold buccaneer by the leave of the sea,
With a bunch of good tentacles serving his need
(You all know the ways of the nautical breed).

He hides in the depths or he lurks 'neath the foam,
And he drags the fat prey to his submarine home,
With the lust of a wolf for a flock-straying goat,
Or the clutch of the Law on a murderer's throat.

The Octopus lolls in a padded arm-chair
In his whisper-proof "sanctum"—otherwise "lair";
With a deep-wrinkled brow and preoccupied mind.
(You know him, of course; the terrestrial kind!)

He's stunted and ugly, but what is he worth!
He bulks in the waist-line, but so does the earth!
He's bald and myopic—his spectacles rest
On a nose made by Nature with generous zest!

His cryptographed cablegrams endlessly flow
And fleet-footed messengers run to and fro,
For a threatened cyclone in the realm of finance
Has set all the world in a tremulous dance.

He mutters awhile at the back of a throne,
And the Nations make war on the strength of his loan;
He says to the Rulers, "Let Peace be declared!"
So the treaties are made (and the dividends shared!).

His swift-weaving shuttles incessantly ply
And—"the rate of exchange is exceedingly high";
But panics subside at the pull of a string,
And the Octopus gives a "week-end" to a king.

A Party rides through an electoral storm,
A Cabinet's chosen in regular form,
The buzz of the Law-Makers sounds in the air,
And—the Octopus smiles in his sanct . . . I mean lair.

For 'tis by the People that Parties are made,
And the people depend on the engine of Trade;
And Trade needs a lubricant worthy the toil,
And the Octopus lives on his Corner in Oil!

We babble of Progress, of Empire and Power,
Of the Flag in whose shadow no slaves ever cower;
Of the Land that is Free, but it's all double-Dutch—
For our measure of Freedom's a—Tentacle-Clutch!

MARK LANE.

WANTED—A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

We want a good strong Government,
Composed of business men;
With judgment, tact, and common sense,
And business acumen.

Men who would manage State affairs
As they would do their own,
Provide the best of everything,
Yet keep expenses down.

If in our private businesses
The horse requires a shoe,
We don't employ a carpenter
The little job to do.

Then in the name of common-sense,
What wisdom can there be
In putting up a barrister
To rule the King's Navee?

We treat the Army just the same;
To rule and boss the lot
We put up some civilian,
Who never fired a shot.

When Alice was in Wonderland
She saw things strange and queer;
But nothing more ridiculous
Than how we do things here.

In fact the men in Wonderland
Might claim us for their kin,
As into round holes everywhere
We squeeze the square men in.

So I would say to all who wish
To stop this sort of thing,
Vote for a Business Government,
And not a party ring.

J. S. W.

THE POLITICIAN'S CATECHISM.

By ARTHUR H. KING.

Q.—What are you?

A.—A Member of Parliament.

Q.—Who gave you this position?

A.—My constituents, at the General Election; wherein I was made a person of importance, and transformed from a harmless bore into a pompous nuisance.

Q.—What did your agent then for you?

A.—He did promise and vow to the electors three things in my name. First, that I should contribute lavishly to all their amusements. Secondly, that I should obey the Party Whips. And, thirdly, that I should entertain my constituents at my own expense whenever they chose to visit London.

Q.—Dost thou think that thou are bound to do as thy agent has promised for thee?

A.—Yes, verily; and so long as I intend to contest the seat, so I will. And I heartily thank the muddle-headed electors who have raised me to this state of importance, and I earnestly pray that I may continue in the same until I can buy a Peerage.

Q.—You said that your agent did promise for you that you should obey the commandments of the Party Whips. Tell me what dost thou chiefly learn from these commandments?

A.—I learn two things: my duty towards my Party and my duty towards my political opponents.

Q.—What is your duty towards your Party?

A.—My duty towards my Party is to vote straight and to keep my mouth shut; to subscribe liberally to the Party funds; to bear myself lowly and reverently before Cabinet Ministers and officials; and to obey blindly the Party Whips.

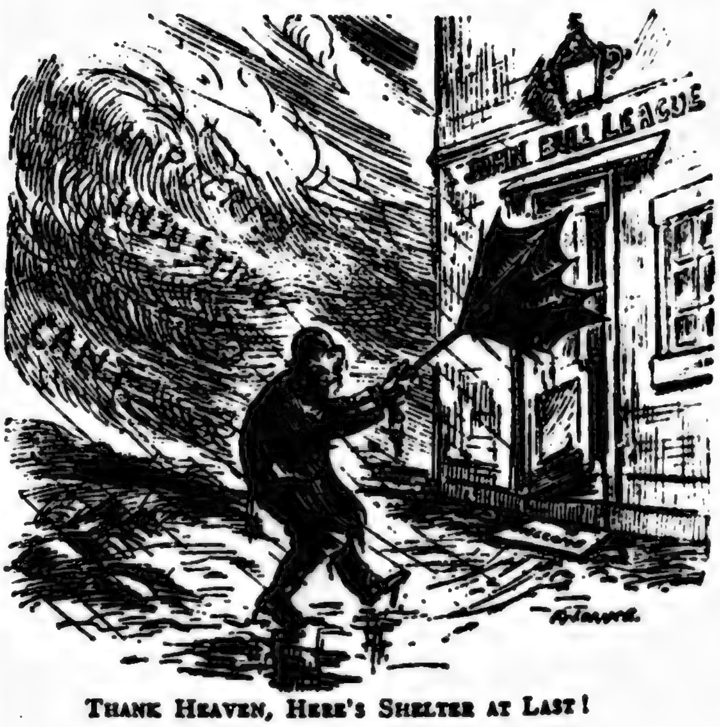
Q.—What is your duty towards your political opponents?

A.—My duty towards my political opponents is to vilify, to ridicule, and to misrepresent them; to hurt them whensoever and wheresoever possible, both by word and deed; and generally to do unto them the same things as I know they would do unto me—but to do it first.

WHICH IS YOUR FAVOURITE SPOT?

(ALLEGED ANSWERS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.)

SIR H. BEERBOHM TREE: Acton.
SIR THOMAS WHITTAKER: Freshwater.
SIR THOMAS LIPTON: Baconthorpe.
SIR FREDERICK TREVES: Lancing.
MISS MAUD ALLAN: Eden Park.
DR. COOK: Polegato.
MISS MARIE LLOYD: Giggleswick.
MR. W. T. STEAD: Crank.
MR. LLOYD GEORGE: Andover.
MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST: Mansfield.
LORD ROBERTS: March.
LIEUT. SHACKLETON: Polesworth.



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MAY WE INVITE you to VISIT our showrooms and inspect our beautiful MODEL FLATS and SPECIMEN ROOMS?

MIDLAND

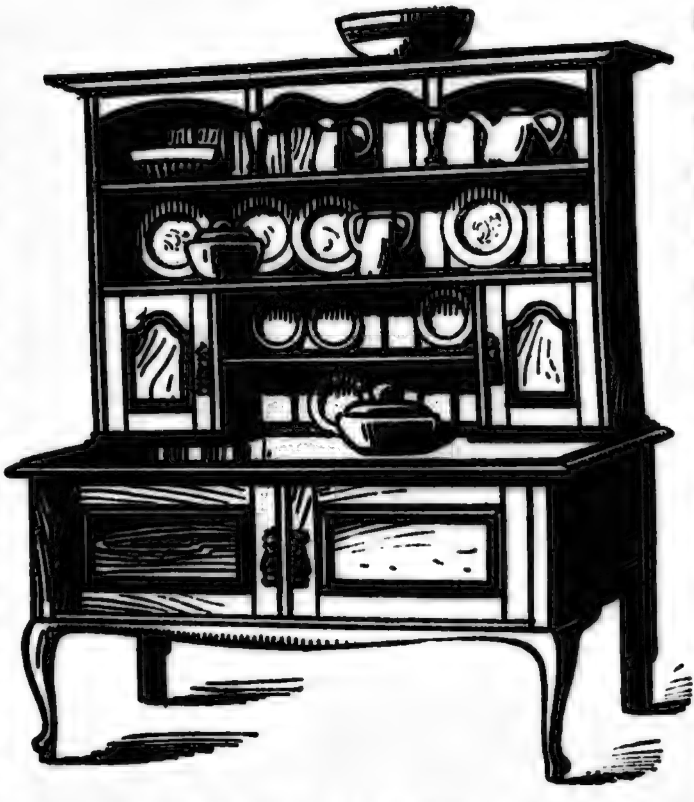
FURNISHING CO., LTD.,

15, 17, 19, 21 & 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Our premises are 6 doors from the Holborn Station of the Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton Railway, and the Holborn Restaurant, and 5 minutes from Oxford Circus, and are not only the most handsome, but also the largest in London.

Model Flats and Specimen Rooms.

These Model Flats are priced at £50, £100, £250, £500, and £1000. They were specially built and decorated by us, and are furnished completely at the various stated sums. Here you can see just what you want, and at just the price you are prepared to pay. Even if you are not thinking of purchasing, the schemes of decoration are an education in themselves. We also show some beautiful specimen rooms, ranging in price from £10 to £300 complete. These rooms are furnished in all styles, and the colour schemes are quite out of the ordinary.



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Should you be unable to visit our Showrooms, write for our Illustrated Guide and Catalogue, which will be sent, post free upon request. This book will be found of great value to intending furnishers. Everything for the home is shown, from Kitchen to Drawing Room. Scales for complete furnishing from £29 to £750 are also shown.

Anything we sell may be purchased on our well-known

Gradual Payment System,

with no extra charge or added interest whatsoever. We extend the payments over one, two or three years without adding any interest and we ask for no deposit. We allow 5 per cent. discount for cash.

Our General Terms are:—

Worth.	Per month
£10	6 0
20	11 0
50	1 8 0
100	2 5 0
200	4 10 0
500	11 5 0
1,000	22 10 0
2,000	45 0 0

Any amount pro rata, or by other proportionate payments if desired.

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will find a great advantage in dealing with the MIDLAND FURNISHING COMPANY as their fares to town are paid on all orders of £30 and upwards, and Country Orders are packed free and carriage paid.

Carpets and Linos planned and laid free.

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Business Hours, 9—8. Saturdays, 9—6.

15-23, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Thursdays we do NOT close early.

OPEN LETTERS.

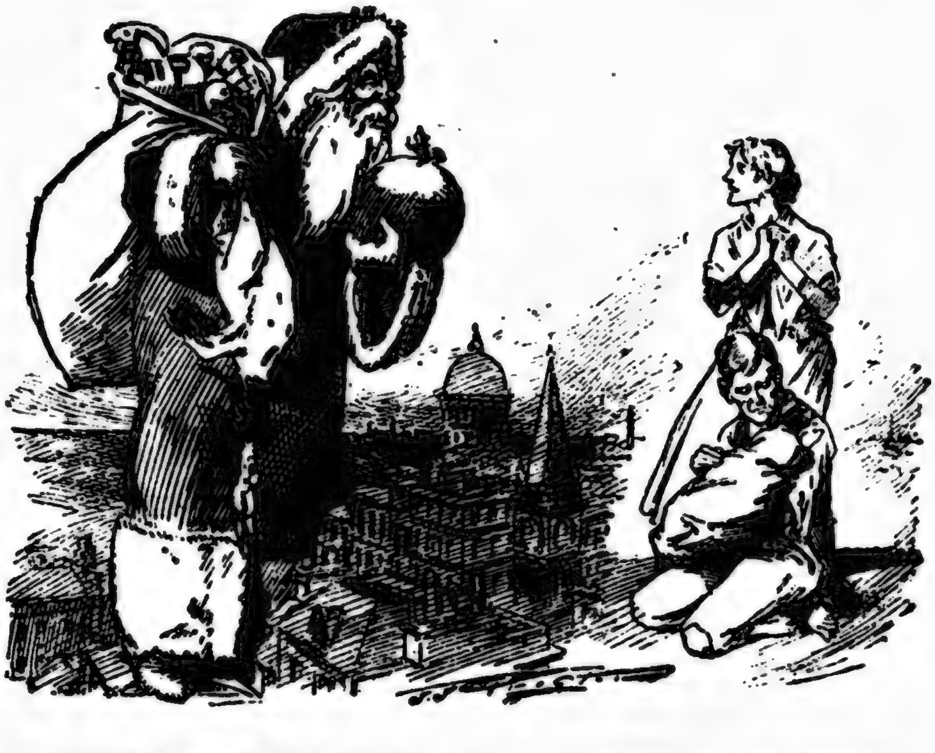
TO HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS SANTA CLAUS, THE PALACE, LONDON.

TRUSTY AND WELL-BELOVED HIGHNESS,—Another Christmastide has come round, and once more I address you on behalf of all the members of my vast and ever-increasing family. But though it has grown, my first thoughts are of those who have left me during this past year. Others have taken their places, it is true; but what would I not give for a touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice which is for ever still! But I must not dwell on such things to-day. I cannot express to you in mere words all the gratitude I feel for the good things you showered upon so many of us in response to the appeal I addressed to you last Christmas. And knowing the nobility, the sterling goodness of that big ever-young heart of yours, I know that those who were not included in the wide circle of your Christmas benefactions must have been excluded either because you had exhausted all the means at your disposal before you reached them, or because you had mislaid their addresses. Your Imperial Highness has always done me the honour to value any practical suggestions I have made to you for the furtherance of your abounding charities at this season. You will therefore permit me to state that if this Christmas you will organise your rounds a little earlier than usual, put a few extra thousands into your capacious purse, and start out with a corrected, up-to-date list of addresses from the dark labyrinths of hunger, and destitution, and suffering, your methods of distribution will be greatly improved. As your Imperial Highness will perceive, if you start at the doors of the well-to-do it is a hundred to one chance at your time of life that you will not reach the chimneys of the poor in time for Christmas dinner. On the other hand, if you commence with the poor you may be cleared out of all your goods long before you reach the well-to-do; but I do not think that need worry you. They will have a good time even if you forget them altogether.

You don't know how delighted I am to hear of your decision not to withdraw the issue of your famous red flannel or hoard up your old clothes on account of the Budget; and your assurance that your geese will be as plump, your turkeys as tender, your sucking-pig as luscious, your stockings as crammed with good things, your toys as varied, and your cash as plentiful as usual, affords me the greatest satisfaction.

One final word—though I fear I am wholly without justification, for a reminder your Imperial Highness does not need—to ask you, wherever you go, and whatever you do, to round up all the kiddies. I don't know how it is—I cannot explain it even to myself—but the older I get, the more I see of the rough-and-tumble in the world of men, the more I love the little ones. I seem to get closer to them as the years press upon me, so that I feel I love all the thousands of nippers I have never seen because I love those who are privileged to make free with my hair and pockets. And when I think of the hard lives some of them lead, of the things they suffer and the delights they never know, I sometimes catch myself wishing I had the power to perform some miracle which would enable me to give them a Merry Christmas every day. Rich as you are, I doubt whether you can give them all a merry one even once a year. But do your best, as I shall do mine. So little makes a child happy, and the poorer the child, the less the little. As happy as you make the Kiddies' Christmas, so happy may be yours this year and always.

JOHN BULL.



"COMMENCE WITH THE POOR, AND DON'T FORGET THE KIDDIES."

TO THE READERS OF THIS JOURNAL.

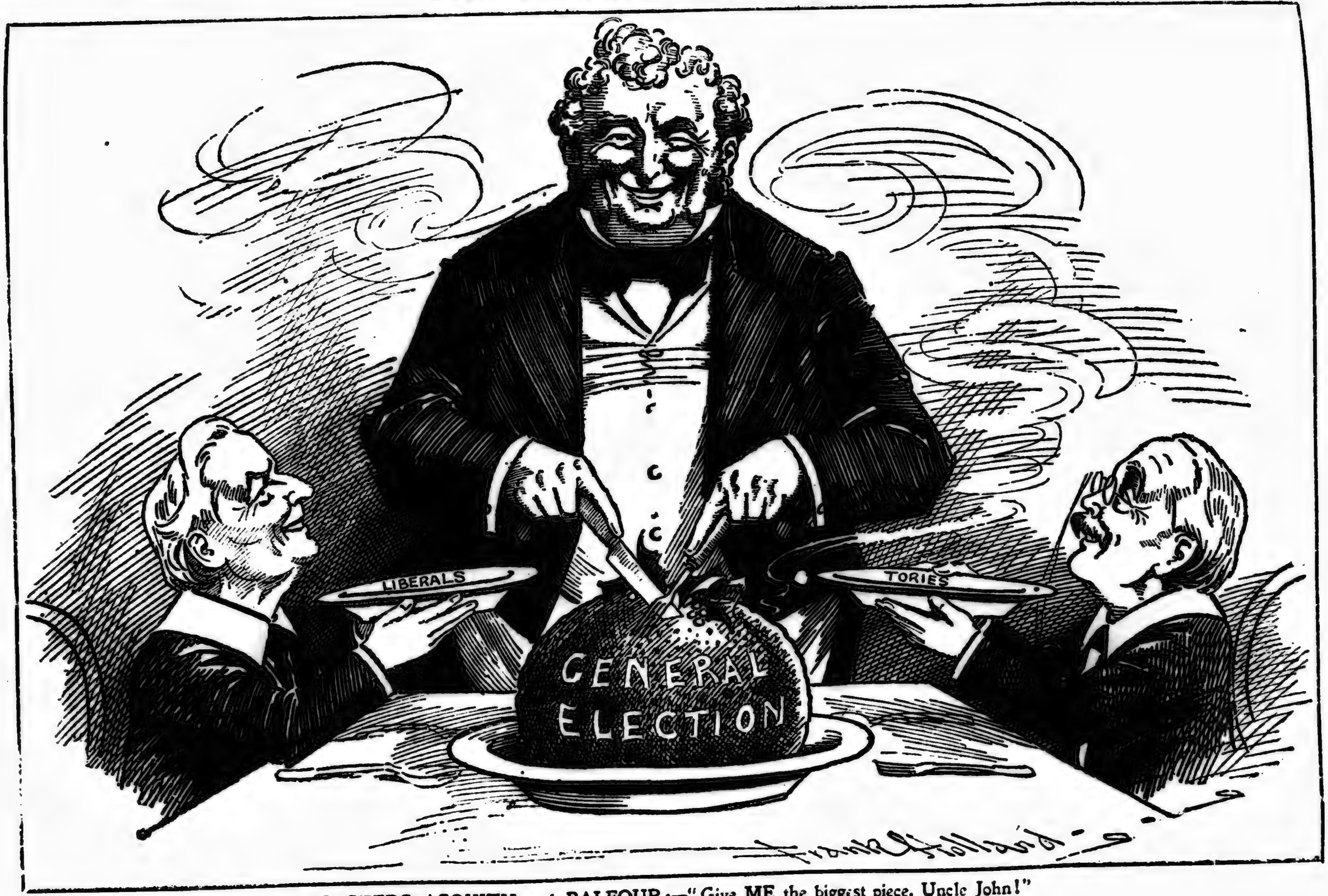
FRIENDS,—Permit me to wish you, one and all, the merriest of merry Christmases. It is a little early to be passing the compliment, but the exigencies of the publishing trade are such that I am compelled to issue my Christmas number at this premature date. My wishes are not the less sincere on that account.

We have had a very pleasant year together, and you have rallied round me magnificently. You number, now, nearly half-a-million—a larger constituency than any other editor of a weekly journal has the privilege of representing. But I must not use the word "constituency"; it savours too much of things which to-day I ask you to put aside, whilst you fill your glasses and drink with me, "A Merry Christmas to all mankind." For that is the spirit in which I speak to you to-day. We have had enough of Party and Sect and Creed; enough of Tariff Reform and Free Trade; enough of Budgets, and all the rest of it. For a few weeks we are to have a close time in politics—would that a similar respite could be extended to the field of sectarian squabbles!

I venture to hope that in the columns of this issue, at any rate, there is to be found no word calculated to leave a sting. For once, I look upon all the faults and all the foibles of the world with an indulgent eye—and I raise my glass to you and yours. May we continue in happy accord—a great community of British citizens, united by the bond of a common desire to get all there is to be got out of this life of ours, and to make it as happy as possible for ourselves and all our fellow men.

THE EDITOR.

THE POLITICAL PUDDING.


LIBERALS
TORIES
GENERAL ELECTION

MASTERS ASQUITH and **BALFOUR**:—"Give **ME** the biggest piece, Uncle John!"

THE TRUE STORY OF CINDERELLA.

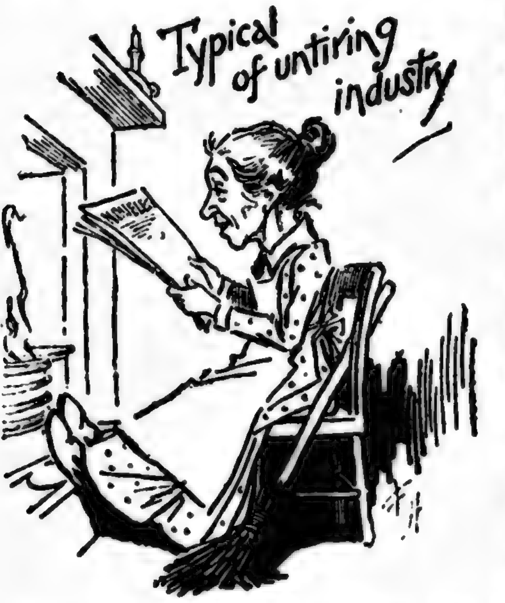
By Horace Eckert.

At this time of the year, when so many pantomimes are propagating the Cinderella fairy tale, the true facts of her adventures may be interesting. We have discovered among certain ancient documents, of which we have become the fortunate possessors, a palimpsest giving a true account of the doings of this remarkable lady.

The newer writing on the parchment presents substantially the same story as that of the popular version, but the older manuscript gives an account startling in its contradictions. From a perusal of both it is easy to glean the facts. The older is the true story: the other is the version invented by Cinderella when she became Princess, she then having the power rigorously to suppress any incidents in her early career which were distasteful to her.

We have often wondered why Cinderella, the heroine typical of untiring industry and long-suffering patience, is represented in so many pictures sitting by the fireside and a birch broom, engaged in the soul-racking labour of watching the fire burn.

But we know now. Cindy was not industrious. She was, as her mistress often called her, a "lazy little cat," and she used to sit beside the fire reading penny shockers, slipping them in her pocket when she heard anyone coming.



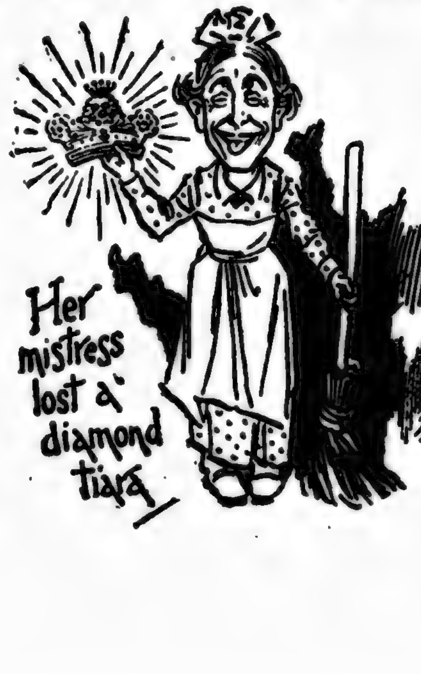
"Cindery Ella," to give her her right name, was a domestic servant, born of poor and not extraordinarily honest parents. Her dislike of physical exertion she inherited from her father, and to her mother she owed her ability of shirking work. So she was doubly blessed.

She was favoured with a fascinating face and an attractive outline, which cover a multitude of sins, but not padding. She was at first engaged by a respectable, middle-class family, but being discovered in the kitchen on three successive evenings cuddling three successive soldiers, she was told by her master that he was not starting a barracks, and she left.

After this she took a situation elsewhere, but as this was not all she took, it was not long before she was looking out for another situation. She tried one or two places, but, although she distinctly told her proposed employers that her references were the best she could get, her services were declined without thanks.

To make sure that this difficulty should not occur again, she wrote her own testimonials, and by virtue of them obtained a humble station in a family of high birth. At first she was little more than a beer-runner to the other servants, but by steady and diligent attention to her work, she soon became a maid to the daughter of the house.

Her rapid steps upward were not entirely due to hard work. For instance, once her mistress lost a diamond tiara, and although the fact was advertised "no questions asked" in the ha'penny papers, it was not recovered. One day Cindy told her mistress that it was to be found in the third maid's room, and sure enough it was. Cindy hid it there herself, so that she was on a safe thing. Result, the third maid got the sack, and Cindy got her place.

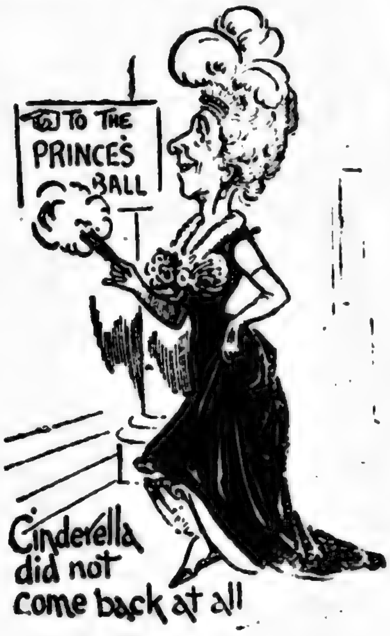

Her mistress lost a diamond tiara

On another occasion, the second maid found a bottle of port in her bed, and, having made its acquaintance during the night, the next morning committed the indiscretion of offering to slap her mistress's face. Cindy went up one more. The first maid hinted that she knew who put the port and the temptation in the late maid's way, but she was next day asked to resign for being found locked in the wine cellar with a fat butler. No one noticed Cindy turn the key, and she became first maid.

Then came the opportunity of our heroine's life. It happened like this. Her mistress was to make her début at Court at a ball given by the Prince, and it was discovered at the last moment that the silly dressmaker had sent home the wrong dress! Horrors! Cindy suggested that she should go and bring the right one while her mistress waited! She did, and her mistress waited. And waited. And waited. . . . .

Cinderella did not come back at all that evening, so no début was made by her mistress. The next morning the city was startled to hear that the Prince had eloped after the ball with a very fascinating countess, or something, from the Continent, or somewhere. It was not until the King promised forgiveness that the Prince returned with the blushing bride, and the people were very surprised to discover that the lady was none other than Cinderella.

Some very unkind things were said about her at first, but her patient bearing during these trials, together with her growing popularity with the gentlemen at Court, eventually won over the upper classes, while her lavish freedom with the Prince's money endeared her in the heart of the proletariat.


TO THE PRINCE'S BALL
Cinderella did not come back at all

The affair was hushed up as much as possible, and the cru-el sisters and glass slipper story was invented by Cinderella. She knew that a picturesque, romantic lie would live long after the cold truth was forgotten.

We publish these facts for the first time, believing that all persons connected with the incidents are dead. If, however, this is not the case, we sincerely trust that no injury will be done to their feelings by these disclosures.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

(At a recent House of Commons Committee meeting, a Member insisted upon Smoking.)

A Prophecy.

The House was in committee
 And the M.P.'s feeling tired,
When an Opposition member
 With a bold idea was fired:
To create a *strong* diversion
 He opined the time was ripe—
So with 'bacca known as "Mitcham"
 Filled a pipe.

Other Opposition members
 Took the tip and started smoking,
And in less than half a minute
 Half the Government were choking;
The member who was speaking
 Strove in vain to check a cough,
While indignant anti-'bacconists
 Went off.

The Chairman said, "Ough! ough!—I think
 The members' misdemeanour
Would not be quite so bad—ough! ough!—
 If members' pipes were cleaner."
But still the clouds increased, until
 Amid a general shout
The Chairman said, "Ough! ough!—the Bill's
 Smoked out!"

"Retlaw."

SANDORIDES'

"Lucana"

MIXTURE

THIS TOBACCO of subtle charm is the limit of luxury in Pipe smoking. It is made from pure and selected leaf, the thick stalk being carefully eliminated, thus giving a cool and healthy smoke.

It differs from all other Smoking Mixtures in this sense, that it continuously lives up to its splendid reputation.

It is, in fact, the Tobacco you have been waiting for.

2 ozs. 1/4 4 ozs. 2/8

Mild. Medium. Coarse Cut.

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CIGARETTES

ARE A REVELATION. They are delicious in flavour, of Delightful Aroma, and Harmless on account of their Absolute Purity. Their charm never fails; they are acclaimed everywhere as the—

World's Perfect Cigarette

MADE IN

Highest Grade Virginia
Code L.V.

100	50	20
4/9	2/6	1/-

Choicest Egyptian Blend
Code E.B.
Packed in Cedarwood Boxes.

100	50	25
6/-	3/-	1/6

SOLD BY LEADING TOBACCONISTS EVERYWHERE, OR POST FREE DIRECT FROM

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The PERFECT Cigarette and Smoking Mixture.

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"Lucana"

BRAND

WHICH stands for all that is best—and is recognized throughout the world by discerning smokers as the Standard of Quality and Value.

Your TOBACCONIST stocks them, and will supply them to you at the prices quoted, or write direct to the sole

MANUFACTURERS

W. SANDORIDES & Co. Ltd.
5, OLD BOND ST.,
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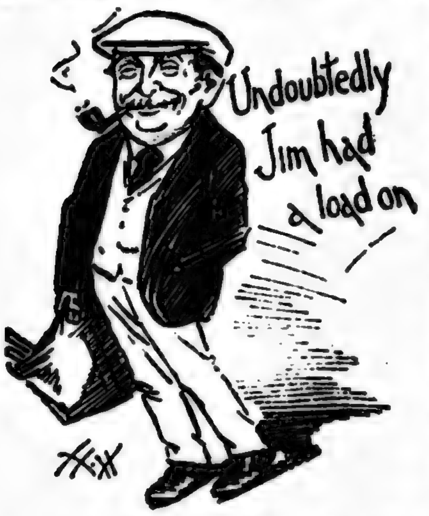
CIGARETTES or SMOKING MIXTURE sent POST FREE anywhere.

A CHRISTMAS RECONCILIATION.

By Theodore Dahle.


Undoubtedly Jim had a load on

Undoubtedly Jim had a load on. I don't say he was inebriated, but he had drunk rather more than enough. As he came through the door on Christmas Eve, Polly was staring into the fire; her lips drawn into a straight line, her eyes, red with weeping these three hours, were now hard and tearless. And when she looked liked that, Jim knew he was in for trouble. Polly looked up at the two-and-elevenpenny alarum on the mantelpiece, and then, elbows on knees, resumed her gaze into the blazing fire.

"Ready, Polly?" greeted Jim nervously, for, to give him his due, he was rather ashamed of himself.

"No, I ain't!" Jim noted an ominous snap in her voice, and silently hung down his head.

"I—I thought mebbe you would be," he stammered. "It's Christmas Day ter-morrow, an' there's all the things ter get in. And the kids' stockin's to fill, too."

"Rats!" she retorted, without turning her head. "What's the kids to you? What am I to you? All yer think about is yer pals an' what yer can soak in. You ought to own a brewery, you ought. Then yer'd get plenty. Wish yer'd drown yerself in it, s'welp me, I do."

Jim twiddled his cap in his hands and sidled nearer to her, for the drink and shame in him inclined him to the maudlin. But he felt that if he touched her in her present mood she would hit him. "Don't let's have a row to-night, Polly," he pleaded. "It ain't Christmassy."

"Oh, no, of course it ain't," she sneered. "Yer wife's on'y a toy ter play with. Yer goes out like a sponge an' comes in like a barrel, with the drink oozin' out through the bung, an' then yer don't want nothink said. I'm ter keep my jaw still, an' throw my lovin' arms around yer. It ain't on'y one night, it's most every night. It ain't one Christmas Eve, but it's most every Christmas Eve.

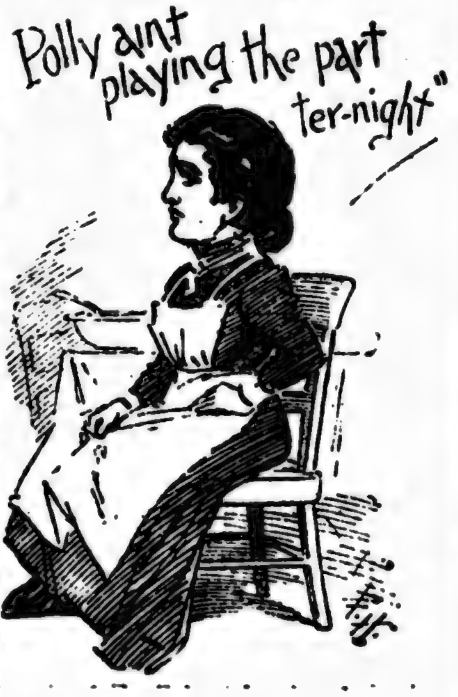
"Oh, no; I've got ter be a lamb, I have, but I ain't ter bleat. Why don't *I* go on the booze, tell me that?"

Jim hesitated. "Well, Polly," he said, "I s'pose—I s'pose it's 'cos yer knows I wouldn't like yer to."

"Then it ain't. It's 'cos I'm a fool, cos——" Polly's lips began to tremble.

"Come on, lass," Jim persisted. "Let's go and do the shopping."

But she had not been weeping and thinking and bewailing her lot this Christmas Eve for nothing. It would have required a team of horses to drag her from the fireplace now.


Polly aint playing the part ter-night"

"'Tisn't a bit o' good," she replied. "Polly ain't playing the part ter night. Polly's been in ever since yer drawed yer wages at noon, and in she stays."

"But, dear," Jim persisted, "if yer won't do it fer me will yer do it for the sake of our bairns—fer little Jack an' Elsie?"

"I tell yer I ain't stirring a step out here this night," she answered. "Go an' get some more inter the barrel, if it'll hold any, an' then yer'll sleep so long that yer'll fergit all about yer Christmas dinner. Don't yer think I know what's been running through yer head? It was 'I'll have a good soak on Christmas Eve. It don't matter about Polly and the kids havin' a night lookin' at the shop winders. An' ter-morrer mornin' I'll have another soak while she stops in ter cook my Christmas dinner, an' agin in the arternoon while she gets ready my Christmas tea, an' agin at night while she warms up my Christmas supper! Well, Polly won't. The programme's off—h-o-double-f—hoff. There ain't goin' to be no Christmas feeds in this house ter-morrer—not if it depends on Polly."

For a moment, Jim stood irresolute, awed into silence, wondering what to do. She had never put the lash about him as savagely as to-night in the whole ten years of their married life. Presently he turned on his heel, and left her without another word. He had two or three more half-pints to drown his sorrow, then he went into the market and made for home again laden like a pack horse.

Jim had left the house rather more sober: he returned rather more drunk. But his mood was merry, and once through the door he commenced to play the high hand.

"Here's a merry Christmas mornin' to yer, Polly," he said. "Wha' d'yer say f'r—f'r a kiss?"

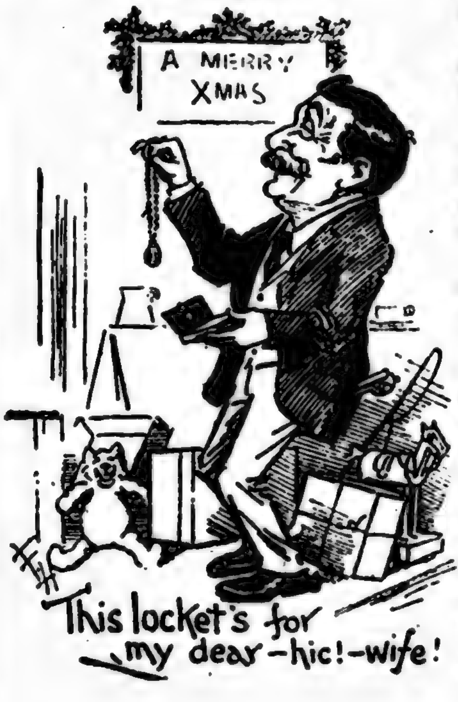
"Go and boil yer nut!" she retorted.

"Now, look here," expostulated Jim, "give us a—hic!—I zay giv's a fair—well, there's everything on the door—hic!—on the doorstep—a goose, an' a—hic!—I mean an' a rabb—a rabbit, an' veget—an' veget'les, an' oranges, an'—hic!—an' apples, an' nuts, an' all—hic!—sor's o' things. An'—hic!—an' mark yer, my pockets is stuffed full o'—hic!—of toys f'r the kids, an'——"

Polly put down the fireshovel, a new light in her eyes, and the new light began to laugh and dance a little in the tear-drops which gathered on her lashes.

"Furthermore," Jim continued, feeling in his jacket pocket, and bringing out a red plush case wrapped in tissue paper—"I zay, furthermore, I've here some—hic!—some tissoo paper, an'—an' inside a beaut—a beaut'ful—hic!—red plush case." And undoing the catch, he took out a locket and swung it round and round on the chain before her. "Over an' above that," he proceeded, while Polly's mouth softened—"I zay—hic!—an' also moreover this locket's f'r my dear—hic!—f'r my dear wife an' the mother of—of li'le Jack an' li'le Elsie—an' look y'here, lis'n to this—if yer take it, an'—hic!—I mean an' wear it an' gi' me a kiss, an'—hic!—no, an' cook the dinner, so that the bairns—well, now, mark you, I'll swear—no I won't swear—but I'll promise ter chuck it till I've got sense—got sense 'nough ter know the limit, an' like—an' likewise I'll try ter make yer—hic!—I mean ter make yer happy as in the old, old days, an'——"

Polly's eyes were laughing, though her heart was ready to break. It seemed too much to hope, let alone to realise, all these good things he was offering. "No, Jim," she said, with her voice all a-quiver, "I won't take nothink an' I won't give nothink this night. I'll not take yer locket, an' I won't give yer a kiss, but if yer can remember all yer've said ter-morrer mornin' when—when yer've given over hiccin', an' 'll say it all over again, then I'll take the locket, an' give yer a kiss, an' let bygones be bygones."


A MERRY XMAS
This locket's for my dear-hic!-wife!

"That's fair, Polly, fair an' ri', and if——"

"Now come on," she interrupted, leading him by the arm. "Mind the step. Let's tuck yer inter bed. Can't say *you* ain't started well for a merry Christmas."

"Good f'r you, m'lass, goo' f'r you," chortled Jim.

His wife did not wait for the end of the speech. She went downstairs, dragged in the provender from the doorstep, and until half-past two a.m. she occupied herself with merrier eyes, and lighter heart in making goose stuffing and preparing the Christmas pudding.

HOW I GOT BACK MY HAIR.

Seven years
ago
I had a fair
head
of hair.
But
two years
ago

I
became quite
bald.

My sister
induced me
to
try your
preparation,

And
now my hair
is as
plentiful
as
ever it was.

Remarkable Testimony of a well-known Actor, Mr. WYN WEAVER, Business Manager to Mr. H. F. Maltby's Companies, on tour. Mr. Wyn Weaver wrote on October 26 last:

"Mr. JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,

"DEAR SIR,—Some time ago, I was completely BALD on the top of my head, and I have since then used your preparation, and I am now fairly well-covered with hair. I enclose three photos, taken about 7 years, 18 months, and 2 months ago, and these photos tell their own story remarkably well. I am naturally not a little grateful for the benefits I have derived from the use of your preparation."

This was such convincing testimony that I asked Mr. Wyn Weaver if he would allow me to let others know of his satisfaction, and received the courteous reply given below:

"Opera House, Jersey, Nov. 14, 1909.

"Mr. JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,

"DEAR SIR,—I feel it my duty to let all know of the GREAT BENEFITS I have experienced by the regular use of your Scalp Soap and Hair Grower. For years my hair was falling, and I was greatly troubled with Scurf, until about two years ago I became almost entirely Bald on the top and back of my head. About 18 months ago, my sister insisted upon my trying your preparation, and I attribute the excellent results I have won to their use. I shall strongly recommend you as a Hair Specialist in all hair trouble to members of my profession. You have my full authority to use the photograph and letters as long as you wish."

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THE MYSTERY OF THE BULLOCK'S HEART.*

By Walter Moore.

(With suitable acknowledgments to Mr. Max Pemberton and the "Daily Mail.")

[In view of the recent controversy in the Press regarding the absence of mystery in modern detective stories, we commissioned Mr. Walter Moore to write a tale with a real mystery in it, with the idea of offering a prize for the best solution But on reading it, we became so deeply interested, that we were tempted to break open the sealed envelope containing the "revealing chapter," and on consideration—and as, altogether, the story just fitted the page!—we decided to give the whole thing in one issue, instead of keeping our readers in suspense for a week.—Ed.]

Chapter I.—The Disappearance.

It was night. Of course, there was nothing mysterious about that. The same thing recurs every twenty-four hours. However, as I said before, it was night. It must have been pretty late, too, for most of the shops in the Mile End Road were shut. Certainly, the shop of Mr. John Carver, butcher, was shut; but a gleam of light shining underneath the shutters proclaimed the fact that the gas had not yet been extinguished.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Carver had just retired to his back parlour for supper, leaving his son Charles in the shop to sweep up the sawdust and make things generally tidy. Mrs. Carver was thoughtfully locking away the day's takings. All was peace.

Into the scene of domestic felicity—a hungry husband waiting impatiently for his supper while his better half gloated over the money from the till—there suddenly burst an element of mystery—of tragedy—possibly of crime. One never knows, you know.

"Father!" cried Charles, poking his head round the door; "somebody's bin and gorn and pinched one of them there bullocks' 'carts!"

"Wha-at!" roared Mr. Carver, dropping his knife and fork; "w'ich 'eart?"

"The one you said you'd 'ave for dinner to-morrow," answered the son.

"Well, I'm gormed!" declared Mr. Carver; "I wouldn't 'ave 'ad that 'eart stole for anythink. I 'ad set my 'eart on 'aving that 'eart. The skunk! Who stole it?"

"I dunno, father," replied Charles, flushing slightly; "'ow should *I* know?"

Mr. Carver looked into his son's face intently—suspiciously—for a moment.

"Git me my coat," he said curtly; "I'll see the pleece."

Chapter II.—Hearts are Trumps.

Charles Carver was in love. I am not the one to censure him for that. Let us pluck the beam out of our own eye before we etc., etc. Besides, a young, attractive butcher has many opportunities for falling in love. In the first place, his customers are mainly of the gentle sex. Second—well, we'll let the secondly alone, seeing that it is not altogether germane to the story.

But be that as it may, young Charles Carver was in love; and, what was still more serious, he was in love with a customer. The first time she stepped into the shop and asked for a nice loin chop, he had fallen hopelessly into her toils. Her beauty was sufficient to fascinate any impressionable young butcher; but it was the pretty way she asked him to trim off the fat that made him her slave.

He trimmed that chop as he had never trimmed a chop before. Incidentally, he also trimmed a piece off his thumb at the same time. But he gloried in the sacrifice; and was proud to have shed his blood for her. He then applied Zam-Buk.

The evening previous to that on which the mysterious disappearance took place, they had been strolling in the sylvan solitude of Victoria Park, and had talked of hearts. He had offered her his—figuratively speaking, of course. She had accepted it, tentatively, awaiting proof of his devotion. She knew not of his smarting thumb. Ah, me!

In the course of a delightful conversation he elicited the fact that she was inordinately fond of heart in the concrete—that is to say, bullock's heart, to be specific. Remembering what was in his father's shop, Charles registered an inward vow.

---

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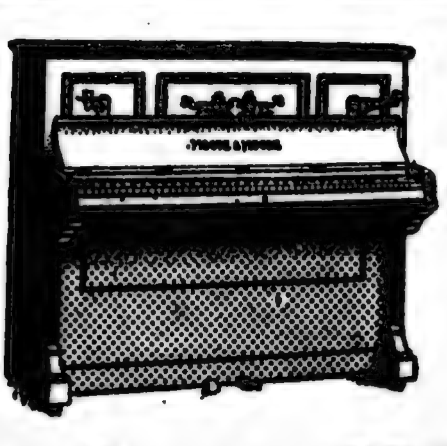
As a supper food, Quaker Oats is invaluable. Try a dish of hot Quaker Oats when you are tired from the day's work—or cold or wet. It will warm and comfort you.

Quaker Oats is the best supper dish for growing children—nourishing and easily digested, and it ensures sweet sound sleep.

Quaker Oats



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CHAPTER III.—ON THE TRACK.

When Mr. John Carver had donned his overcoat, he hurried round to the police-station. The stolid inspector-in-charge listened to his complaint unmoved.

"What shape 'eart was it ?" he enquired, sucking his penholder.

"What shape ? Wy, 'eart shape, of course," replied Mr. Carver impatiently ; "what shape do you think it would be ?"

The inspector declined to express an opinion, but demanded instead whether it was fat.

"Fat !" cried Mr. Carver ; "it was the finest, fattest 'eart I've 'ad in my shop for hages !"

"Pity," murmured the inspector ; "I was thinkin' of 'aving a 'eart for dinner to-morrow myself. Pity !"

"Well, you find the thief wot stole it," declared Mr. Carver in a burst of generosity, "and you shall 'ave the next best 'eart in my shop for nothink."

"'Ow can you hidentify the 'eart, then ?" enquired the inspector coolly.

"You leave that to me," returned Mr. Carver. "Show me the 'eart, and I'll show you the howner."

CHAPTER IV.—THE MYSTERY DEEPENS—OR THICKENS.

Whilst Mr. Carver was holding his colloquy with the police inspector, something was occurring in the vicinity of his shop which he was unaware of—not being present. If the reader had been seated on the brick wall which divided Mr. Carver's back yard from that of his neighbour—a thing I should advise him not to do, seeing that it is studded with pieces of broken glass—he would have heard mysterious sounds arising from the gloom beneath. He would have found it difficult, perhaps impossible, to identify those sounds. Now they resembled the noise emitted by a squeezed sponge ; anon, the soft squelch of a bare foot pulled out of wet sand.

But there was a meaning in those mysterious noises, which concluded with a loud, satisfied sigh, which Mr. Carver never would have dreamed of. Who knows ?

CHAPTER V.—FOUND !

On the morning following the mysterious disappearance of the bullock's heart, Mr. John Carver rose early. He had to go down to the docks to superintend the unloading of a consignment of English Home Killed Meat.

To be exact, it was five o'clock, dark, and cold. Mr. Carver was not in the best of humours. Certainly he had reason to be out of temper. The loss of the heart on which he had set his heart was alone sufficient to disturb his temperamental equanimity. But, to make matters worse, on his return home from the police station he found that during his absence the neighbours' dog had made a raid on the kitchen and carried off his supper.

He had an uncomfortable suspicion in his mind that his son Charles knew more than he cared to tell about the mysterious disappearance. There was no doubt that at the mention of the word "heart" he had flushed quite painfully, and looked strangely guilty. This last recollection disturbed Mr. Carver more than aught else. Had he been nourishing a viper in his bosom?

Mr. Carver, fully equipped for his journey down to the docks, poured himself out a "go" of rum and milk, drank it at a draught, and passed into the shop. All was silent. Not a joint was stirring. Motionless they hung on their hooks, or lay in peace upon the well-scraped blocks.

One splendid joint attracted Mr. Carver's admiring notice. For three days it had been the pride of his establishment—a lordly baron of beef, which rested in the place of honour on the block. The splendid arch of the ribs appealed powerfully to the professional pride of Mr. Carver. In the dim candle-light—for Mr. Carver was economical with the gas—it looked a veritable tunnel of meat. Mr. Carver found it impossible to start for the docks until he had caressed the noble joint.

He approached it ; he patted its ample sides ; he passed a hand under the ribs, and—heavens ! What was that ?

No longer would the Mystery of the Bullock's Heart torture his soul. It was found ! Found ! ! By accident or design—for what will love not do ? Oh, Charles !—it had rolled under the spreading arch of the baron of beef, where it had lurked unseen.

So, after all, Mr. John Carver had stuffed bullock's heart for dinner that day.

[THE END.]

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

Only the Strongest Nerves can bear the Strain of Modern Life and Competition.

The high pressure at which mental life is maintained contributes to the prevalence and increase of nervous breakdown at the present time ; while the increased facilities for transit and communication, which have developed with extraordinary rapidity during a comparatively short period, all tend to throw an ever-increasing strain on the human nervous system—a strain, be it noted, that the delicate mental and nervous organisation of man has not yet had time to become properly accustomed to.

The result of all these factors is that only the strongest nerves can bear the strain of modern life and competition without faltering ; and it is perhaps scarcely realised outside medical circles that very few active business and professional men nowadays escape from some manifestation or other of nerve strain.

Yet there is a bridge which enables busy men and women to bear the strain.

Have you tried this Bridge ? It is Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. If not, why lose time ; why not do so at once before you are robbed of your vitality, and thus prevented from getting your Daily Bread ? The ticket to cross this bridge costs but 6d.—why not buy one to-day ? Do so now, and you, too, will join in the chorus of gratitude, and will praise the Bridge—VI-COCOA—that carries you over your Sea of Difficulty.

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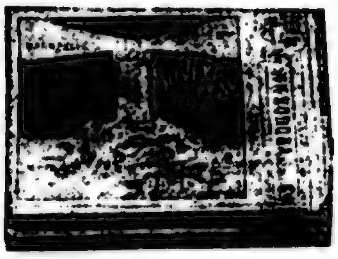

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ALL KINDS OF DOGS AND PUPPIES,
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In districts where these Cakes are not stocked by Dealers, we pay carriage to Consumers on quantities of 28 lbs. and upwards. Send for Samples.

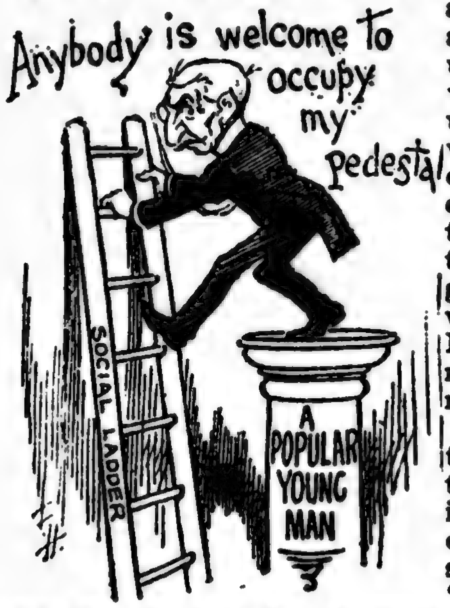
"Molassine Meal the Food for all Animals."

A NICE YOUNG MAN FOR A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

By Ricardo.

Among a rather large circle of acquaintances, says Mr. Easy, who is a bachelor clerk of a cheerful disposition, I found I had acquired the enviable reputation of being "quite a nice young man for a small party," especially at Christmas time or any other period of unusual festivity. Invitations poured in upon me galore; I was always being asked out somewhere, and my evenings never seemed to be my own. My time was usually mortgaged about three weeks deep. I think I was decidedly the most popular young man in our suburb.

Now such a distinction is an awfully nice thing to possess, for it is gratifying to overhear Mrs. Brooks say to Mrs. Snooks, "What a sweet creature that Mr. Easy is! So amiable!"


Anybody is welcome to occupy my pedestal
SOCIAL LADDER
A POPULAR YOUNG MAN
F.H.

But the character may be earned at too dear a price. As things have turned out, anybody is welcome to take my place. I have been thinking, and thinking hard, and have come to the firm conclusion that I do not want to be a nice young man for a party any longer. I have resigned the position. There is a vacancy in our suburb. Anybody is welcome to occupy my pedestal. I have come off it. If you feel like mounting in my stead, mount. But do not blame me afterwards; do not say I did not warn you, for that is what I am just about to do.

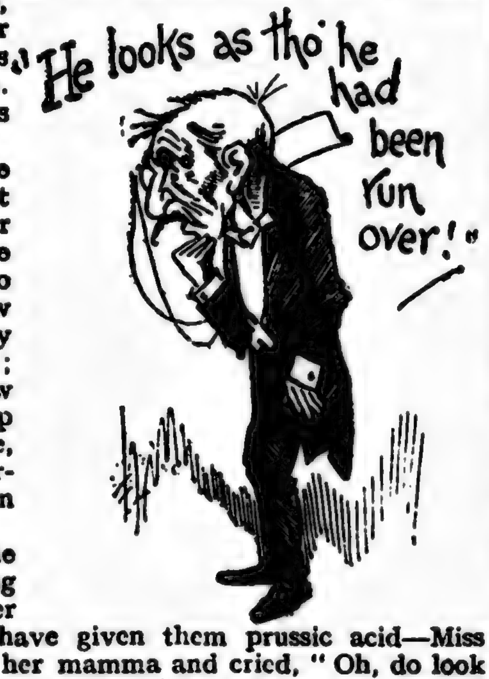
The matter came to a finish, as far as I am concerned, at Mrs. Brooks's Christmas party. I was naturally one of the first to receive an invitation, for my name is always on top when the list of guests is made out. And I was pressed to come early. In my innocence I accepted that as a compliment. I know better now.

I went early, and you would have been astonished at my rapturous reception. "Oh, here's Mr. Easy! How good of you! So delighted to see you. I am sure you will amuse the children while we get the rooms ready for the other guests."

Of course I would amuse the children; any little thing like that was just in my line. It was what I was there so early for. And for an hour those brats, three, four, or five of them, climbed over my knees and up my back, and pulled my hair and uncurled my moustache, and broke my watch-spring, and kicked their muddy heels against my new pants, and wiped their sticky, jammy fingers over my complexion. All I could do was to smile.

When bed-time came for them at last—it was because other guests began to arrive—my hostess said to the nuisances, "Now then, kiss Mr. Easy for being so good; I'm sure I don't know how he can put up with you. But there, Mr. Easy, it's wonderful how the children take to you!"

And, just as the little imps were being given their supper porridge—I would have given them prussic acid—Miss Pretty arrived with her mamma and cried, "Oh, do look at Mr. Easy! He looks as though he had been run over!"


"He looks as tho' he had been run over!"
F.H.

I certainly must have looked like that after those children had done with me.

One by one the other people arrived. Most of them said to me, "Hallo, you're here, are you?" And then they wandered off and talked to somebody else, till the concert commenced. Of course I was asked to sing, as it is well known that I have a melodious tenor voice, and perhaps that may account for the fact that my services were not requisitioned until the entertainment was nearly over. The best things are always discreetly reserved till the last.

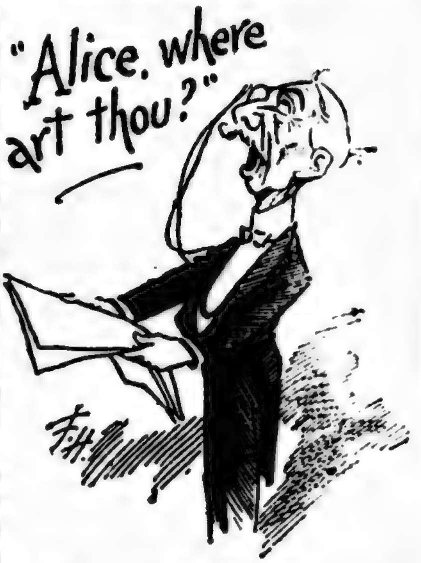
So at length my hostess beamed in my direction and sweetly remarked, "Oh, here's Mr. Easy"—for all the world as if she had not seen me till that moment—"I'm sure he will sing something while we lay the supper."

Of course I would. Anything to oblige. So while the hostess and her daughters and the pretty cousins went out to arrange the supper things, I stood up by the side of the piano—and hummed and hah'd while all the other girls and most of the Johnnies made excuses to leave the room. Some of them suddenly wanted air; some thought they might be able to assist the hostess; some young men were dying for a cigarette—and some made no excuse at all, but just glared at me and vamoosed. I was left to sing "Alice, Where art Thou?" to a maiden aunt who was trying to keep awake behind a fan, and two old gentlemen who were busy talking politics in a corner—too busy to escape.

At supper I was more in request than ever. "Come along, Mr. Easy. I'm sure you will take the head of the table. You carve so beautifully."

Now I really take a pride in my carving. I can slice a joint thin enough to make a fortune at a cookshop. But I do not quite see the fun of carving for a crowded room-ful of hungry people and then having to go without anything myself because they want to clear the room for a dance.

Of course everybody was remarkably polite to me while the meal was on. "Easy, old boy," said that stuck-up young Parchment, who is articled to his father, "Easy, dear old fellow, cut me a wing and a slice off the breast, and a taste of the ham. And oh! another slice of the white meat for Miss Pretty, and some ham—not so thick, you idiot! And pass the pickles. And the bread. And the butter. And is there any tongue down your way? Look alive now. There's another plate coming up!"



After I had attended to everybody's wants, after I had made a futile attempt to snatch a small portion of food for my own purposes, the girls cleared the table like magic, and the muscular young men pushed all the furniture—the chairs, tables, and me—into the corner in a pile, and started dancing.

Once more was I in great request. "Oh, Mr. Easy," my hostess said, "do ask my aunt for a waltz. Everybody has overlooked her, and she will be so offended!" As in duty bound, I led the ancient lady into the middle of the festive scene, and I could hear all the young men and maidens congratulating me on my pluck.

My only other partner was the sister of the hostess. "Do ask Eliza," I was urged; "she is so awfully fond of a polka."

Eliza, the sister, weighs about fifteen stone, and when that weight polkas down on your toes three times in a bar, you begin to appreciate some of the possibilities of avoirdupois. Crushed, fainting, humiliated, I led Aunt Eliza to her seat after the piano stopped and the girls had left off giggling. "Thank you, Mr. Easy," she said; "but the young men of to-day don't dance with the vigour they used to." . . . . Well, if it comes to a question of vigour, she made up for any deficiency on my part.

Another matter that struck me as peculiar, to say the least of it, was their fashion of kissing under the mistletoe. I noticed many a girl wander, quite by accident, till she stood immediately under it, and then some forward young man would rush out and snatch her and a kiss. And she never saw him coming, either.

Whereas, if I happened to notice Miss Giddy under the mistletoe, and if I made a sudden dash for her, it was astonishing how quickly she would move. She must have seen my reflection in a looking-glass. Somehow or other, I never seemed to be in time.

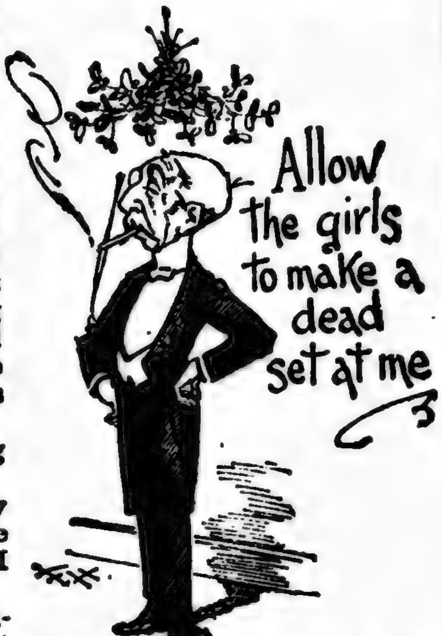
Eliza weighs about 15 stone

I remember that it struck me it would be a good plan for me to stand under the mistletoe myself, and allow the girls to make a dead set at me. Of course I felt bashful and shy at the idea, but faint heart never won fair lady! And so I affected perfect unconsciousness, and went and stood, as demurely as I could, immediately under the bunch of berries that was hanging from the centre chandelier.

For a long time nobody took any notice of me. Then suddenly Miss Pretty cried out, "Oh, do look at Mr. Easy! Isn't he funny!"

It was then that I heard the heartiest roar of laughter of the evening. They all thought I was posing for their amusement. Not even the maiden aunt or sister Eliza seemed anxious to make a prey of me. It was disheartening.

Then there were forfeits. Somebody gave me a reel of cotton, and I was left alone in the room, everybody else retiring into the hall. My duty was to hide the reel and then cry out, "Ladies and gentlemen, come in to supper; hot broad beans and melted butter!" Then everybody was supposed to dash into the room and search for the reel.


Allow the girls to make a dead set at me

Well, I fulfilled my part of the contract. But when I had called out my rhyme half-a-dozen times and found nobody rushing in, I opened the door and looked into the hall. It appeared that the young men and damsels had paired off and were quite comfortable on the stairs and in corners.

"Aren't you coming in?" I enquired.

"Oh, drop it," they told me. "We're quite cosy where we are." I believe they were, too.

So, all things considered, I have arrived at the firm conclusion that I will relinquish the giddy height of exclusive popularity which I have reached. I do not want to be the nicest young man at any party, Christmas or otherwise, any more.

Let me be just one of the ordinary fellows for a change.

OUR WEEKLY LIMERICK.

The threats and the gibes and the jeers
That were hurled at the pitiless peers
Have all been in vain,
And now it's quite plain
It was foolish to count on their fears.—"RETLAW."

"ALWAYS UP TO MISCHIEF."

A certain gentleman was dictating to his children from an article upon Mr. Winston Churchill, describing him as being "very energetic, persevering, etc., etc., and always optimistic." All the children, with one exception, rendered "always optimistic" as "always up to mischief." "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings"!!

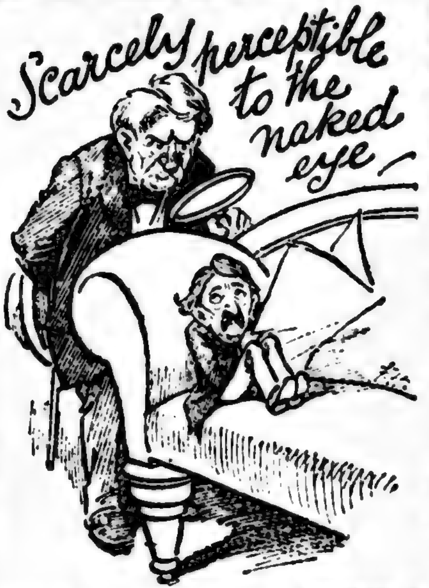
"IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS."

BY JIM CROW.

MR. WALTER MOORE.

(Mr. Jim Crow is very jealous of Mr. Walter Moore, and this is how he endeavours to work off his spleen.)

It was a very difficult thing indeed to secure an interview with Mr. Walter Moore, for nobody had ever heard of him, and even the publicans in my neighbourhood could not give me his address. They said that he consumed all his liquor on the premises. However, at last I found my way to a barrack-like building just off the Old Kent Road, and a slut announced my name with a flourish:—"Please, sir, this is Mr. Crow 'oo has come to hinterview you." I looked round the dismal room and saw no one, for Mr. Moore is scarcely perceptible to the naked eye.


Scarcely perceptible to the naked eye

I do not believe that he stands nine inches in his shoes. However, a still small voice came from the recesses of a sofa, and I asked him how he contrived to excel in the manufacture of bad puns. He assured me, with a dour smile, that the game was not so difficult as I evidently imagined. There was Mr. Ure, for instance. You only had to look out "endure," or some word ending with "ure," in a rhyming dictionary and there you were.

"What about dukes?" I enquired in my most ingratiating manner, keeping a greedy eye fixed upon a half-empty whisky bottle which stood among remnants of bread and cheese on a deal table as the chief ornaments of the establishment.

"My dear sir," he replied, "you would be astonished at the number of dukes and duchesses who honour my humble roof by their visits. That article of mine has added at least thirty per cent. to my acquaintance with the aristocracy. In fact, I am living in hopes of making the acquaintance one day of a real live princess."

"Begorra!" I exclaimed, dropping into his vernacular.

"Bedad!" he replied, "but we have met before, Mr. Crow?"

"Only in your tedious imagination. After you had interviewed me at great length in the bar-parlour of the 'Bull and Horns,' you discovered that it was not me at all, at all. But now that we have met, may I ask you whether the fact that your name is Walter may be taken as proof that you confine your refreshments to that liquid?" I cast another glance in the direction of the lonely bottle which stood out from a wilderness of cheese.

Another glance—
BEST SCOTCH

"Certainly not," he replied. "In fact, with your permission, I will do myself the honour of drinking your health."

"Do you call this hospitality?" I murmured, in dissatisfaction.

"Moore or less," he replied, tossing off a beaker of fusil oil.

'Ure another," I murmured, condescending for once to his juvenile notions of humour, and disappeared rapidly before he had time to recover his brown breath.

Can you do with a Guinea?
If so, see page iii of cover.

THE LAST THROW.

By Oliver Strange.

Sir Robert Morbray hesitated; prudence counselled him to cut his losses, while the mocking will-o'-the-wisp which lures the gambler to ruin whispered of regaining all by a bold stroke. He saw nothing of the cosy room, with its rare furniture and costly antique china gleaming in the soft glow of the shaded lights. His eyes were fixed on the green-covered card table, upon which stood a dice-box and a little heap of pencilled paper-slips which represented the fortune no longer his. At length he spoke.

"I take your offer, Banmore," he said. "One more throw, and no revenge. Morbray Manor against all I've lost and your cheque for three thou. That's right, isn't it?"

His voice was strained and jerky; he was too young to have acquired to perfection the art of cloaking his emotions. Lord Banmore, his opponent, who was some ten years his senior, was better skilled in that, at least. He had been awaiting the issue with admirable indifference, and he now nodded carelessly, and added:

"My dear chap, we'll leave off as we are if you would rather."

There was an underlying quality in the tone which seemed to imply cowardice, and Morbray flushed and glanced up quickly. But the speaker's expression told him nothing; the mask was perfect.

Pale, and with a hand that trembled obviously, Morbray seized the dice-box, rattled the contents, and tilted them on to the table. One look, and then, with a curse of disgust, he flung down the box. The faintest shadow of a smile flitted across the face of the other man.

"A poor throw," he said. "Your luck is certainly atrocious this evening."

Morbray had thrown a two and a one—three in all—and with a gesture of anger and despair he turned away from the table. A keen look of triumph shone in his opponent's eyes as he took up the box, and, scarcely troubling to shake the dice, turned them out again. A cry of astonishment recalled Morbray's attention.

"Aces! by all that's unlucky!" cried his lordship.

For a moment they both sat staring at the little cubes, the baronet fighting down a desire to shout his joy at this almost miracle. Banmore, save that his face was a shade paler, regained his self-possession almost immediately, and appeared quite unmoved at the trick Dame Fortune had played him. It was with even a smile that he picked up the dice and dropped them into the box again.

"Two such throws would not happen once in a thousand times," he said. "Give up dicing, my friend; it is a direct lesson from Providence."

He pushed the pile of I.O.U.'s across to Morbray, who thrust them into the fire with a sigh of deep relief.

"Yes, I'm done with it," he replied. "Good heavens, Banmore, I risked every penny I'm worth on that last throw."

"You risked more than that," was the meaning reply.

"No, you're wrong there," answered the other, quickly. "Leila loves me for myself. She would have loved me still had I lost."

His companion regarded him with a cynical smile.

"You think so?" he asked. "Well, it's a fine thing to be young, and to have illusions. Dreams are always better than realities."

Morbray laughed happily.

"Her love is not a dream, though it often seems incredible enough, even to me," he said, softly. "Why else should the most beautiful woman and finest actress in England be willing to sacrifice her career, and give herself to me? There are others, higher, wealthier—why, you yourself——"

He stopped suddenly, realising that his enthusiasm was carrying him beyond the bounds of good taste; but his lordship laughed lightly.

"Are we not all her willing slaves?" he asked. Then, as he rose to go, he added, "But, still, take an older man's advice, and don't put her to the test, or you may—wake up. And," he laughed again, "dreams are always better than realities."

Despite their apparent meaning, the words rang like a challenge, and for some time after the speaker had departed Morbray found himself pondering them over. They haunted him. In vain he repeated again and again his doctrine of faith, bolstering it up with every argument he could devise; the serpent of doubt had entered his Eden, and refused to be driven forth.

The flinging open of the door, and the announcement, "Miss Devere, sir," aroused him from his reverie. He had a vision of a tall, beautiful woman, swathed in dainty draperies of silk and fur, who seemed to float rather than walk into the room, and who held out two perfectly-gloved hands.

"A surprise visit," she said, with a smile. "I know it's dreadfully improper, but you'll forgive me, won't you?"

She sank into the chair lately occupied by his lordship, and began removing her gloves. Morbray stood silent, wrapped in the spell her beauty always cast upon him. But even as he looked, the torturing doubt came into his mind, clamouring insistently for proof. Then she suddenly noticed the dice-box, and her smile died away.

"You've been playing again?" she asked, and the tone was a reproof. "With Banmore, I suppose, and, of course, you lost?"

He nodded, and her quick eye took in his dishevelled appearance, while she remembered the despondent air in which she had surprised him. He was not usually a man to mope alone at home, and he could not have expected her.

"Much?" she asked.

"Why talk of such paltry things?" he said, tenderly, kneeling down and taking her hands again. "Let me tell you how lovely you are, my queen."

But the answer only deepened her suspicions, and it was almost harshly that she repeated the question.

Banmore's mocking challenge rang again in the man's ears, and, yielding to the temptation, he suddenly plunged into the story. He told of a game begun to while away an hour; of how the stakes, at first trivial, had grown, had mounted as the luck had gone persistently against him, and, finally, how he had staked even his estate, his all, in the desperate hope of regaining what he had lost.

"And you failed?" she cried, and something in her voice drove the truth from his lips.

"I threw—three," was all he said, and he did not dare to look at her face.

"Then you are ruined?" she said, shortly. "You have lost all?"

"No!" he cried. "Not all—not anything—for I have your love, and that makes me the richest man in the world. What does anything matter when we love, Leila?"

He pressed his lips to her hands, but with an exclamation of anger she snatched them away.

"You fool!" she cried, shrilly. "Do you think I am a love-sick girl, to throw myself away upon a penniless gambler? And do you imagine I enjoy the drudgery of the stage, the applause of the ignorant mob, and the empty flatteries it brings me? I hate it, I tell you, and it was to escape it all that I promised to marry you. And if I preferred a young husband of moderate position and means to an old one and more exalted, that was the utmost love had to do with it."

Still kneeling, stunned by the violence and suddenness of the storm he had raised, Morbray was speechless. Hers was not the type of beauty anger improves—it is rare indeed—and her voice had a harshness he had never suspected.

"And you, who prate of love, could throw away everything to satisfy a selfish passion," she continued. "I suppose you thought I could keep you?"

The cruel sneer brought Morbray to his feet. He did not speak, but pointed sternly to the door. She had given him the strength he needed. With a furious laugh she tore a diamond ring from her finger, and—always dramatic—flung it beside the dice-box. It was their engagement ring.

"Your need is greater than mine," she quoted, and with it the taunt was gone. He sat gazing at the trinket for a long time, and it seemed to speak.

"Dreams are always better than realities."

THE SONG OF THE BOY SCOUTS.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

Look out for the things of the air,
Look out for the things of the field,
They'll tell you—if you're there,—
What's never been concealed.
There are always trees in a copse,
Without the slightest doubt,—
When a ripe crab-apple drops
All patrols look out!

Look out that the coast is clear
When an orchard you are in,
Look out for your—well, for your "rear"—
For that's where surprises begin!
When you see the farmer's hat,
And hear the farmer's shout,
Don't stop to ask "What's that?"
But—all patrols look out!

"Retlaw."

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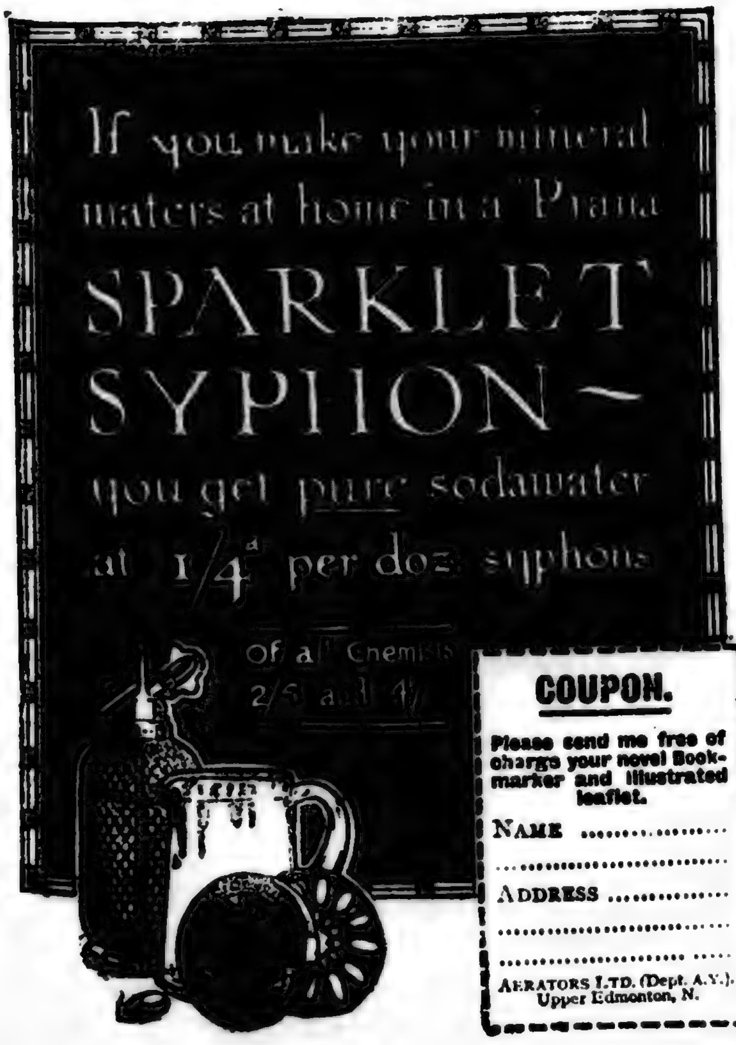
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BUVO contains no gelatine, is pure, and has the support of medical men.

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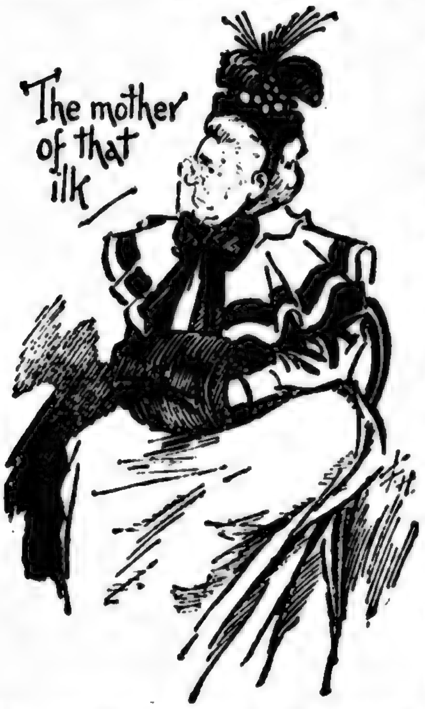
BUVO LIMITED, 26, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

N.B.—When in your hotel or restaurant ask for BUVO CUP.

THE RELATION-IN-LAW AND CHRISTMAS.

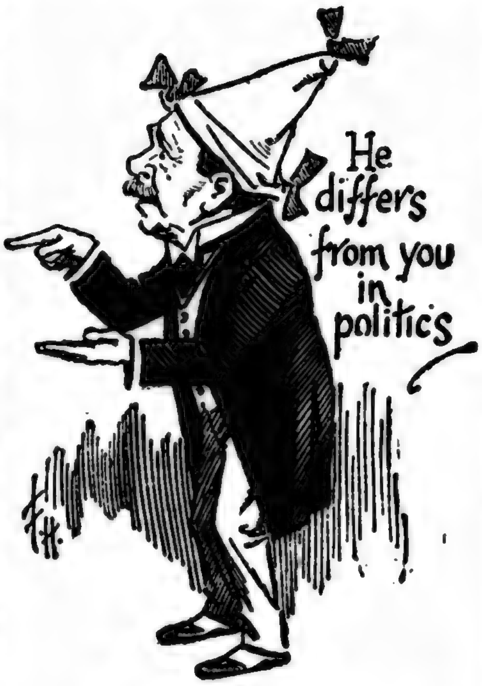
By "Betsey Candid."

What special power sinister hovers over the relation-in-law at Christmas time? Always trying, why is he—she is just as bad, by-the-bye—rendered transcendently alarming at the jolly season of goodwill?


The mother of that ilk

Because it is true of all the In-laws. Putting the Mother of that ilk entirely on one side, was there ever found one of these family appendages who was satisfied with his Christmas present or generous with regard to yours?

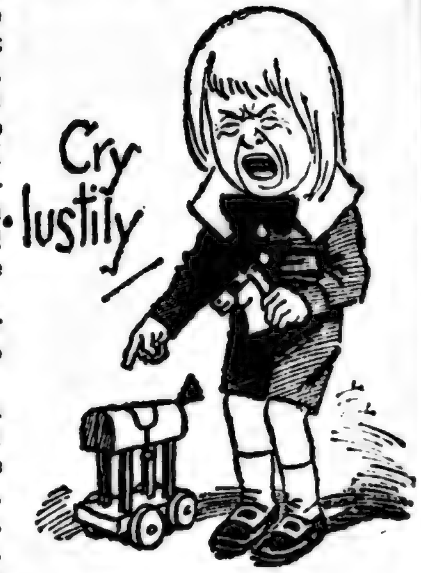
And behold the warlike In-law when you have specially planned to have a real, good-old-English-fill-the-wassail-bowl Dickens sort of Christmas. You have to invite him because he has married your sister or niece, or invite her because she has married your brother or uncle, or invite them because they are your husband's cousins, and must bring all their children or they will be offended. You do it all in the usual way—that is to say, you gather them all together for a dreadful stodgy meal at some unearthly hour of the day—say three o'clock in the afternoon—stuff them with beef and turkey, plum-pudding, mince pies, fruits-comfits, and all kinds of spiced and heavy foods and wines, and then tell them to pull crackers and adorn their heads with paper caps, be sung to, play cards and endure the periodical bilious attacks of the children till the small hours of the next morning! This you call "a real, old-fashioned Christmas." (My complaint is that it is still so much in fashion. I wish it would go out.)


He differs from you in politics

Now, appalling as this programme sounds, it would not be so bad if it worked amiably. But it doesn't. The In-law steps in and sees that it doesn't. Trust the In-law! Say he differs from you in politics, or religion, or ethics generally. Wait till he has a large pink and yellow cracker cap on his head, and has got rather shiny over the rum-punch, and he will begin to throw out offensive innuendoes in one of these connections, with his nose curled up at the corners. Failing your taking up one of these challenges he will become personal, and offer criticisms, thinly veiled, of your family history, with a gleaming eye! The female In-law, if young or meant to be, will be busy for some time going round the company, quite openly comparing her new party blouse with theirs: perhaps counting the respective tucks, and judging by that standard. But having exhausted this joy, she will describe to you in glowing terms people she knows who have far lovelier houses, furniture, clothes, children, and better dressed hair than yours, and throw in a side hint as to the progressive quality of your age, her own being stationary, of course.

If of an older generation, the she In-law will "reminis" querulously about former Christmases when things *were* jolly, and when she was fortunate enough to have her relatives to herself—*i.e.*, before you went and married them. She will enter on to involved sentences referring to ancient family skeletons, or bygone social shadows, slide along her disastrous course at a fearful pace, and then suddenly pull up and pinch her mouth and look deprecating. No, she will not speak. She desists. Ah well!

In between these onslaughts the various children of the In-laws will break each others' new toys, cry lustily, shriek, tumble, or be sick. The poor little souls can't help it, being unused to twelve hours of high food and stale tobacco smoke, but it is not attractive. Still, we have to pretend it is. The grown-up In-laws sit round and make invidious comparisons about each other's young ones, and the way they are dressed up, spoilt, etc., and prophesy their rapid progress to perdition.



If presents have been part of the affair, and they usually are, the elder ranks of In-laws, knowing your income, or thinking they do, complain by inference at the smallness of these. If they are very good presents the In-laws hint at extravagance, and say *they* can't afford etc., etc. The she In-law, if youngish, pretends to like hers, but goes at once to a chattering friend and tells her it is horrid, and gives it to one of your own household next year!

So the party drags through interminable hours of food noise, sham fun, and stuffy air, till at last you tumble into bed, smarting with insults and deciding for ever and ever that you loathe the delusion of home festivities, and will have no more of them. And yet it is not Christmas's fault. It is just this—home parties want reforming, and until they are Yuletide, will continue to be celebrated in the restaurants.

No wonder people go to Brighton or Folkestone for it? In crowded hotels you may not get quite the perfect genius of the Christmas spirit, as you would in a baronial castle or an East End slum, say, but at least you get geniality, high spirits, and freedom from the dyspeptic rakings up of the past beloved of family circles. But this year I suppose we must make another effort to be nice to the In-laws—perhaps that was why Christmas was invented? Anyhow, it is salutary to remember one awful, sobering truth, and that is—that one is an In-law oneself!

THE SCOUTED SCOUT.

I saw a little funny boy
Accoutred as a Scout;
I said—"My little funny boy,
Come, tell me why you're out?"

He puckered up his little mouth
And blinked his little eyes;
He trembled, stammered, dropped his pole
In terror and surprise.

"Why, little man," I gently said,
"Why do you tremble so?
I merely ask to understand;
I only want to know."

He picked his pole up, set his teeth,
And looked the other way;
Then, in a little tinkling voice,
'Twixt sobs, I heard him say—

"I'm out to fight the Germans, sir;
Lord Roberts says they'll come."
A tear rolled down his little face;
He wiped it with his thumb.

"I'm out to fight the Germans—*blub*—
'E said it—*blub*—not me:
I'm out to fight the—*blubber*—*blub*—
To drive them to the sea."

E. H. Visiak.

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THE BADGE OF BARBARITY—THE SILK HAT.

Among the objects which bear testimony to the fact that we are still barbarians, despite the introduction of the aeroplane and the teachings of Marie Corelli, the silk hat, or "topper," holds premier position. So far from being a badge of respectability it labels the wearer as one who strives after the tokens of civilisation and accepts its dicta while he is yet a savage. Civilised man will not need a label.

The silk hat wearer's psychology is not so highly developed as that of the early Greeks, who adopted the Pegasus to shelter their heads from the elements; nor is he so rational in this respect as the gentleman who adorned his headgear with coloured pictures, in order that when he felt bored he could entertain himself with his hat. He is psychologically beneath the level of the cannibal who paints his face, because the painting has a utilitarian motive—he wants to terrify the foe; but the silk hat wearer wears his hat for no other reason than that he wants to look as big (the word may be taken literally, if you please) as his neighbour. He does not wish to scare anyone (often he does frighten unintentionally, but that is by the way); his "topper" provides him with no protection from the elements, for at the least sign of rain he puts up his umbrella in frantic haste; and it is not æsthetically defensible. He is a barbarian whose vanity dominates his existence.

The inventor of the silk hat was a gentleman of grim, satirical humour. Possibly he was a disappointed social reformer who, having failed to obtain an audience for his enlightened views, secured a horrible revenge by condemning generations of men yet unborn to parade the streets bearing upon their heads a six or seven inch chimney-pot. His revenge was the product of a master mind; it would have been easy for him to have appeased his vengeance in some way that afflicted only his contemporaries, but he relied upon the inveterate stupidity and vanity of the human race to secure him infinite retribution. He has not only humbled mankind; he has branded them publicly as fools.

On the other hand, he may have been a hat maker whose productions were unpopular because they were useful and inexpensive, and to whom revelation may have come in this way: "This hat is comfortable, it is light in weight and goodly to gaze upon; it affords protection from colds in the head and sunstroke. *Ergo*, it is not wanted. I will produce some form of headgear which is supremely uncomfortable, which presses upon the caput sufficiently to make a man prematurely bald, which is ridiculous in appearace, and which will not stand two April showers."

My reflections lead me to entertain great contempt for the leaders of the women's suffrage movement. Their efforts to obtain the vote indicate an astounding lack of originality and ingenuity. A Hottentot could have thrown a lump of iron at Mr. Asquith if he thought that by doing so he could get something he wanted. If ladies who want the vote were to base their propaganda upon the methods of the silk hat inventor they would soon have man at their mercy. How simple would it be for them to force a few hundreds of their male sympathisers (am I right in assuming that they have a few hundred male sympathisers?) to adopt, say, a new style of footwear——something horribly ugly and uncomfortable and useless——and to announce that this new atrocity was the only "badge of respectability"! In course of time the Prime Minister would be observed emerging from No. 10, Downing Street, wearing a look of excruciating anguish and the boots invented by Mrs. Pankhurst. The suffragists could then reveal their identity to the Cabinet as inventors of the torture machine, and undertake to kill the fashion by inventing something else immediately they had got the vote. But no, there is no genius amongst them; they prefer to fight for what they want by refusing to eat and being forcibly fed, like many Christmas turkeys.

What Is Your Number?

See page iii. of Cover.

XMAS PARTY

In thousands of homes it's the only occasion when the whole family can meet together at one table. You may be trusted to provide the best provisions money can buy, and the cooking will be quite reliable, but a shabby badly worn set of Table Cutlery is a serious let down, and quite spoils the effect of the table arrangements. Nothing is more noticed than the Cutlery, and the attractions of a well provided table are many times multiplied by a well matched set of Genuine Sheffield Knives, Forks, and Spoons. It is a pity to have good well cooked food spoiled at the table through using blunt seedy-looking cutlery. There is no need to make a difficulty of the price, because we will supply our W[illegible] ....

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for 2/6 and your promise to send 9 monthly payments of 2/6. When received and examined, if you are not absolutely satisfied, we will return the money paid immediately. The Contents include a Complete Outfit of Table Cutlery and Plate which will last a lifetime. Every piece matches perfectly and is designed in the newest style. The Knives are of Genuine Sheffield Steel of warranted temper and high finish. The handles are of Ivory Texture Ivorette and are carefully matched in faithful reproduction of choicest African Ivory. An ornament to any table in the land. The Spoons and Forks are manufactured from Columbian Silver, which is a special amalgam of metals exclusively produced for our Factory. Columbian Silver is a hard white metal which carries a superfine polish indistinguishable from sterling silver, and wears white all through. Unaffected by acid foods or exposure to air, it will retain its pure white appearance under all conditions

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6 Dessert Spns	1 pr Sugr Tngs
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6 Egg Spoons	1 Pickle Fork

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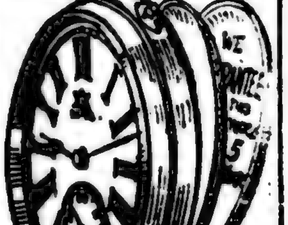
A PARENTAL PROBLEM.

Every father is faced at some time or other with the problem of how to keep his children at home. Naturally, he doesn't want to narrow their lives too much. He wishes them to have as much legitimate pleasure as possible, but he wishes to guard them from the temptations that are so often allied with youthful pleasures. He doesn't object to his boys playing billiards, but he strongly objects to their getting into loose company. Why not let them play billiards at home? The girls could join them and learn the game, and the long winter evenings would be looked forward to as a pleasurable time instead of being a bogey. It will cost you very little to purchase a removable table to go in any ordinary room. Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., Willow Mount Works, Accrington, have made a speciality of these tables, and will supply you on the easy payment system. They will send you illustrated catalogue post free on receipt of a postcard.



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The only part of a razor that you shave with is the blade, and therefore we have concentrated our endeavours on producing a blade that is well tempered and will keep its keen cutting edge to the last. The Shavwell Safety Razor is equal in every respect to a guinea razor and of course you save £1 on the deal.

Oct. 27, 1909.

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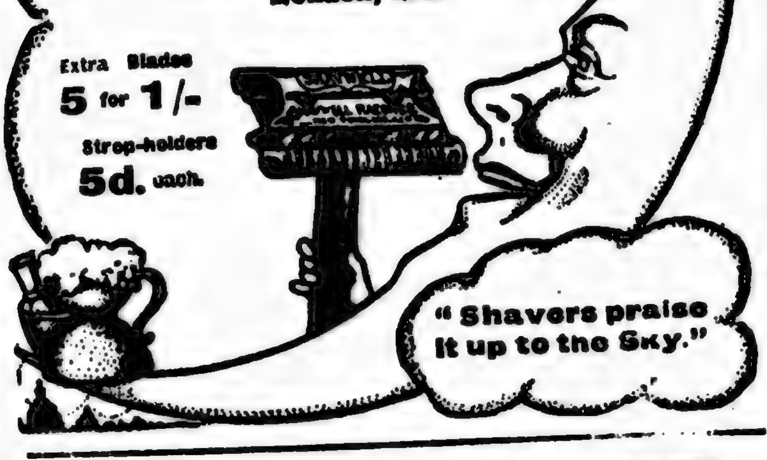
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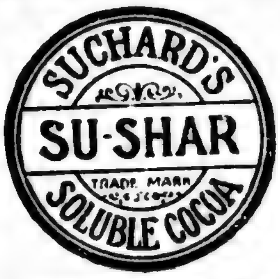
Knowing that Suchard's Cocoa ("Ibis" Brand) need only be tried once to be used always, the Manufacturers have decided to present gratis and post free a sixpenny packet of any one of their well-known chocolates to *every fresh purchaser* of a ¼lb. tin of Suchard's Cocoa.

This offer is made solely for the purpose of introducing to any one not yet acquainted with Suchard's Specialities, a Cocoa and Chocolate of superlative excellence.

How to Obtain the Free Gift.

First purchase a Quarter Pound Tin of Suchard's Cocoa ("Ibis" Brand) from your Grocer. It will cost you 8½d. If your Grocer does not keep the "Ibis" Brand ask him to obtain a tin for you.



Facsimile of disc to be sent with coupon.

Inside the round tin (just at the top) will be found a paper disc, here reproduced.

Attach this disc to the coupon below, which, after being filled up, should be sent to Messrs. Suchard, 33, King William Street, London, E.C. A disc from ½lb. or 1lb. tin will do equally well.

In return you will receive a full sixpenny packet of one of Suchard's well-known makes of Chocolate—"Velma," "Milka," or "Milnut" (Noisettine). You are given the choice.

Suchard's Cocoa ("Ibis" Brand).

There are many good cocoas, but none that can compare with Suchard's ("Ibis" Brand). Suchard's is altogether more palatable, digestible, and nourishing than any other cocoa made. It represents the very highest quality yet attained in cocoas—you need only try it to prove that this is so.

Nor can there be any doubt about its economy for family use—a breakfast cup full, at full strength, only costs a farthing.

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Certainly the greatest achievement in chocolate yet. In "Velma" one gets the real chocolate flavour. It tastes of nothing but chocolate. Until you have tried "Velma" you cannot really know how delicious chocolate—real chocolate—can be.

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Combining the purest Chocolate with genuine Swiss Milk, "Milka" possesses all the good points of other Milk Chocolates but it has this special advantage, it does not cloy in the palate.

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A chocolate with a most delicious hazelnut flavour. This speciality has only recently been on the market, but has already achieved a striking success. It is a characteristic "Suchard" sweet—toothsome, nutritious, and absolutely pure.

Owing to the great cost of this free offer scheme, not more than one gift packet can be sent to each address. Readers are respectfully requested not to send duplicate coupons. Further supplies of Suchard's Chocolate required must be obtained from Confectioners, etc., throughout the Country.

COUPON FOR FREE 6d. PACKET OF CHOCOLATE.

(Only one Gift Packet sent to same address.)

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Sirs,—Having purchased a ¼lb. tin of Suchard's Cocoa ("Ibis" brand), please send me in accordance with your offer one 6d. Packet of Suchard's * "Velma" or * "Milka" or "Milnut" (Noisettine) Chocolate. I attach disc taken from the tin, which entitles me to this packet.

NAME……………………………………………

ADDRESS……………………………………………

* *Cross out the two brands not chosen.* "J.B." 11/12/09.

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In this strenuous age of strain and stress
When wants are many, and funds are low,
And bare necessities—food and dress—
Cost more—and rates and taxes grow;
When salary's small—promotion slow—
With the humble clerk of the file and rank,
What happens, he'd very much like to know,
To the unclaimed balances at the bank?
Boxes of bonds in the grim strong-room,
Jewels left there in the long ago,
Do they remain till the crack o' doom?
And why is Bottomley hated so
By bland directors, who mutter "Blow
And bother the man"—their faces blank?—
"His bill is really quite *de trop!*
Unclaimed balances at the bank!"
Those lordly buildings in Lombard Street,
Where suave directors can daily meet
Like marble palaces all a-row,
To watch financial ebb and flow;
(And study their own welfare I trow,
For, each one poses a mighty "swank")
Is that then how the proceeds go
Of the unclaimed balances at the bank?
Lords! pass the Bill, and give him a show,
And a startled country will ever thank
The daring hand that dealt the blow
At the unclaimed balances at the bank!

PENWIPER.

THE BUSY CHANCELLOR.

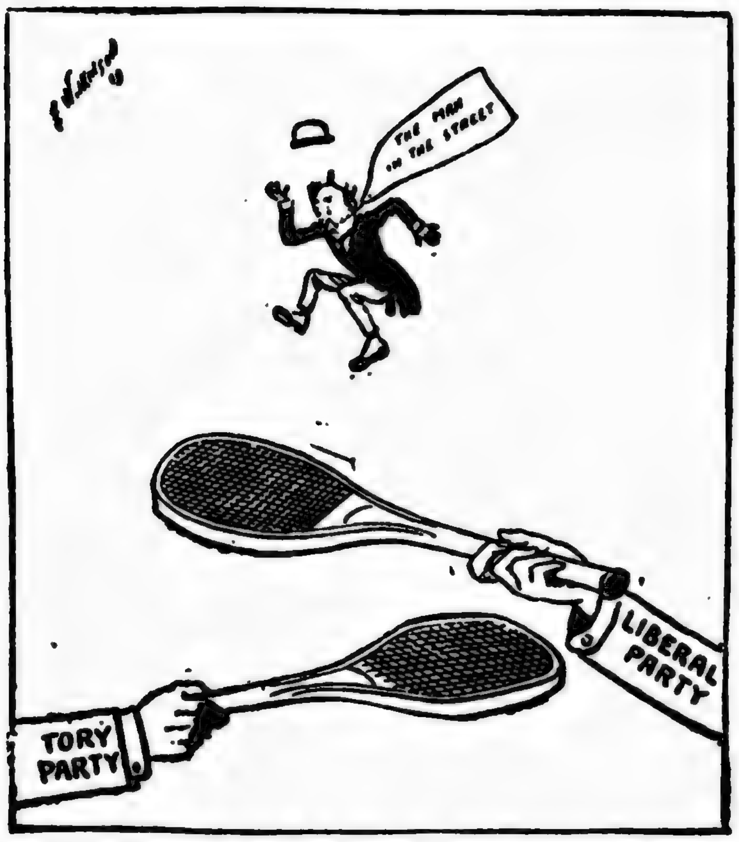
By Arthur H. King.
(With apologies to the late Dr. Watts.)

How doth the busy Chancellor
Delight to hen-roosts raid,
And steal away the golden eggs
Which prudent folk have laid.

How skilfully he spreads his net
To catch the rich and thrifty,
And taxes honest men who work,
To keep the slack and shifty.

Cigars and petrol, super-tax
On land, on sea, in air,
He manages to find a way
To bleed the millionaire.

All thoughts of thrift or honest toil
Henceforward I will shirk,
For with a raiding Chancellor
It's waste of time to work.



The Party Game.

SANITAS
FLUID
SPRAYED ABOUT ROOMS RAPIDLY DESTROYS ALL DISEASE GERMS
Clean, Fragrant, Non-Poisonous, Does not Stain Linen, Oxygenates the Air
FLUIDS POWDER FUMIGATOR SOAPS

"SANITAS DISINFECTANTS."

FOR DISINFECTION of all sorts, including the sanitary care of kennels, stables, cellars drains, sinks, cesspits, ashpits; hospital wards ordinary dwellings school and sick rooms; the treatment of refuse, and the purification of the air of banks, warehouses and public buildings, there are "Sanitas" preparations of various kinds specially adapted to all the several purposes.

The name or brand "Sanitas" is the hall-mark of value for disinfectants and sanitary appliances. "Sanitas" pamphlet sent free.

THE "SANITAS" CO., LTD.,
LIMEHOUE, LONDON, E.

TOO OLD?

No, Sir, not too old! Merely shabby, out of shape, may be, and baggy at the knees, but send the suit to us—we pay carriage one way—and we will clean and press it—in the Achille Serre way—so that it will again find favour in your eyes.

It will only cost you 3/9.

Write now for our booklet "Clothes and the Man"; you will find it useful.

We have Branches and Agencies all over the Kingdom and will give you address of nearest on application.

Achille Serre, Ltd.
White Post Lane,
Hackney Wick, London, E.
Phone East 1265.

ZOX

1,000 "JOHN BULL" HEADACHES CURED FREE OF CHARGE!

Headaches come with such frequency that one is apt to regard them as necessary nuisances—the inevitable consequence of over-work, excitement or disordered digestion.

But quickly as a headache comes, it will still more quickly go—if the sufferer takes a Zox Powder.

The busy man who arrives home tired out and with aching head, has simply to take a Zox Powder and rest quietly for a few minutes, and he will be in a condition to enjoy the leisure hours in the way he likes best

The woman who feels knocked up after a day's shopping in the West End, will find that a Zox Powder, taken in a cup of tea immediately on arriving home, will dispel the headache in a moment or two.

ZOX ALSO CURES NEURALGIA.

Anyone affected with Neuralgia will only be too glad to know of a really reliable remedy. Such a remedy is Zox, and the proprietors, with full confidence in its efficacy, offer free proof. They say that Zox, taken immediately the first twinge of pain is felt, will at once remove it. A few minutes after taking the Zox Powder you will have no pain. That is explicit. But Zox will do more than remove slight pain. If you have had Neuralgia for days, if it has got a thorough grip of you, you can still take Zox with the certainty that your pain will at once become less acute and soon cease to trouble you altogether.

WRITE AT ONCE FOR FREE SUPPLY.

The proprietors wish 1,000 JOHN BULL readers not at present acquainted with Zox to put these powders to the supreme test of personal trial.

This is an inexpensive test, inasmuch as you are asked to accept for the purpose of this personal trial two Zox Powders free of charge. Simply fill up the coupon below and send it, together with stamped addressed envelope, to the Zox Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., and these two Zox Powders will be forwarded by return.

Do not imagine that because Zox is so magical in its effect it must necessarily be harmful. Zox is as safe to take as it is sure in the way it acts.

A well-known Analyst has examined the Powders, and as a result of his investigations, certifies Zox to contain no injurious substances.

Any chemist can supply you with the Zox Powders in 1s. and 2s. 6d. boxes. Insist on "Zox"; do not accept any substitute. Zox is the *tested* remedy, and nothing else you are offered can effectively do its work.

"J.B." FREE COUPON.

To the ZOX COMPANY, 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

SIRS,—I accept your offer of Two Trial Packets of Zox, and enclose stamped addressed envelope for return postage.

Name, ...

Address..

THE TURKISH BATH-MAN

Makes a Special Offer to You.

When I talked to you about my Gem Turkish Bath recently, I put the case for what this bath will do so simply that many people took my word for it. They believed me when I said that I did not know what real illness was. They believed the Gem Turkish Bath as a means to health would be as good for them as it is for me. They believed that by making the pores of the skin active the blood is purified and nearly every ailment relieved. They believed that the Gem Turkish Bath is the finest treatment for the uric acid diseases—gout, rheumatism, sciatica, and lumbago. They believed that a pure blood supply, revivified by constant cleansing in the Turkish Bath, is the one and only antidote to nervous troubles. Many healthy folk took my word for it that as a luxury the Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet is the finest pick-me-up possible for tired, overworked folk who cannot get the necessary stimulation by exercise out of doors.

So great is my conviction as to the value of the thermal bath that I have an ever-strengthening desire to make its merits known, and an all-powerful ambition to see a Cabinet in every home in the land. Already I have sold more than 20,000 Cabinets, but the army of the sick is a mighty one, and it is in the hands of these recruits I want to put the blessings of thermal bathing. I am willing to send a 30s. Cabinet on receipt of a ten-day post-dated money order, and if for any reason, after using the Cabinet as often as you like, you are dissatisfied, you can return the Cabinet within that time and have your money refunded. If you are not in a position to avail yourself of this offer, I am prepared to go still further. Send me a postal order for ten shillings, and your word that you will pay five instalments monthly of 4s. 6d. each, and I will at once send you a 30s. Cabinet. I don't ask for sureties or references; I will take your word for it, and trust you. I know, if you accept my offer, I shall have your everlasting gratitude. You will note that in accepting payments in this way I cannot offer a free trial, and I charge you 32s 6d. for the Cabinet; but it is worth every penny of it, and it only repays me for any extra cost of book-keeping, use of capital, etc.

You can try the Cabinet once, twice, or three times yourself. Your wife can try it. Your sons and daughters can try it. They can try it for the troubles I have mentioned. They can try it as a luxury of cleanliness. They can try it as a pick-me-up after fatigue. Give the Cabinet a good trial. See if it is what I say. See if you get better health out of it—more pleasure out of life. If you do not, stop your money order and send the Cabinet back. No questions asked, no cost to you, no grumble from me.

The 30s. Gem Turkish Cabinet is primarily a collapsible Cabinet, a tiny hot-air chamber, easily opened out and fastened up, and secure in use. It will pack away in any corner.

It is made in my own little factory in London, of a specially prepared, antiseptic, odourless fabric, stretched over a galvanised steel frame.

You sit in the Cabinet—the head only being outside.

Under your chair you place our simple and safe Gem Inside Heater. This stove is absolutely safe and satisfactory in every way, and is the product of long experience and experiment. With it you can have either steam, hot-air, medicated, or perfumed baths. You sit in the bath, heat it, enjoy the warmth, secure free action of the pores, and, when you feel the bath has done its work, open out, take tepid or cold sponge, and cool off. After a bath you will sleep like a top.

You have the bath in your own home. You have not to give two hours to going to the nearest Turkish bath. You have not the unpleasantness of sitting in hot rooms with many strangers under conditions somewhat nauseating to sensitive people. Nor do you breathe an atmosphere contaminated with the poison drawn out of other people's bodies.

Now, I am an enthusiast about this bath because I use it. So does my family. So do my friends. And I have a bundle of testimonials which would keep you busy for a day from people who sing the praises of this bath. You spend money on baths, medicines, treatment at hydros., and visits to the sea, spa, and country for your health's sake; and you have to spend your money before you have a chance to find out whether the treatment is any good to you. Yet you can try my Cabinet for a week and see whether it is any good to you. If you accept my offer you only need to get a money order, fill in the form below, and post it to my company. The bath will be sent by return.

THE GEM N SUPPLIES CO., LTD., 22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road, London, E.C.

Enclosed find Money Order value 30s., for which send me one 30s. No. 1 Standard Bath Cabinet. This Money Order is sent on the understanding that I am at liberty to return the Cabinet within the next ten days, and my Money Order will be returned.

Name ....

Address ....

LADY CARDIGAN'S DISCLOSURES.

A PLEA FOR "SOCIETY."

By A. Crawford.

Let me admit at once that they make unpleasant reading. Let me acknowledge to the full that the unsavoury matter is even less objectionable than the pagan toleration and glee unabashed of the titled authoress, and, finally, let me own that politics, having at last descended to class hatred, the Radical-Socialist party is fully entitled to make whatever use it can of them to further its own particular game.

I think, at the start, I ought to give a reason or two why I am asking John Bull to air my archaic views. I am not a member of the League. I am not sure that I believe in any of its tenets, except one. I have a sneaking opinion that it is a case where one affirmative makes two negatives—that common-sense is uncommon nonsense. I am the antipodes of a Radical, and Socialism is *anathema maranatha* to me. In fact, I am a crusted Tory of the most malignant type, and only differ from the majority of my party by trying to find reasons for the faith that is in me. So when I see the egregious Mr. W. T. Stead, for instance, making broad his phylacteries and adjusting his moth-eaten halo, and his followers grunting in the unlovely trough for the decomposing morsels, my spleen is aroused, and I look round for an editor generous enough to let me say my belief.

To my mind, the combat is between honesty and cant—not between vice and virtue—between sea-water weltering round the hatches (unwelcome and prejudicial to the cargo doubtless, but clean and above-board) and festering bilge-water down below. I do not believe for a moment that the ship of society is by way of being waterlogged by either of them; I do not believe there is enough of either to drag us below the Plimsoll mark, but I do assert with all the intensity of conviction that there is as much of one as there is of the other, and that of the two I greatly prefer the class which is brave enough to show its sores to the physician to that which films them over with Pharisaical sticking-plaster. What do Lady Cardigan's letters amount to? That an eminent Peeress, who is old enough and highly-placed enough to know better, who is totally deficient in the moral sense—non-moral rather than immoral—has made a selection of all the most highly-spiced tit-bits of scandal she can remember in the course of a life prolonged to an unusual length. One may be quite certain that a spiteful woman who has related so much, and who has had such opportunities for knowing all, has left nothing of importance unrelated. If she has not spared her own father and husband, who has been spared?

Let us apply the analogy to the beatified masses and clear, if we can, our minds of cant. Let each man and woman take his or her little circle, remembering that he or she has probably not had nearly the same opportunities of knowing the truth, and pick out the indiscretions and the scandals. Is the proportion any less? If you are a man of the world, mixing every day with other men of the world, how many cases do you know? And do you reprobate them openly, or do you poke the offender in the ribs and call him a dog?

God! what a nation of humbugs we are! Titled harlots—to use the unctuous phrase of the irreproachable Mr. Stead—are no more pleasant to contemplate than any other harlot, no more and no less. The *noblesse oblige* which should have called a halt is balanced by an excess of opportunity and leisure, but when one considers the fierce light of publicity which beats upon them, the manner in which the porcine public through its "Society" editors snouts, grunting up and down the back-stairs, turning up the garbage from Society dustbins, the wonder is that any escape damnation. This isn't cricket. You must play the game. If you have ever had the misfortune to be called on an Assize jury—especially in our rural districts—you will have been revolted by case after case of crimes—the reporting of which is forbidden by the Judge—before which the crimes of Society are almost virtues by contrast. Imagine an usher of the court publishing fearlessly his reminiscences, and consider what arguments you would use to a Peer who insisted that an electorate so steeped in vice should be disfranchised. Yet that is what Mr. Stead is saying. A good half of the people implicated in so-called Society scandals are not Society people at all. They are often women who have reached their rank from a much lower level by virtue of their personal charm, and the very quality that has raised them continues to tempt them. God forbid that I should seem to compare them unfavourably with their sisters born in the purple. From thirty shillings a week in the chorus to a house in Belgravia is temptation enough to ruin any girl's moral fibre, and surely pity is cheap enough, but for Mr. Stead to use the argument for political purposes is quite as much humbug and considerably more cruel than the swank about calling up the spirit of an ungrammatical Mr. Gladstone from the vasty deep.

HARRY LAUDER

likes the

"Erasmic"

SHAVING STICK

He writes as follows:—

"Your Erasmic Shaving Stick is great. I have used it for some time and find it champion."

Will not dry on the face.

BRITISH & BEST

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers

—A—

MERRY XMAS

YOU never had so much real jollity, amusement, and fun in your life as you will have this Xmas with our New Perfected "CORONAPHONE." It caters for every taste—you can have the best music of the day, the most renowned Military Bands, the most Celebrated Singers, the Finest Orchestras, Grand and Comic Opera, all the popular songs of the Great Comic Artistes, and everything worth hearing may be enjoyed right in the midst of your own Family Circle.

WE DELIVER our New Perfected 'Coronaphone' with SIX SUPERB 10in. RECORDS for 5/- only, and if you are entirely satisfied after you have heard the Machine, the balance is payable by nine monthly payments of 5/-. The "Coronaphone" is in every respect a first-class machine fitted with a powerful silent motor which is guaranteed for Five Years. The Cabinet is of exclusive design, made from Solid Oak, and polished to a fine piano finish. The Tone Arm is of highly effective capacity and approved design. The Sound Horn is lavishly decorated in tasteful and harmonious tints, and the reproducer is so exquisitely sensitive as to render with full effect the most powerful band records, as well as the most delicate vocal or instrumental solo compositions with charming and powerful effect.

Money returned if you are not completely satisfied.

WE ASK FOR ONLY 5/- WITH ORDER.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Send for our New Catalogue, containing all styles and prices of both Needle and Sapphire Talking Machines, all offered on the most beneficial terms ever known.

2/- in the £ Discount for Cash.

GREAT RECORD OFFER.

Every Talking Machine owner should send for our Extraordinary Offer of Needle Disc Records, arranged in complete Programmes of 20 Magnificent Selections delivered for 2/6 with order and Easy Monthly Payments.

J.G. GRAVES Ltd.

SHEFFIELD.

A GREAT PHYSICIAN

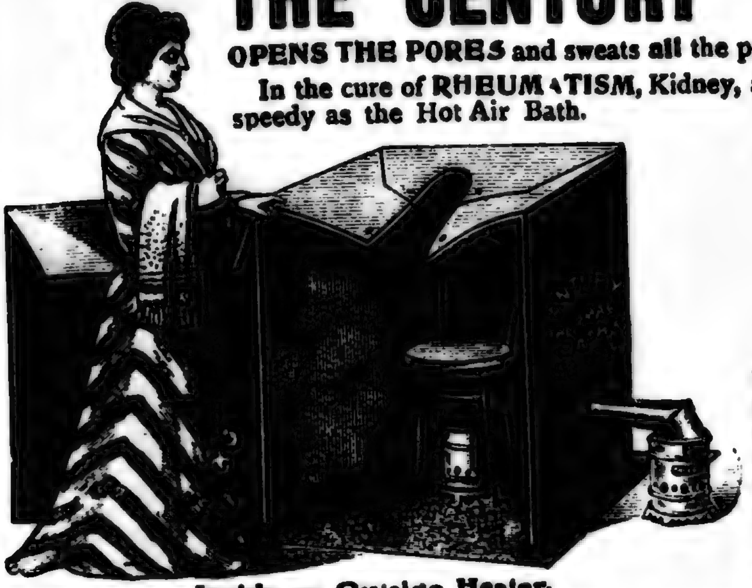
SAYS:

"70% of all Diseases are caused by the pores becoming clogged, thus shutting up in the blood the Poison and impurities which Nature intended they should eliminate."—ERASMUS WILSON, M.D.

THE CENTURY THERMAL BATH

OPENS THE PORES and sweats all the poison out of the blood, leaving it pure and healthy.

In the cure of **RHEUMATISM**, Kidney, and all Blood Diseases, there is no treatment so sure and speedy as the Hot Air Bath.



Inside or Outside Heater.

MR. ROBERT PICKERING, 13, First Avenue, Heaton,
Newcastle-on-Tyne, *writes:*—

"Your Bath is in every way as good as you describe. My wife has been a martyr to Rheumatism for the last seven years, and has tried all sorts of remedies, and had medical advice from many Physicians, but has obtained more relief from your Bath than anything else she has ever tried."

Vapour Baths energise, invigorate, vitalise; they are a luxury beyond the conception of all those who have not taken them by means of the **Century Cabinet.** Scientifically constructed, self-purifying, strong compact, folded, it occupies only two inch space, has head steamer whereby the head and face get same treatment as the body. The top is constructed of four flaps, patented; regulates temperature at will of bather.

The Century Cabinet is sold complete with Heater and Vapouriser at **35/-, 50/-, 63/- & 70/-** (Cheaper Cabinets, 25/-). **We allow 30 days' trial**, to be returned at our expense if, after testing, it is not found as represented. We make this offer so that you shall be sure of having the **BEST BATH CABINET MADE.** Write for Catalogue No. 511, and Samples of Goods sent; also valuable book: "Health, Strength, Hygiene," and Medical Testimony. **FREE.**

Thousands of Century Cabinets in use. Agents wanted. Please mention JOHN BULL.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd. (Dept. 511), 205, Regent Street, London, W.

[illegible]

£2,485 IN PRIZES

HAS NOW BEEN AWARDED IN PICTURE COUPLETS

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.
Below you will find the first line of a Picture Couplet together with a little sketch. What you have to do is to make a couplet by adding another line, the last word of which must rhyme with the last word of the line given.

TEN BIG CASH PRIZES AWARDED WEEKLY.

When you have written your couplet on the entry form fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a POSTAL ORDER FOR SIXPENCE, and place it in an envelope, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

☞ Mark your envelope "Slide" in the top left-hand corner.

All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, December 16th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the printed entry form, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co." The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) three-fourths will be divided amongst the senders of the ten lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration.

The remaining one-fourth will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

The full conditions of the contest appear in this week's *Pearson's Weekly*. The result will appear in *Pearson's Weekly* only.

This week £285 16s. 6d. is distributed in Picture Couplets by *Pearson's Weekly*. The total now awarded is £2,485 9s. 10d. Use the entry form on this page, and you may be a winner.

USE THIS ENTRY FORM.

No. of Postal Order

When a mischievous boy at our door made a slide.

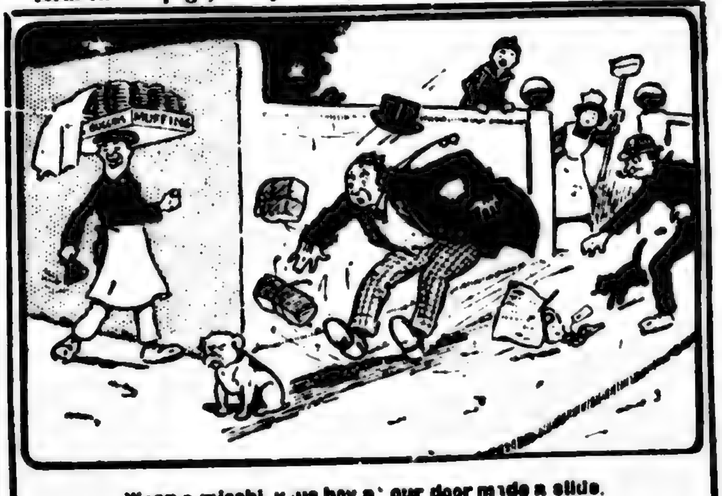
I agree to abide by the published decision and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS....................................

....

J.B. ....



When a mischievous boy at our door made a slide.
Example of a second line—not to be used:
Some eccentric cake-walking was very soon spied.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

CHRISTMAS, THE ELECTIONS, SING-SONGS AND THE GAS BILL.

It affords me pleasure to wish the 670 legislators of our British House of Commons a Merry Christmas. I have pleasure also in wishing some of them many happy returns, trusting that as to the others the constituencies will cook their goose. But hopes and wishes count for little. The General Election will hang over the Christmas festivities of the six-hundred-and-seventy, darkening their joys with foreboding and weighting their jests with political statistics. Meanwhile you and I will eat and drink and be merry. We are the voters; they are the voted. We ordain the yoke and award the bays; and we shall consume our Russian turkey, our Dutch—or Chinese—pig, Belgian rabbit, or our German goose, firmly determined on our answer to those who desire that our food shall cost us more. It is the secret of our intent which will trouble the Christmas of legislators. They would like to ease their minds by wresting it from our calm bosoms. But mum's the word.

Already M.P.'s are preparing for exodus into their constituencies to renew the charming acquaintances, the touching friendships, the delightful intimacies which four years since flattered us into giving them passports to the heaven of their political and social ambitions. In a word, they are packing their boxes with a view of "wooing the electorate." There is Jones, the People's Friend, for instance. Jones is getting ready to grip our horny hands. He is coming to sympathise with us because we are begrimed with toil and washed with honest sweat. He is coming to call on the missus. He is coming to kiss our sticky babies. He is coming to rouse us to wild enthusiasm for the Empire on which the sun never gets. He is coming to make our hair stand on end with creepy yarns about our busted and bested country. He is coming with funny stories about our decayed industries and dying trade, and disappearing commerce. He is coming to give us all employment by scaring us out of work. He is coming to feed us up with statistics about pig-iron and horse sausage. He is coming to tell us that if we will only consent to tax ourselves out of trousers we shall be able to provide more feathers for the missus. Believe me, I know Jones.

Jones has an exempler in Sir Alexander Lawrence, the Liberal candidate for West Norwood. Arriving at a political meeting "at a very late hour," Sir Alexander offered by way of apology to sing his supporters a song, and "forthwith," says the reporter, "rendered in a rich Somersetshire dialect a rollicking hunting ditty." I fail to see why what is possible to Lawrence should not be possible to Jones and other Parliamentary candidates. I have heard them spouting like a hose-pipe till they have got on my nerves, and I will undertake to reconsider my political opinions if for a change they will break out into song.

If they cannot sing, let them dance. If they cannot dance, I shall be delighted to hear them play a concertina, or a banjo, or marbles, turn somersaults, or stand on their heads. I don't care twopence what they do from Christmas until the General Election is over, as long as they don't fire off any more political speeches.

But I know what will happen. We shall have all the old leading articles turned into speeches, and all the old speeches turned into leading articles. We shall see the people's friends purple with rage, or green with bile about the House of Lords, and "Tariff Reform," and the Budget, trotting out exordiums five years old and perorations three weeks long. What have we done to deserve it? I ask. Why should our days be turned into Bedlam and our nights into pandemonium? Why should the traffic of our streets be dislocated and our businesses disorganised to provide a riot of oratory and a debauchery of rhetoric for one gang of politicians who want to keep their jobs, and another gang of politicians who are after those jobs themselves? Not a single one of them will say anything new; and what I want to press home is that if all the elections were held on one day, the saving in the pulmonary gas bill would be at least fourpence-three-farthings per thousand feet, amounting to hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling on the output. As it is, I suppose we shall have to suffer the pain and endure the cost; but earnestly do I pray the populace to cut off the gas before another General Election comes round.

The
Eddystone Lighthouse Keeper

Nervous Depression, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Cramps—

Because he has benefited *so tremendously* by taking Phosferine, Mr. Francis Warder, head keeper of the Eddystone Lighthouse, now realises that until he took "the Greatest of all Tonics," the best time of life was slipping away in ill-health. Disorders came so gradually that he was resigned *to consider it natural* to be getting a bit stiff, not sleeping soundly, or eating so heartily, and [illegible] able to enjoy things.

The overpowering depression which Phosferine [illegible] had been slowly accumulating during the [illegible] Mr. Warder's vigilant custody of lighthouses, [illegible] long, lonely spells of duty, the unvarying [illegible] nervous strain of his responsibility, dulled [illegible] very senses.

The lost vigour is now regained, and Mr. W[illegible] he is as active, hardy, and lively *since taking P*[illegible] he was ten years back.

Completely and easily cured.

Mr. Francis William Warder, principal keeper [illegible] Lighthouse, writes:—"I have read what John [illegible] the Caister lifeboat coxswain, thinks of Phosferine, and I feel sure you would be glad to know what a lot [illegible] your famous tonic has done in my case. My [illegible] is monotonous and lonely, and, in rough weather, having to be always on the watch, I suffered a great deal [illegible] of sleep and, even when tired out, could get [illegible] owing to stiffness and rheumatic cramps. After [illegible] stave this off for some time and only getting [illegible] some Phosferine and felt relief from the first d[illegible] I can tell you it is just a marvel how well and fine I [illegible] all the rheumatism and neuralgia has gone, and I [illegible] grand hearty appetite, steady nerves, and sleep well. Why, to tell the truth, I feel as active, hardy, and li[illegible] taking Phosferine, as I was ten years or so back. [illegible] wonderful, it is indeed, how Phosferine holds [illegible] together."—June 7, 1909.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia
Rheumatism
Brain-fag
Indigestion

Premature Decay
Maternity Weakness
Nervous Headaches
Sciatica

Anæmia
Malaria
Sleeplessness
Nervousness

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

THE REMEDY OF KINGS.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the Queen of Roumania

H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. The King of Spain
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

Phosferine Re-creates the Nerve Force.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.
The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size

"FOOTSHAPE"

THE ALL-LEATHER BOOT.

Frequently Copied and Imitated, but Never Equalled.

A PLAIN STRAIGHTFORWARD OFFER.—In order to prove the immense superiority of the "Footshape" boot over ALL others, we offer to send you a magnificent sample pair on approval at our risk. That is to say, if you are not more than pleased with your bargain, all you have to do is to return the boot, and we will refund your money in full and pay all out-of-pocket expenses.

We are most anxious to prove what we say. That is why we make you this offer. We want you to compare our "Footshapes" with any other make of boots on the market. We rely upon your judgment. If you allow this opportunity to slip by it will be a disappointment to us and a distinct loss to you. Therefore, DON'T delay, DON'T forget, send your order NOW.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—Cash with order. To be returned in full if goods are not approved. We pay postage both ways.

DESCRIPTIONS.

No. 1017.—**BOX CALF BOOT, 8/6.**—Splendid Box Calf Uppers, straight golosh, no outside seam, unbreakable jockey back, toe-capped as illustrated, best linen lined, specially selected, hard-wearing solid leather sole, sewn. Best make and finish throughout.

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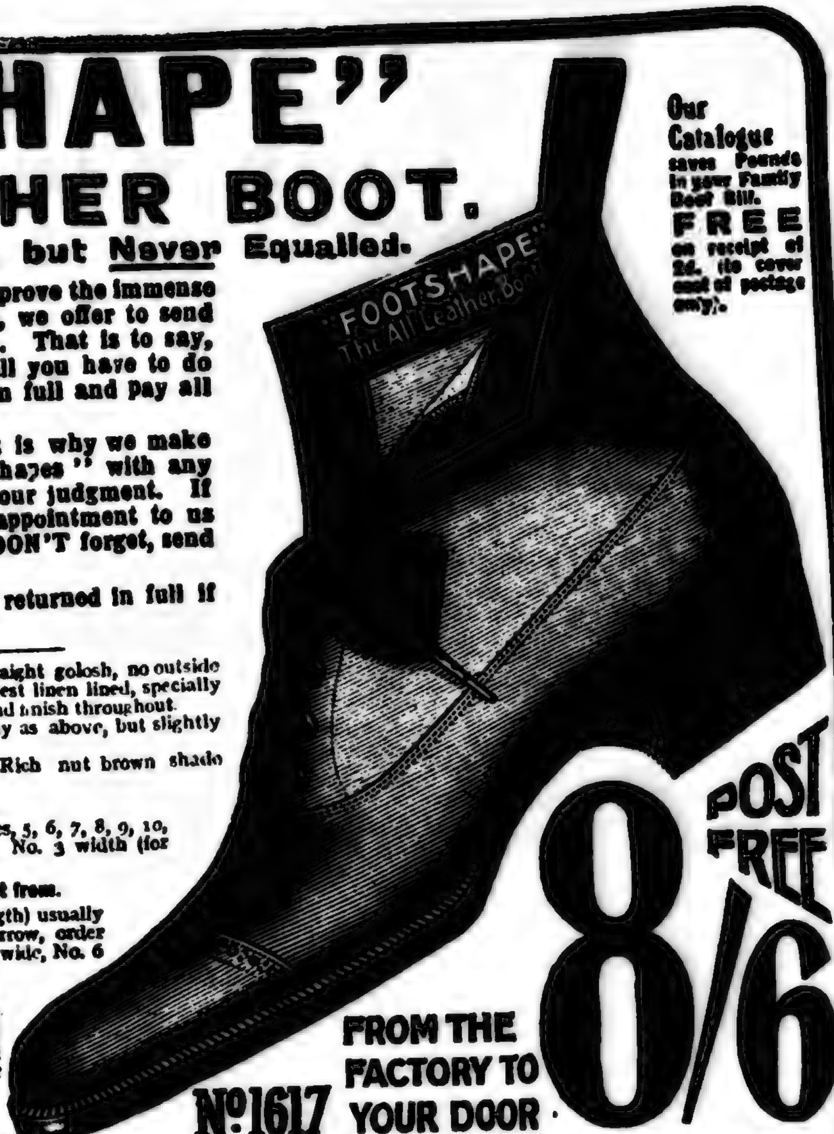

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Christmas Queen.

In the days of Merrie England, when the citizen wives of Old Chepe (now Cheapside) used to put on their best furs and velvets and their pearl-embroidered wimples, and, after Mass, feed the beggars from their lords' front doors, they used to elect a Queen of the Christmas Revels. This lady and the "Lord of Misrule" were the two principally responsible for the ordering of the gaieties, in which not only my Lord Mayor and his Sheriffs, but all the Crafts Guilds and all the "Mysteries," down to all their apprentices and beadles, joined most merrily. The masques and romps and junketings in those old three-sided "inns," with their black oak and gold plate, were indeed the soul of jolly Yule. But this Christmas, though that brilliant, glorious City is no more, in such a gay sense at least, it wouldn't be at all a bad plan for many housewives to, secretly and in their heart of hearts, elect themselves Queen of the Revels, to become, in fact, the source of good humour, fun, and gaiety; to promote the games, as well as dispense the cheer, and set the ball rolling generally for all their own circle. There isn't a better cure for dyspepsia in all the world than this sort of thing, it is also a complexion preserver, and the real source of undying youth. Besides, it is much more original, nowadays, than saying with fancied superiority, "Oh, I hate Christmas." That is the dullest thing you can say, on the whole.

The Christmas Bachelor.

And after all, it is only women who really have the knack of Christmas, and then only the nice ones. Whether or not you can keep Christmas properly decides once and for all what you are—either a decent person, or else a crank, a snob, a carper, a prude, a shopping maniac, or a bachelor. None of those latter things can, alone, enjoy Christmas. Many of them cannot enjoy it if surrounded by all the friends in the world. But in condemning them for this, we will except one—the bachelor. It is not quite his fault. To begin with, no one ever married him, and to go on with he is a man, and that is the one being which, left to its own devices, makes a wild hash of Christmas. It is a curious fact that wherever a community of women be gathered together, they will celebrate the feast of Yule exactly on the same lines as children, these being, of course, the correct lines. Nurses in hospitals, nuns in convents, the grimly-repressed little staff of an orphanage, the poor creatures in a Refuge, will all club together, if possible, and give each other presents, play mild games, tell fortunes, sing, or otherwise become like nice kiddies again. In Italy the nuns have very fascinating pictures of saints, for which everyone dips on chance, on the bran-tub principle, and so secures a saint for the year—a species of fortune, if you like!

And, of course, children need no teaching in the art. But man, that noble being, somehow fails dismally, if left to himself at the gay tide. He either turns it into a Bacchanalian revel, or he reduces it to a bleak cynicism. He cannot keep midway. I am sure it must have been a bachelor who invented the Puritan Christmas, and another who invented the Omar Khayyam-ish one that turns up before the magistrate on Boxing Day morning!

The Shopping Skeleton.

As for that weary-eyed, short-tempered, frenzied being, who turns the season into a wild maelstrom of whirling shopping and bargain-hunting, for presents, she must rank as the feast's skeleton, protest as she will. You don't want to go mad over rival presents at this time, though many people do, with the very kindest of intentions. What you do want to go mad over are mummings, masques, music, charades, romps, and carols. The Queen of the Revels must see that all this is done. It doesn't particularly require money to do it, or learning, or wide baronial halls. What it does require is the child spirit, the Alice-in-Wonderland, real downright Peter Pan spirit. And only the women can ever keep that alive in any country. As old Scott says:—

> "The damsel donned her mirtle sheen;
> The hall was dressed with holly green.
> Forth to the wood did merry man go,
> To gather in the mistletoe . . . .
> England was Merry England when
> Old Christmas brought his sports again."

"LONDON OPINION."

In the Christmas Double Number of "London Opinion" now on sale, price 2d.

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Almost everyone possesses a treasured photograph of a dear relatio or friend which, if enlarged suitably, would become still more valuable as a permanent memento, and would make an acceptable gift. Much of the character which exists in the small original photo is lost to the eye, and it is wonderful how this comes out when enlarged, and the likeness thus becomes startling because it is almost to the life. One hes tates before ordering an enlargement, because of the expense, but all THAT is done away with by our process, which places a handsome portrait within the reach of all. In order to prove this we,

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SIZE: 18 ins. by 14 ins. (a Fu Picture will therefore be nearly life-size). This size is that of the Picture itself without any mount.

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AS EVIDENCE OF OUR BONA-FIDES.

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"The firm in question is the "Electrophot Company, of Welsbach House, Gray's Inn Road, "London, W.C. At their request a "representative of TRUTH inspected "their establishment in all its "branches, and I am consequently "able to testify that they are doing "their work in a thoroughly satisfactory style. The Company are "manufacturers, and are consequently able to supply the public "direct considerably below the "prices that are charged where "agents' and middlemen's profits "have to be paid. There is obviously a great demand in the "present day for good enlargements "of photographs, and it will doubtless be a convenience to many "people to know how and where "they can rely on obtaining what "they want, and being treated "fairly." Extract from *Truth*, July 14th, 1909.

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY, after inspecting our establishment at our request, writes:—

"We have pleasure in stating that "our visit proved to us that the "Company carry on a satisfactory "and bona-fide business. So many "fraudulent methods being practised in the so-called 'free enlargement' trade, it is right that "we state that our visit of investigation, paid at a few minutes' "notice, showed that the Electrophot Company is not to be classed "with firms practising the various "forms of the 'free portrait' trick, "and we regret that we should have "fallen into the error of attributing "a character of this kind to the "Company. We inspected a large "number of the 18 by 14 enlargements, which the firm is at "present offering for the sum of 1/3. "They represented a very creditable standard of enlarged portraits of this size made from a "'copy' negative. We were "allowed to inspect their files, and "found hundreds of unsolicited "testimonials respecting portraits "supplied, and saw for ourselves "that expressions of satisfaction "were forthcoming from many "classes of purchasers."

Extract from *The British Journal of Photography*, September 10th, 1909.

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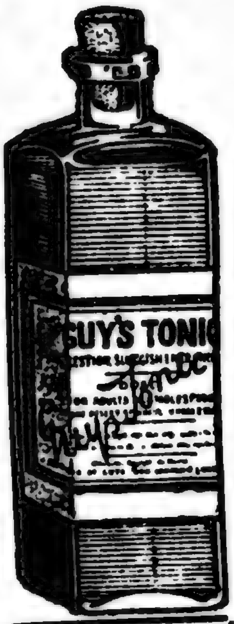

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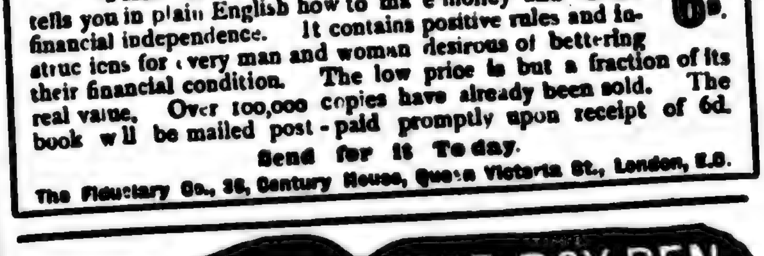

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"The House Opposite."

"Does the ex-Home Secretary and husband of the guilty Mrs. Rivers know the truth, or doesn't he?" That is the question with which Mr. Perceval Landon, all unwittingly, perhaps, ends his dramatic play just produced at the Queen's Theatre by Mr. H. B. Irving.

The story of Mr Landon's drama is such a conglomeration of doubt and subtlety from A to Z that the more you think about it, the less you seem to know of it. To be candid, "The House Opposite" mystifies and fogs the audience; it is like a drawing of weird greys from the impressionist school which might as well be handed round the tea-table with bread-and-butter, upside down, and nobody would be any the wiser.

Mr. H. B. Irving uses every art at his command to impress one with the belief that Richard Cardyne is a real being; that such a man can exist as Perceval Landon paints him; that you can seriously justify the liberties the author takes with this gentleman, who one moment whispers into the ears of the friend's wife he has betrayed, that she may absolutely trust to *his honour* and the next, in this same woman's own house, deliberately makes love to her greatest chum, declaring Mrs. Calthorpe to be the only soul he cares for in the world.

The character of Richard Cardyne is confused and unnatural, and no acting, however good, can make such a peculiar mixture of artificiality and realism come within the radius of human nature.

It is, therefore, doubly hard for Miss Eva Moore to convey with any sincerity the fear, the terror, and the anguish she suffers when she discovers the awful impasse into which one moment of madness has led her.

The happiness of Mrs. Rivers, her fair name, her child's love, are all trembling in the balance. Shall she sacrifice everything, make a clean breast of the whole miserable business, take her chance with her lawful husband, or let the woman from "The House Opposite" be hanged for a murder which her lover, Richard Cardyne, knows she did not commit, for it was he who saw a man with a knife standing by the dead Mr. Chancellor's side—but it was from the window of Mrs. Rivers's bedroom at half-past two o'clock in the morning that he witnessed this gruesome sight?

Oh, the motive of Mr. Landon's play is powerful enough, if the author had only carried out the idea even as well as it was done by the French author of "Roger La Honte," known in English as "A Man's Shadow," where both wife and child see as they think the husband and father enter an office in the house opposite and kill the owner.

But the more tearful and emotional Miss Eva Moore becomes, the less probable Mr. Perceval Landon's story appears to be, and, again, it is difficult to understand the self-sacrificing attitude of the lady's maid, Marie—delightfully as the part is played by Miss Dora Barton—who is willing to forfeit her reputation for Mrs. Rivers's sake, and to declare that Richard Cardyne was in *her* bedroom on the fatal night, and then Marie proceeds to preach such pretty little homilies to her mistress that she is at length persuaded to take the bull by the horns and confess her weakness to the Right Hon. Henry Rivers, K.C., M.P., ex-Home Secretary.

Unfortunately this gentleman is so absorbed in a mighty Government movement, and is reading an evening paper containing some marvellous speech concerning it, that when Mrs. Rivers at last muddles through her difficult task, you don't know whether Henry has been listening to her or not, and you are left wondering whether he knows of his wife's momentary madness, or not.

The acting is just as sound all round as it can possibly be, every artist is sincere and earnest, but I sadly fear the play requires overhauling in order to make it true to life and more comprehensive to the Queen's Theatre audiences.

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Extract from an Investigation on "The Claims of the Tremol Treatment," which appeared in JOHN BULL, November 20th, 1909.

"We can say that we consider the Tremol Treatment an honest one, ably applied with highly successful results, and we hope it will become even more widely known. The result of our investigations has proved an eye-opener. The Tremol Treatment distinctly merits the praise of JOHN BULL."

Since JOHN BULL's investigation of the Tremol Treatment, from which the above paragraph is a brief extract, appeared, the Editor of that well-known Journal has, up to the present, received over one hundred letters from patients who have undergone the Tremol Treatmnet. They are representative of every class of the community, and the different diseases that the Treatment cures. Without one single exception all of them were cured (some years ago) and remain cured to day, and all speak in the highest terms of

THE POWER OF TREMOL TREATMENT TO CURE.

The proprietors of the Tremol Treatment have been permitted by the Editor of JOHN BULL to see this voluminous sheaf of independent testimony and to make brief extracts from just a few of the innumerable letters that have reached him during the last few days from cured patients who read the article. They all speak in terms of glowing eulogy of the Tremol Treatment.

WHAT OUR PATIENTS WROTE "JOHN BULL."

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol Treatment cured me (I am 81), and every case where I recommended it.—Mrs. Constable, Hyde Stratton, near Swindon.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol cured me in seven weeks, after being a sufferer for forty years.—Mr. I. Thorpe, 70, Orchard Lane, Leigh, Lancs.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol cured me when other remedies had failed, and I am 73.—Mrs. Sams, 92, Entleheart Road, Catford, S.E.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
A prominent Specialist advised amputation. Tremol cured me.—Mr. H. Fletcher, 21, Vicarage Road, Castleton.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
There were 35 ulcers on my leg, but Tremol cured it in three months.—Mr. F. Greenhalgh, 17, Cross Leech Street, Stalybridge.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I worked as hard as ever whilst being cured by Tremol.—Mrs. Lynch, Llangwm Road, near Haverford West.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol cured my leg after everything else had failed.—Mrs. Thorne, Rose Cottage, Rodbourne Cheney, Swindon.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol Treatment cured me of a very bad case of eczema. I am all right now, my skin is quite clean, and it has been for some time.—Mrs. Simpson, White Craig, Cullybackey, Antrim.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I was delighted to read what a high opinion JOHN BULL had formed of the Tremol Treatment, as I derived untold benefit from it. I had a terrible leg of varicose veins, and ulcer, and I was cured in six weeks.—Mr. G. Somersley, 19A, Garden Street, Mexborough, near Rotherham.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I was never free from pain for twelve months. Tremol relieved me with the first dressing.—Miss Havlock, 101, Heath Terrace, Leeds Road, Bradford.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
All JOHN BULL says about Tremol Treatment is true. It acted like magic on my leg, and cured me without rest.—Mrs. Lake, 31, Farebrother Street, Grimsby.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I trust JOHN BULL will give Tremol Treatment all the publicity it can, and recommend it to the public. It cured my wife when local practitioners were of no avail.—Mr. B. Jones, 24, Seymour Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I wish all newspapers would write as much as JOHN BULL has done about the Tremol Treatment. It is a wonderful preparation, for it cured me of a very bad leg of 12 years' standing.—Mrs. Chenery, 7, Belmont Terrace, Lower Road, Belvedere, Kent.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Everything I tried was in vain, till I tried Tremol Treatment, which cured me in a very short time.—Mrs. Ashton, 8, Fidler Street, Thatto Heath, St. Helen's

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Before I underwent the Tremol Treatment I could not stand on my leg it was so bad, but after the first dressing I could walk with it.—Mrs. Howles, 31, George Street, Hyde.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I have been in much better general health since I was cured by the Tremol Treatment.—Mrs. Reid, 9A, Town Hall Buildings, Barking Road, East Ham, E.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
My doctor told me he could not do anything for me, but Tremol Treatment cured me.—Mrs. Willson, Beethoven Villa, Whyteheld Road, Ramsay, Hunts

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I never saw the doctor, but was cured by the Tremol Treatment at home.—Miss Counsell, 17, Bath Street, Preston.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I suffered for years from varicose veins, but in five weeks I was cured by Tremol Treatment. I have not felt so well for years as I do now.—Mrs. Forsyth, 63, Thornwood Avenue, Partick, Glasgow.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Hundreds of sufferers would undergo Tremol Treatment at once if they only knew what it has done for me.—Mrs. Roberts, 5, Henthorne Road, New Ferry, Cheshire.

*** A COPY OF AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK, "CURES BY THE CURED," WILL BE SENT GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS SENDING THE ATTACHED COUPON AND A DESCRIPTION OF THEIR CASE TO—

THE NATIONAL COLLEGE OF HEALTH, LTD.
BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

TEAR OFF HERE.

Please send me a copy of "Cures by the Cured" and a free opinion of my case.

Name..
Address..
....

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation :—

Won't it be a real Christmas "vacation" for the Government?

Did the Cabinet want to stop Ports-mouth?

Does the Premier call them 'Bye-and-bye" elections now?

Isn't Halley's comet rather a "scarce" commodity?

Won't the Bishop of Durham "know better" next time?

Does the Duke of Bedford think the Thorney Estate well-named?

Wasn't Bodie's illness a case of "physic-all" breakdown?

Does Sir Herbert Tree strike the right note in "Beethoven"?

Is it surprising that Mr. Lever, of soap fame, appreciates the power of the Press?

Was "How to be Happy Though Civil" written at the suggestion of the Postmaster-General?

Mr. M. A. Noble, who is retiring from first-class cricket, is a remarkable personality. He took his M.A. soon after birth, and was a MAN when christened.

A man in Vienna has been poisoned by wall-paper. Evidently a killing colour?

Over £300 has been left by a scavenger. Filthy lucre in the gutter.

We read of a shortage in eggs. Is the Budget responsible for this reluctance to shell out?

A hairpin was recently found in a collection plate. A hint to the preacher to cut it short!

We presume the new cayenne-pepper pistol will now often be heard of in assault.

Headline: "Cats for Dinner." Nothing unusual. Many people like Old Tom, hot.

Someone has compiled a flying directory. We presume most of the names will be found in High Street.

The hairdresser at the House of Commons complains of bad business. But the Government seem fond of scrapes.

"Alcohol makes us one degree colder in cold weather," said a doctor at a City inquest. We wonder some men we know don't freeze to death.

An American saint, Father Simon Gabriel Brute, is to be beatified. Not the first brute to be so honoured.

"Are Scotsmen *Growing* Smaller?" asks a contemporary. What *has* become of the office dictionary?

"Sailors' Knots" is the name of a new volume of short stories. They should hold the reader's interest.

The Duke of Connaught thinks there is no saddlery like that produced in England. Yet it is always getting sat upon.

36,713,208 pennies have been placed in the automatic machines of one company. How many packets were taken out?

The tail of the Halley comet, we are gravely informed, may make everyone die in a delirium of joy as it rushes past the earth. A very funny tale.

"To some a rich wife is a trade," says Judge Bacon. Yes, good business, too.

At The Playhouse, "Little Mrs. Cummin" is preceded by "The Visit." Most appropriate.

"Beggars," a new book is called. It should appeal to all.

The Bishop of London says of the teetotaler, "Society now jumps at him." Some of the specimens we have seen would make anybody jump.

The Braintree Guardians have decided to refuse a gift of Christmas beer for the workhouse inmates. The name of the place strongly suggests wooden heads.

The Bishop of Bangor, who has been defending innkeepers, evidently does not hold that all publicans are sinners.

A Marathon race is to be decided at the Albert Hall on December 18th. "To what base uses, etc."

Willesden's old police court is to be "turned" into a music-hall. Professional, instead of amateur humorists will provide the chestnuts in future.

"To cure hiccoughs, stick the tongue out repeatedly for a few minutes," says a contemporary. The man who tries this on his wife at 3 a.m. will lose faith in newspapers.

Holly is to be cheap this Christmas. Mistletoe, of course, will be as dear as ever.

A parliamentary "Sir John" dinner is suggested. It should prove a "night of knights."

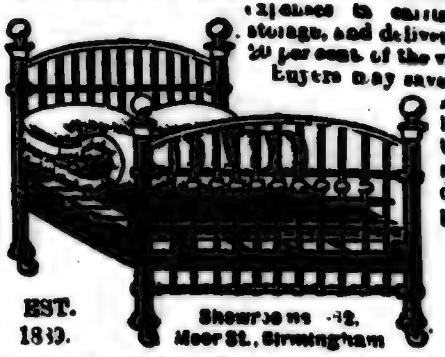
Mr. George Dark says, "To ourselves only our thoughts matter." This is a dark thought.

Peary is to have five shillings a word for his North Pole book. He evidently doesn't mean to give himself away.

"Jane Austen had practically no history," says the Rev. G. M. Dutton. But that's only his story.

Paulhan, the flying man, recently scattered a flock of rooks. Not much to crow about.

Are You Awake—Why Not?
All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home.
Practically all bedsteads are manufactured in Birmingham. From this city they are sent to furniture dealers everywhere for retail sale incurring heavy distributing expenses; for instance, from Birmingham to London, and from London Dealer to Purchaser, expenses in carriage, packing, handling, storage, and delivery amount to as much as 20 per cent. of the value of an iron bedstead. Buyers may save most of these expenses and avoid risks of injury by double handling, etc. by purchasing direct from me—all goods being sent direct from Works in a perfectly new condition
For Twenty Years
EST. 1889.
Showrooms 42, Moor St., Birmingham
I have supplied the Public Direct (without making use of Shops or Stores) with Bedsteads, Wire Mattresses, Bedding, Cots, Curbs of every description, and also general Household Furniture.
Prompt Despatch. Packed Free. Carriage Paid.
CASH OR INSTALMENTS.
FULL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE.
CHAS. RILEY, DESK 8, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.



"The Stick in the Glass Case"
YARDLEY'S SHAVING SOAP
SAVES TIME—Because its flat creamy lather does not dry.
Discomfort—because it leaves the skin soothed and comforted.
Money—because it is so economical in use.
It is all British and the BEST on the market.
1/- post free, or from your chemist.
Sample on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage to—
Stratford, London, E., Dept. "A."

HAVE YOU A TALKING MACHINE?
Advice free.
If not, you do not know the joy and pleasure a good one brings. I send them all over the world packed free and insured.
Prices from £3. Ask for Lists.
If you have a Gramophone or other disc-machine let me supply your records—any make, any quantity; best only Disc records sent ON APPROVAL to any part of the British Isles. Write me to day.
Dawson Goodey, 24, Legard Road, London, N

A Straight Talk to all "John Bull" Readers, which if YOU will Take the trouble to Read will Interest and Profit YOU.

MY TWO MONTHS' HOME COURSE ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to test FREE OF CHARGE the now famous Clease Stretching Method of Physical Culture.

F. MEREDITH CLEASE.

INVENTOR OF THE CLEASE STRETCHING METHOD OF EXERCISE.

A STRAIGHTFORWARD TALK FROM MR. CLEASE.

When you are advised to take up exercise, you are at once faced with the following questions: What shall I have to do? How shall I do it? and Will it really do me good? Then you ask, What will it cost me in time and money? Such thoughts as these quite naturally pass through your mind. Your eye catches an advertisement extolling some system of curative exercises and inviting you to send or call for a book. In due course you receive and read the book, no doubt with interest, but you are no further forward as to whether this advertised exercise will suit you and give you the benefits you desire. All you know is that you are invited to commence a course, either at home or at some institute, which will entail the expenditure of money, **paid down on the nail**, but you are given no practical proof as to whether this particular form of exercise will really suit your case. Before this all-important point can be settled, YOU MUST PART WITH YOUR MONEY! This sometimes means the expenditure of many sovereigns, possibly to no purpose, as you may chance to be the one failure amidst hundreds of successes. If, however, you could be assured in some practical manner, without cost to yourself, that you would be benefited by a course of exercises, would you hesitate? It is this opportunity that I offer you.

"AN OUNCE OF PRACTICE IS WORTH A TON OF THEORY."

I do not wish you to take my word for it, or to pay me money to find out if it is true.

You may test FREE OF CHARGE, in your own home, my TWO MONTHS' COURSE without the smallest obligation whatever.

Understand clearly, I do not wish to pose as a philanthropist. I want to prove to those interested that my stretching method will give better results than any other system you have tried or heard of. I am confident that **I can defy all competition. I take the risk—the public none.**

If after you have tested my TWO MONTHS' COURSE you have proved to your own satisfaction that it is worth your further consideration, you may take up an extended course for a small fee, but bear in mind THAT THERE IS NO OBLIGATION! Hundreds of clients have written to me that this two months' course gave all the benefit that was desired, but they would take pleasure in recommending my method.

RECOMMENDATIONS ARE THE BEST FORM OF ADVERTISEMENT.

It is from recommendations that the best part of my business comes.

Advertisements, testimonials, alluring literature, and elaborate establishments do not make Spartans or healthy people. I have a splendid establishment (where I am treating some 30,000 clients by post). I spend considerable sums in advertising, but it is my method that counts, and because of its known value I dare thus to put it—at my own expense—to the most critical test—the test of public approval.

To every reader of "John Bull," I will prescribe a course of curative exercises covering a period of two months, FREE OF CHARGE OF ANY KIND WHATEVER.

This course will be sent to each individual in sections every fourteen days. Each section contains several vividly illustrated exercises with all necessary instructions and advice, prescribed in accordance with particulars and reports received by me from time to time. I will spare neither time, trouble, nor expense in giving this course, in order to prove that my stretching method and my ability are all that I claim for them.

I WANT EVERYONE TO PARTICIPATE.

My career has been solely devoted to the cause of physical improvement, and I am passionately enthusiastic on the subject. I practise what I preach, and the whole of my life's energies and abilities are directed towards getting others not only to see as I see, but to do as I do for a few minutes per day. See coupon below.

As to my ability to teach you, I herewith append my **twenty-two years'**

RECORD—SECOND TO NONE.

1. **Possessor of a first-class teacher's Certificate from His Majesty's Service.**
2. **Director of Exercises, Haileybury College.**
3. **Physical Director of the Dundee Public Gymnasium.**
4. **Physical Director of the Birmingham Athletic Institute.**
5. **Physical Director of Birmingham Deaf and Dumb Institute.**
6. **Physical Director of the Birmingham and Wolverhampton Teachers' Physical Training Centre.**
7. **Author of standard works on Physical Improvement, etc., etc.**

There is no other teacher who has taught so many pupils or received so many letters of thanks, and who DARES to offer a complete test of his method absolutely free of cost.

THE CLEASE METHOD—DIFFERENT.

If you consider for a moment what dumb-bells, weight lifting, and most other exercises amount to, you will see that their whole effect is to cause contraction—drawing certain muscles together into hard, bulging lumps.

Now, all the fatigue, exhaustion, and unfitness which physical culture is meant to cure is, in the main, the result of undue contraction and congestion of vital organs and of muscular tissue. The way to remove this congestion, etc., is not to contract the muscles, but **TO STRETCH THEM**; and this is what gives the delightful sense of exhilaration and pleasure which is experienced after a few minutes of Clease exercising. Hence the immediate benefit experienced by my clients.

From the first lesson the cure begins, because it is direct and not indirect, because it removes the sensations of sluggishness, slackness, depression, puffiness, overwork, and muscular lassitude, because it stretches and stretches and strengthens, and because it exercises all the bodily muscles, not a few selected ones.

CONTRACTION SYSTEMS ARE WRONG.

Nature herself teaches that stretching is right, contraction is wrong. Stretching is Nature's sure way to exhilaration.

Watch a healthy baby when it wakens. At the dictate of Nature it stretches every limb and every muscle; the more it stretches the healthier and stronger it becomes.

How do we correct the sense of fatigue and lassitude? We unconsciously stretch. Instinctively you want to stretch when you rise in the morning—**AND YOU STRETCH.**

CONTRACTION IS THE WAY OF DISEASE, STRETCHING IS THE WAY OF HEALTH.

Stretch the lungs, and they are filled with life-giving oxygen, and consumption and other lung troubles are arrested. Clease treatment includes lung-stretching in nearly every exercise.

Stretch the shoulders, and weak, rounded backs become strong and straight, and abdomens flat and free from undue fat. Clease culture stretches the shoulders and abdomen.

Nerve troubles begin with contraction of the spine and weakened circulation. Clease culture stretches the spine and stimulates the circulation.

Nature shows her abhorrence of contraction by making all contraction ugly, all stretching beautiful.

Nature proves in every possible way that contraction is harmful.

Ungainly figures—you see them everywhere—are contracted figures.

Yet physical culturists wrongly teach contraction. **The upstanding, fully-stretched man or woman always creates admiration.**

The simplest, the only way to prove that I am correct is to test my method yourself. This I wish to give you the opportunity to do.

DO THIS TO-DAY! *Cut out the Coupon below, forward to me, and the first section of illustrated exercises with instructions for the first fourteen days will be despatched to you at once, and the sections will be sent you from time to time until this two months' course is completed.*

FREE TWO MONTHS' HOME COURSE COUPON.

Put a mark X against your ailment or physical defect. Cut out Coupon and POST OR DELIVER PERSONALLY TO ME.

Obesity,
Prominent Hips,
Constipation,
Protruding Abdomen,
Indigestion,
Poor Circulation,
Sleeplessness,
Liver Disorders,
Weak Heart,
Narrow Chest,

Organic Weakness,
Loss of Vigour,
Asthma, Catarrh,
Bronchitis, Colds,
Weak Back,
Spinal Curvature,
Stunted Growth,
Nervous Ailments,
Puffiness, or Can't-be-bothered Condition.

NAME...
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

ADDRESS ....
....

AGE.......................................JOHN BULL.

Dear Sir,—I wish to accept your free two months' Home Course, and also wish you to rectify the above-marked defects. I understand that I have no obligation or liability whatever.

F. MEREDITH CLEASE, 124, New Bond Street, London, W.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[**The Editor** *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue ?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

W. B. B. (Crofton Park).—Heaven forbid that we should cast a slur upon the auxiliary postmen as a body, or make it more difficult for them to get work. From what you tell us, it is quite clear that every precaution is taken to select only trustworthy men. Good luck to them!

E. G. (Forest Hill) informs us that one of the earliest steamships was named *John Bull*. Not a bad name either.

"CUBA OF TO-DAY" is very flattering to us, and also to Canada. But there must be no partition of praise.

G. H. C. (Liverpool).—"Insurance against employment" is a reform which should command the support of the Loafers.

"CROW-BARRED" (Slough) wants us to replace Crow by a page of advertisements. What do our advertisers say?

I. X. L. (Playgoers' Club).—Pronounced Hoy Polloy, which means The Many. It was evidently Greek to you.

J. W. F. (Dundee) complains of foreign matches being sold with a map of Scotland on the box. Why not strike?

F. B. AND Co. (Park Lane).—Glad to hear your firm advertised in JOHN BULL so long ago as February 3, 1824. Keep it up.

"DARLEY" (Northwich).—The real name of Bayardo's owner is Cox.

J. W. (Chatham).—It was certainly too bad of the magistrate to threaten a bookmaker, who has not even been arrested, with the direst penalties.

A. S. (Newington Butts) writes, "If you have any girls that have been jilted send them around to Dear old Lambeth; up till now there are eleven female to one male more the merrier." All right, we will send a few along.

"WELL-WISHER" (St. Albans) considers the lies which he reads in both Conservative and Liberal journals to be simply disgusting," and he wants Parliament to make it a criminal offence for an editor to misrepresent facts. He is also angry with the "way lift attendants fool about at the stations, evidently seeming to think passengers go down under to spend part of their holidays." We agree that the discussion of the latest football news, varied with occasional wrestling bouts, does not come within the proper province of a public servant.

"ENGLISHMAN" (New Zealand) says it does him good to read our "comments on the hypocrites, faddists, canters, etc., etc." He says it would be a "good thing for Old England if we could chuck them all into the Thames." But such an act might set the poor old river on fire.

"TAMMAS" (Harringay) is a gentleman whose parents omitted to pay twopence extra when he was at school. After some suggestions about "a donkey-star race," whatever that may mean, he points out that the Scottish for "John" is "Jock." If we were in a jocular mood we should try to drag in some reference to the stoppage of tickling.

"SLAVE" (Ramsgate).—We are quite sympathetic with the objection of the enginemen about being compelled to see a doctor whenever they have a trifling ailment. Doctors are far too busy nowadays.

J. F. J. (Preston) sends us an advertisement for a girl, the attraction being that "she can call herself what she likes." Girls usually do.

C. R. S. (Newport) wants a biscuit for the classification of an advertisement for a cook under the heading "Musical Instruments," but, alas! too many cooks are addicted to singing over their broth.

S. H. S. (Plymouth) wants a biscuit for a suggestion in a Plymouth paper that the call of birds is answered by others within a radius of several miles in Australia. We agree that this is more likely to have happened in America.

R. G. R. (Bristol) wants a biscuit for someone who talked of the Great North Road having been widened to three times its present width, but perhaps it has become narrow again through disuse.

R. S. (Shoreditch) wants us to let him know through our "Letter Bag" column whether Lord Swaythling has a son married out of his religion. Unfortunately we neither know nor care.

W. C. (Brondesbury) asks: "Have you heard this little story which may be worthy of being repeated? A schoolmaster asked a class of boys to write a composition introducing the word 'Ransom.' Subsequent examination disclosed the following:—'Away down in the valley of the Argentine a tom cat sat on a sewing machine; it ran so fast and it ran so well, it ran nine stitches in the tom cat's tail, and it ransome.'" We had not.

"NON BIBENDUM" says that whisky firms are in the habit of importing large quantities of the potato spirit from Germany. Jim Crow says *he* doesn't mind.

R. W. C. (Portland) complains about Mr. T. Walker, who trades as the Yorkshire Photographic Co. (11, Prescott Street, Halifax). R. W. C. paid 2s. 6d. for a dozen postcards, but can hear nothing of the gentleman, who appears to be appropriately named.

G. P. B. (Porth) enquires if there are any privileges in connection with the Freedom of the City of London? There is Turtle Soup.

(Continued on page 884.)

When You Feel

LIMP AND LISTLESS

are worried and upset by trifles, can't think, can't sleep or enjoy your food; when society bores you and work is irksome, you need the root and herb extract—Mother Seigel's Syrup—to cleanse and give tone to your liver, assist digestion, brace up your nerves and invigorate your system. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy it has no equal. When indigestion and biliousness are wringing the life out of you, Mother Seigel's Syrup will set you right. It makes food nourish you—builds health on good digestion. This is the testimony of multitudes who have tried it.

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"For a long time life was almost unbearable for me. In the mornings I awoke sick, weak, unfit for the day's work. I had no appetite, had pains in the chest after eating, and headaches quite prostrated me. Mother Seigel's Syrup entirely cured me."—From letter of Mrs. S. A. Bassett, 2, Venetian Place, Institution Street, Woodhouse, Leeds. If you suffer, profit by Mrs. Bassett's experience.

Also in Tablet form. Price 2/9.

GUNN

SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

The Christmas Gift for Booklovers

The advent of the "Gunn" Sectional Bookcase marks a new era for the bibliophile. By this most useful invention the smallest collection of books can be accommodated, or the largest—the "Gunn" grows with the library. Merely as an article of furniture it adds a final touch of taste and elegance to library or drawing-room; as an ideal home for books it stands supreme.

One section—the unit of measure—with top and base, forms a complete bookcase, and, as the library grows, a whole wall may come in time to be covered. These sections can be fitted together in any way that suits you, either horizontally or perpendicularly. Once the top is in position the case is complete. Each section is complete in itself and may be purchased separately

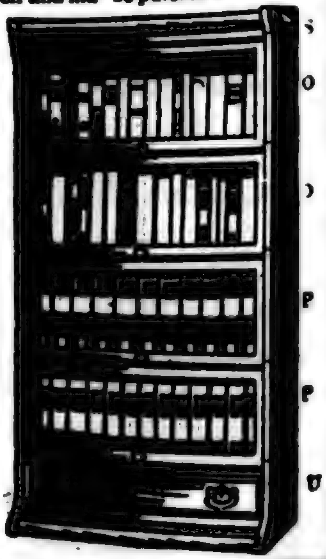
Such is the accuracy with which the sections fit that the case has all the appearance of one solid piece of furniture. Each section closes with a glass door, the books contained being thus preserved from dust and damp. The "Gunn" Bookcase stands pre-eminent for excellence of material, of workmanship and real value. Beware of showy imitations which afford no real wear. The set illustrated consists of:—

In Plain Oak, Fumed Finish.

"S" Top	£0	7	[illegible]
"O" 9¾in. Book Section ...	0	12	[illegible]
"O" 9¾in. Book Section ...	0	12	[illegible]
"P" 11¼in. Book Section ...	0	13	[illegible]
"P" 11¼in. Book Section ...	0	13	[illegible]
"U" Base with Drawer ...	0	15	[illegible]
Total	£3	14	0

☞ If you are interested in the "Gunn" Sectional Bookcase send for Informative Booklet No. 67, showing all the styles, together with name of nearest agent—FREE. *Write to-day.*

WM. ANGUS & CO., Ltd.,
52, Paul Street, Finsbury, London. E.C.



Before December 10 we ask

Every Smoker

to make this TEST

Light a Black Cat Virginia and at the same time **any other** *Virginia Cigarette* ***at any price*** *and draw from each alternately. Judge for yourself.*

An Appreciative Response will be sent to all who write us a letter giving their Test-Verdict, enclosing an empty Black Cat Cigarette packet, and giving the name of the cigarette tested with Black Cat.

Address—CARRERAS, LTD., 4-8 St. James Place, Aldgate, E.C., and mark envelope "Verdict."

All letters must be posted by December 10th.

Black Cat

Virginia Cigarettes (1904 Crop)

Mild 10 for 3d. | **Medium 10 for 2½d.**

Of all Tobacconists or from CARRERAS, LTD., 7, Wardour Street, London, W. Established 1788.

-Yankee Rails-

"Danger Signals"-

SEE "WEEKLY REPORT."

For free specimen copy fill in coupon and forward to—
THE EDITOR,
1, Tokenhouse Buildings, London, E.C.

Name (Mr. Mrs. Miss) ....

Address ....

£100 TO £10,000

WHY

YOU SHOULD APPLY TO ME
WHEN REQUIRING A LOAN.

I Guarantee absolute Secrecy.
I require no Sureties.
I complete your business same day.
I charge you moderately.
I only want your written promise to pay.

Also

If you are entitled to money or property under Wills, Deeds or Reversions I can arrange you an advance at a very low rate of interest within a Few Hours.

BEFORE APPLYING ELSEWHERE,
DO NOT FAIL TO CALL OR WRITE TO

MR. ALFRED SPENCER,

11, Belfast Chambers, 158, Regent Street, W.
(Entrance, Beak St.) Tel: 6052 Gerrard.
Commission paid on any business introduced.

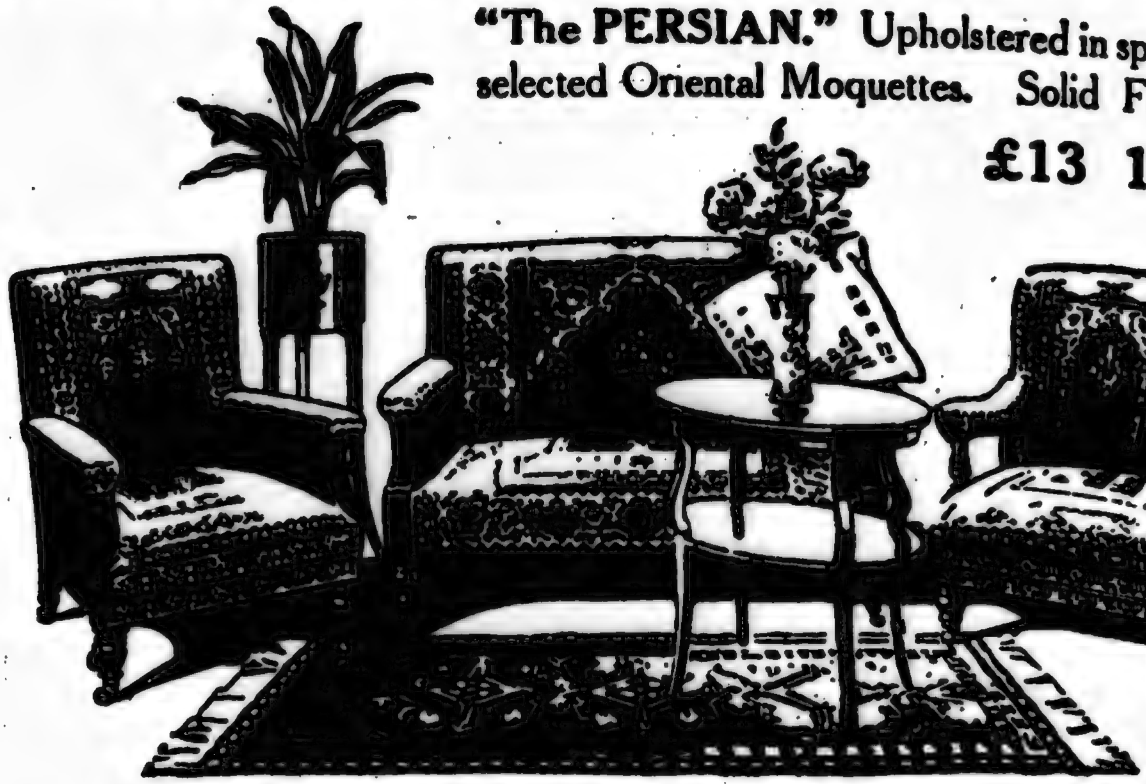
THE "NUGGET"
WATERPROOF
BLACK POLISH
UNEQUALLED
TRADE MARK
FREE FROM ACID OF ANY DESCRIPTION
PRESERVES LEATHER FROM CRACKING
FOR PATENT, GLACÉ KID, BOX
CALF AND OTHER LEATHERS
LONDON, S.E.

USE "NUGGET" POLISHES

"DOUBLE the LIFE of your BOOTS"

"The PERSIAN." Upholstered in specially selected Oriental Moquettes. Solid Frames.

£13 13 0



"DRAGE'S of HOLBORN" is not a Fancy Furnishing Company with a fancy name. For over fifty years DAVID DRAGE & SONS have been recognised as a sound private firm, with a thorough knowledge of practical furniture-making, and with that sense of personal responsibility to every customer which is the distinctive mark of such a firm.

It is important to note that the illustrations on these pages, like those in every one of our advertisements and catalogues, are made from actual photographs of our own stock. Every piece can be bought exactly as it is shown, at the prices shown, and purchasers are never confronted with the common argument: "That particular pattern is out of stock, but we have something almost exactly the same at a slight extra cost."

And our prices are not only fixed, but they are fixed at the lowest possible figure compatible with good materials and sound workmanship, and that whether they are supplied for cash or upon Drage's famous "simple system," the pioneer of really easy and convenient payments.

NO DEPOSIT. PROMPT DELIVERY.

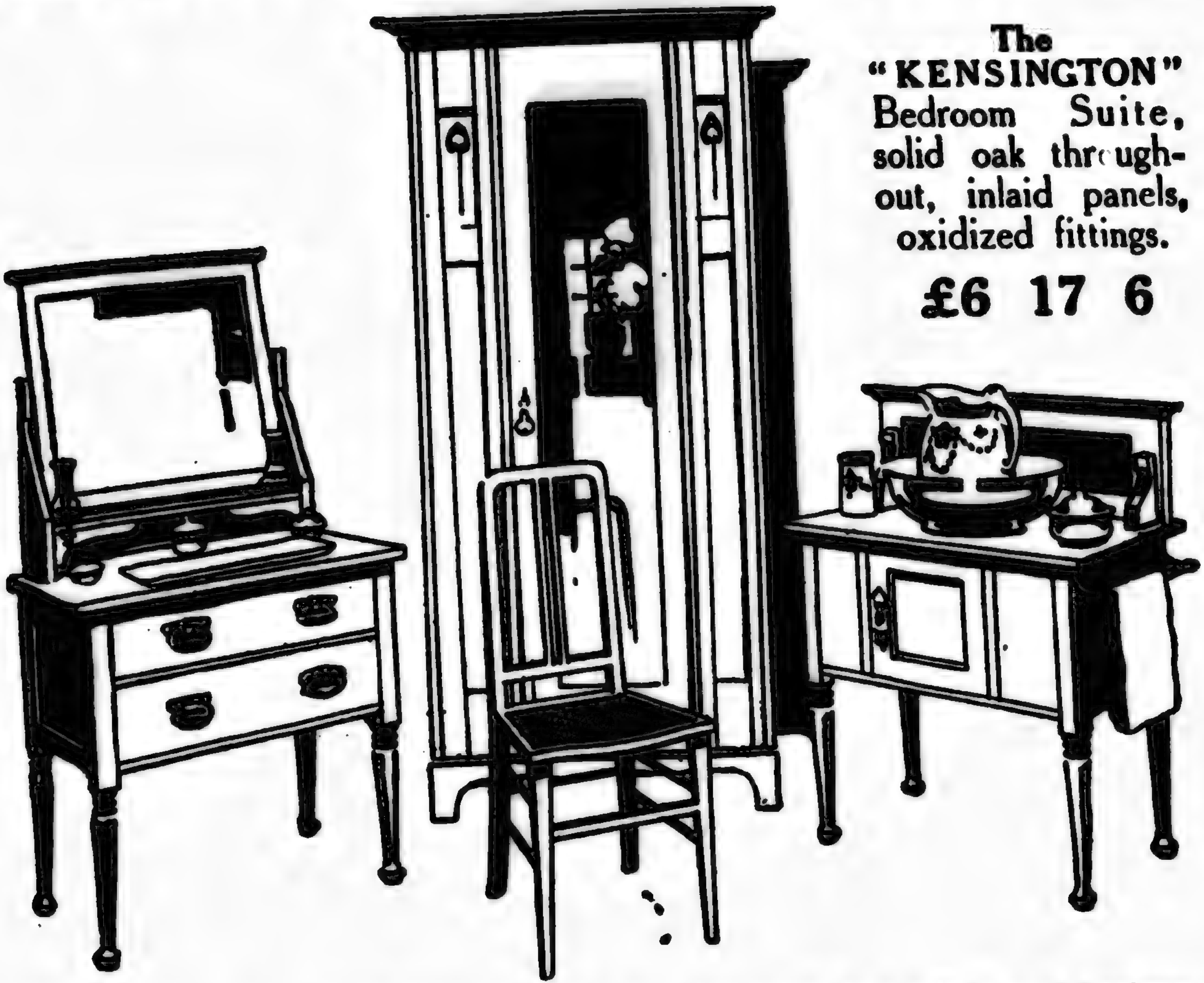
WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE AND BOOKLET POST FREE.

DAVID DRAGE & SONS, LTD.

ESTABLISHED - - - 1854.

231 High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

NEXT TO HOLBORN TUBE STATION.



The
"KENSINGTON"
Bedroom Suite,
solid oak throughout, inlaid panels,
oxidized fittings.

£6 17 6

℄ DRAGE'S of HOLBORN have for over fifty years been selling good furniture—furniture that combines in itself COMFORT, which is the ultimate aim of all furniture; DURABILITY, which can only be secured by careful and skilful workmanship exercised upon the best materials; and distinctive design, for which DAVID DRAGE & SONS are noted.

℄ The illustrations on these two pages are fair examples of the appearance and the value of all the large stock exhibited in our showrooms: they cannot of course give an adequate idea of its comfort in use or of its lasting and wearing qualities.

DRAGE'S "SIMPLE SYSTEM" OF PAYMENT IS

£	s.	d.		Per Month £	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		Per Month £	s.	d.
5	0	0	-	0	5	0	50	0	0	-	1	6	0
10	0	0	-	0	6	0	75	0	0	-	1	15	0
20	0	0	-	0	10	0	100	0	0	-	2	2	0

Any additional amount pro rata.

Telephone: **Office and Showrooms 9236 Central.**

℄ All furniture packed and sent Carriage Free to any address in Great Britain. We take all risk in transit.

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE AND BOOKLET POST FREE.

DAVID DRAGE & SONS, LTD.

ESTABLISHED - - - 1854.

231 High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

NEXT TO HOLBORN TUBE STATION.

“VERA” (Huddersfield).—We do not know where you can procure the pocket-knife you mention, and must refer you to our Advertisement Manager.

“GRUMBLER” (Clapham) has been suffering from a weakness in his feet, and, after going to doctors, bone-setters, Christian scientists, and wasting eighteen months and much money, is no better off. He wonders how poor people manage, and thinks there should be some national guaranty behind medical promises.

L. C. O. (Southwark) writes about training for Government Inspectorships. Appointments are very few, and people who have been “trained” at such establishments outnumber the vacancies by thousands to one.

“A PIONEER” (Linlithgow) wants to establish an Union to further the interests and look after the rights of asylum attendants. We are all in favour of as many trade organisations as possible, and suggest that there should also be one among the inmates of these institutions.

H. E. V. (East Dulwich) sends particulars of the careless manufacture of evidence by a police-constable. They can't *all* be good.

S. B. S. (Blackheath) thinks people should be encouraged to sit down comfortably and quietly and have something to eat in public-houses. So do we.

F. C. S. (Battersea).—We really do not know why the newspaper uses the Royal Arms on its front page. Why not write and ask Lord Knollys?

A. L. (Dalston).—We certainly never heard that “the King was a clergyman of St. David's Cathedral,” but, doubtless, no one would object if he offered to preach a sermon there.

F. S. S. (London, N.W.) denounces wrestling exhibitions in music halls as “revolting savagery.” He says that when wrestlers come up from the audience, they are grossly fouled by means of bites and other low tricks.

M. A. S. (Penarth) wants to know what happened to the £1,000 damages awarded to Mr. Lloyd George. He understood the money was to be devoted to charity. Perhaps it was.

“ANXIOUS ENQUIRER” (Eynsford) says it would be a very great assistance to all electors if we would define Tariff Reform and Socialism. But would they accept our definition?

J. F. A. (Hull) wants a biscuit for Mr. Rider Haggard for a sentimental passage about a lock of hair belonging to a baby which died at the age of 8 weeks. But some babies are born with hair.

E. C. J. (Chiswick) says there are suitable electric motor ambulances in the City, but that they should be extended to greater London.

W. S. (Sheffield) wants us to bring out a monthly summary copy in Braille type at 6d. What would it cost?

“TWEMLOW” thinks the present outcry about the Congo has been faked up by missionaries, who are the cause of great deterioration in the character of any black, brown, or yellow nation with which they have come into contact. In spite of this, he thinks some steps ought to be taken to stop the iniquities which have been perpetrated out there.

“LEAGUEITE” (Kensington).—It is a very old trick to sell cloth from house to house and promise to send a tailor who never comes.

E. B. (Hampton-on-Thames) thinks that the cheaper seats in theatres and music halls ought to be booked. We have always thought it an impertinence to keep people waiting outside places of entertainment, and wonder that anybody submits to it.

H. V. (Brighton) says that his garden of one acre and twenty rods, with no glass whatever, and only one-and-a-half hour's work every day, brings him in £2 per week. This ought to be good news for the unemployed.

A. D. (Whitstable) complains of the Musical M.S. Agency (86, Mortimer Street), to whom he paid 2s. 6d. without result.

H. O. (Gravesend) says that the credit of discovering Evolution belongs to Lamarck.

A. W. (Birmingham) says he makes automatic sweetmeat machines which will return coins when they are empty. We have handed his letter to our Advertisement Manager.

“A JOHN BULLITE” (Dundee) writes: “With my trusty sword of intelligence and commonsense I am prepared to meet you. I challenge you to mortal combat. I intended to show you no mercy, but as it is your first offence, I will be lenient with you.” We are not conscious of having insisted upon the wearing of clothes, but we confess that we do not agree with our martial correspondent when he suggests that we ought not to cover up our bodies. It is not a question of prudery so much as of climate.

X. Y. Z. (Watford).—The hire system of furniture is not always an economy, and we cannot encourage you to hope that you will secure the discount you expect.

G. W. (London, N.E.) writes in glorification of halfpenny bazaars, and says he bought a “falk, a tooth combe, a snuff-box, and a toy lantern” for twopence. We wish him joy of them.

A. E. T. (Kensington) writes to defend split infinitives, and says we have no right to denounce them because we sometimes use them ourselves. That crime, however, is usually due to our printer, who is immediately handed over to our senior subaltern as soon as we are able to catch him.

E. W. (Bradford) asks if we happen to know the address of the political and literary society in London which has recently been formed. “The” is good.

H. C. (Hampstead) complains about the lack of accommodation on L.C.C. cars for bags and parcels. As he is himself a bagman, he finds this very annoying.

J. F. (Bristol) sends us a copy of an ironical letter he has addressed to Colmer, Ltd., drapers, of Bath, in respect to their advertisement for a male assistant. He trusts they will not object to his continuing to breathe while awaiting their reply, and begs to remain “their cringing hound.” They ought to give him a very hearty welcome.

J. B. R. (Leith) enquires about Mr. Butler (88, Canning Street, London), who advertises offering 15s. weekly for copying work in spare time. We should not advise the payment of any preliminary fees.

J. M. (Birmingham) wants us to give page numbers in our contents on the cover. But the cover goes to press too soon for that.

“SUBSCRIBER” (Barnes) objects to the hours imposed by the National Telephone Co., and says it is hard on girls to have to start from home at 10.30 p.m.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

After Shaving.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the only rational cream to use after shaving, because it is so soothing and comforting that it immediately removes any soreness and irritation which shaving is apt to cause. Used overnight, it makes the morning shave surprisingly easy.

Of all Chemists, 1/-. Send 2d for sample to
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Icilma Fluor Cream.

SOME TREMOL CORRESPONDENCE.

The article which we published in our issue of November 20th, giving the result of our investigation of the claims of the Tremol Treatment as a cure for such diseases as ulcers on the leg, eczema and skin complaints, varicose veins, tubercular disease (diseased bone), swollen and painful legs, etc., has brought us many letters from ex-patients of the National College of Health, Broughton, Manchester, who read the article referred to and considered it their duty to give us their experiences in regard to the treatment. All our correspondents speak in exceedingly high terms of the merits of the Tremol remedies, not one recording a failure to cure.

It was very satisfactory to us to find among them letters from many who had suffered from the same diseases as were specifically dealt with in our article. In all cases the letters fully established the permanency of the cure.

There is not much variety in the symptoms of sufferers from these exceedingly painful and obstinate diseases, and we will not weary our readers with a list of them—they are not pleasant to dwell upon. Some of the cases presenting maximum features, either as regards the length of suffering before resorting to the Tremol Treatment, or the great age of the patient, were included in this correspondence. As the letters numbered over a hundred, it is, of course, impossible for us to deal in detail with them, and we can only tender to the following our thanks for the trouble they have taken in writing us—in some cases in much detail—regarding their cure:—W. W. (Nottingham), M. B. (Pulborough), M. H. (Hyde), W. W. (Glasgow), S. C. (Halifax), L. A. (St. Helens), E. L. (Pendlebury), S. J. (Melbourne, Derbyshire), M. C. (Preston), A. L. (Grimsby), E. F. (Glasgow), E. K. (Dublin), E. M. (Pall Mall, S.W.), J. S. (Halifax), B. P. (Maidenhead), W. C. (Liverpool), A. H. (Ely), C. R. (Ellesmere), T. M. (Leeds), A. N. (Portsmouth), Mr. R. (New Perry, Cheshire), F. C. (Belvedere), S. H. (Southampton), G. W. (Mexborough), A. V. (Stratford, E.), E. R. (West Bournemouth), E. T. (Swindon), E. L. (Haverford West), T. G. (Stalybridge), E. C. (Stratton, Swindon), H. F. (Castleton), S. H. (Brierley Hill), W. J. (Cinderford), M. W. (Ramsey, Hunts), L. R. (East Ham), D. H. (Bradford), E. P. (Droitwich), B. J. (Mountain Ash), J. D. (Mansfield), E. W. (Newport, Mon.), M. B. (Whitefield), M. P. (Sheffield), N. C. (Kirkham), B. S. (Westerham), S. W. (Ashton-under-Lyne), C. S. (Hull), B. W. (Brierley Hill), F. T. (Walsall), E. D. (Neyland), J. T. (Tottenham, N.), R. B. (Heywood), A. H. (Bolton), E. G. (Aspatria), A. H. (Accrington), A. A. (Balencara), E. B. (Skipton), A. M. (Woodhouse, Mansfield), E. Y. (Little Downham), S. T. (Bishop Waltham), E. D. (Ipswich), M. D. (Pickering), M. J. (Heywood), R. C. (Hartlepool), E. W. (Wigan), E. M. (Hollingwood), M. G. (Copley), M. O. (Standish), E. W. (Clitheroe), M. S. (Hindley Green), M. A. (Oldham), S. R. (Hull), S. T. (Sandbach), J. L. (Newton Abbot), A. L. (Norwich), J. T. (Workington), A. C. (Kirkham), F. S. (Ramsgate), W. W. (Littleborough), W. H. (Thurlaston), A. H. (Little Downham), J. T. (Leigh, Lancs.), M. S. (Catford, S.E.), M. W. (New Skelton), S. B. (Bolton), G. S. (Silkeston), A. M. (Plymouth), M. McD. (Loch Epostpier), M. R. (Lincoln), M. C. (Normacot), A. W. (Chesterfield), E. C. (Erdington), M. S. (Cullybackley), J. C. (Shimpling), E. R. (Bury), etc., etc.

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ROMANO'S
399, STRAND.
The Paradise of all good gourmets.

BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS.
Re W. J. BLUNDELL, Deceased.
Removed for Convenience of Sale from CROSBY HALL, CROSBY;
THE FIRST PART of the Contents of this OLD HISTORIC MANSION wil
be offered for Sale by Auction by

JOHN R. OWEN,

On WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, the 15th, 16th, and 17th DECEMBER commencing at Eleven a.m. prompt, at the LAW ASSOCIATION ROOMS, COOK STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Amongst other articles briefly comprised are:—

JEWELLERY.

Gold gem rings, brooches, lockets, bracelets, necklets, valuable gold-mounted medallions, watches, chains, and pendants, and a large miscellaneous collection.

SILVER.

Valuable antique centre-pieces and table decorations, Corinthian column candlesticks, teapots, trays, entrée dishes, hot water dishes and covers, pedestal, spirit and other lamps tea caddies, silver and tortoise-shell sugar basins and cream jugs, cruets (table and breakfast), silver-handled cutlery, cake baskets, apostle spoons, patch and comfit boxes (part in enamel), spoons, forks, and all table accessories of various periods.

PLATE.

Old Sheffield complete set of cutlery and plated ware in oak cabinet, fish, dessert, and fruit sets in cases, and all requisites for a well-appointed mansion.

CHINA.

Very valuable examples of Satsuma and Imari vases and plaques, Dresden and Sevres figures and vases, chocolate cups, Chelsea, Crown, and Bloor Derby tea and dinner ware. Wedgwood, Coalport, Oriental, Devonport, Mortlock, and other examples from all the most famous factories and best periods.

GLASS.

A ruby Mortlock vase, 5ft. 6½in. in height; Bohemian tazzas, diamond-cut service, comprising decanters, finger bowls, &c.; cut finger bowls, ice dishes and plates, silver-mounted cut frosted and engraved goblets, Black Forest and Damascened Venetian flagons and perfume bottles, and all necessary tumblers, wines, liqueur glasses, custard cups, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mezzotint etchings, bed and table linen, crockery, and sundry household necessaries.

The above will be on view at the Law Association Rooms, 14, Cook Street, Liverpool, on Tuesday, December 14, from 11 to 4 o'clock. Admission by catalogues only, which will be charged for at 1s. each, to admit one person. Further particulars and information can be obtained on application to the Auctioneer, 145, Dale Street, Liverpool (Tel. 7585 Central), or from Messrs. Guscotte, Wadham, Bradbury, and Tickell, Solicitors, No. 19, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

SPECIAL OFFER

now that Xmas is fast approaching we are prepared to grant loans from

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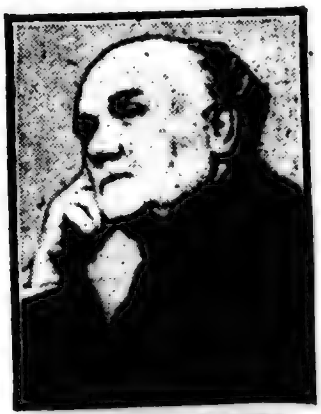
ARE YOU TOO THIN?

I have discovered a scientific yet perfectly simple method of flesh-forming that will make you plump, robust and healthy.

I can show you how to put on flesh—how to increase your weight pounds per day. I have proved that unnatural thinness is due to LACK OF NERVE FORCE, which prevents the assimilation of food and the proper nourishment of the body. I can show you how to cure this. I have discovered a treatment which will actually put good, solid flesh on you will fill out the hollows in your cheeks and make them rosy and plump. It is a Treatment of NERVE-BUILDING and NERVE-NOURISHING that gives increased vitality and vigour. It never fails; it has completely transformed me from one of the most emaciated of men into a man well-developed and clothed with firm, healthy flesh. What I have done for myself I do for others and what I have done for others I can do for you. I have proved this already in thousands of cases, and I have abundant testimony to show that

THE LEAN CAN BE MADE PLUMP.

To prove to you that my Treatment is successful, to convince you that you can actually increase your weight and thereby greatly improve your appearance and add to your stock of vitality, I am prepared to make this exceptional offer. I will send you



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14 Days' Treatment & Book for the Thin.

Write to me personally. Address your letter: A. GORDON WALLACE, Dept. 38, Cavendish House, Old Cavendish Street, London, W. State whether Mr., Mrs., Miss., Rev., or other title. I will send you a package in plain wrapper containing sufficient for a FORTNIGHT'S TREATMENT and a copy of my work, "EMACIATION: CAUSE AND TREATMENT," free and post paid.

A POSTCARD WILL DO to make your application for a free package, but remember you must write at once, for I cannot afford to keep this exceptional offer open indefinitely.

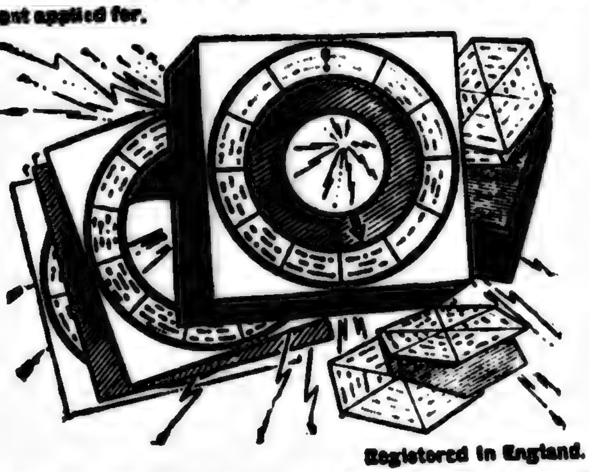
A MYSTERY!

Can You Solve It?

That is the question everyone is asking. They will ask you. You will ask others. Some say it's wireless telegraphy, some assert it is personal magnetism; again, others insist it is a spirit finger pointing the answer. Whatever is the cause, it is the most wonderful, mysterious novelty ever offered to entertain the public.

ZANNI'S WIRELESS WONDER.

Patent applied for.



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A Mystery which makes you wonder.
A Magician which seems almost uncanny.
An Entertainer which makes you laugh.
A Novelty which will make your Christmas party a success.
Grown-ups are puzzled and delighted with the answers.
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This is a mystery toy. Nothing like the Zanni Wireless Wonder has ever been seen. Ask it a riddle and the finger glides round and points the answer out while those who watch, laugh and marvel. There is no clockwork or winding. There is no electricity. There is no catch or trigger. The finger glides round to the answer without any apparent cause. It's uncanny, mysterious, creepy, and the answers cause roars of laughter. How does it do it? Why does it do it? We know, and you will want to know. When you know, you will have hours of pleasure mystifying your friends. The Wireless Wonder is a work of science but it looks like the pointing figure of a Black Hand. It is scientific but it seems like wizardry. You can ask scores of questions, and every time the uncanny moving finger points the answer.

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Get it Now. Master its mystery secretly. And then you can puzzle your friends.

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Our Record for 1909.

Jan. 6th	£153,870
„ 13th	156,990
„ 20th	158,240
„ 27th	160.810
Feb. 3rd	162,580
„ 10th	164,720
„ 17th	167.180
„ 24th	169.850
Mch. 3rd	171,760
„ 10th	174,580
„ 17th	177,210
„ 24th	180.490
„ 31st	182,170
Apl. 7th	185,060
„ 14th	188,210
„ 21st	190.480
„ 28th	193,150
May 5th	196,280
„ 12th	198,670
„ 19th	200.790
„ 26th	203.140
June 2nd	205,860
„ 9th	208,170
„ 16th	210,920
„ 23rd	213.470
June 30th	£216,580
July 7th	219.860
„ 14th	222,150
„ 21st	225.270
„ 28th	228.690
Aug. 4th	231,850
„ 11th	235,260
„ 18th	238,570
„ 25th	242,190
Sept. 1st	245,460
„ 8th	248,720
„ 15th	252,380
„ 22nd	255,970
„ 29th	259,610
Oct. 6th	262,870
„ 13th	266,530
„ 20th	270,190
„ 27th	274,350
Nov. 3rd	278,610
„ 10th	282,970
„ 17th	287,350
„ 24th	291,690
Dec. 1st	295,280
„ 8th	298,960

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Please forward me particulars of how, starting with a few pounds, clients have more frequent profits, and a list of between 14,000 and 15,000 cheques, numbers, to whom paid, amounts, &c.

NAME ....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

J.B. 24F.

ADDRESS IN FULL ....

....

Please Write Distinctly.

DATE ... .

A Prospectus has been issued, which states the following, amongst other things, that this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

No part of this issue has been or will be underwritten.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The Subscription List will open on Wednesday, the 8th day of December, and close on or before Saturday, the 11th day of December, 1909.

London and Provincial Electric Theatres, Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act 1908.

CAPITAL - - - - £41,000.

DIVIDED INTO

80,000 Twenty per cent. Participating Preference Shares of 10s. each, and 20,000 Deferred Shares of 1s. each.

The said Preference Shares are to confer the right to receive out of the profits of each year a preferential dividend for such year at the rate of 20 per cent. on the capital paid up thereon; surplus divisible profits in each year above such fixed dividends on the Preference Shares are to be distributed equally amongst the Preference and Deferred Shares. The Preference Shares rank as regards return of capital in priority to the Deferred Shares, but have no further right to participate in profits or assets.

74,000 PREFERENCE SHARES are now offered for Subscription at par, payable 1s. on application, 1s. 6d. on allotment, 2s. 6d. one month after, and the balance as and when required in calls of not more than 2s. 6d. each, at intervals of not less than one month.

DIRECTORS.

W. LACON THRELFORD, Worcester House, Walbrook, E.C., Chartered Accountant.
HAROLD DE MATTOS, 48, Mount Stuart Square, Cardiff, Merchant.
REGINALD SANKEY OWEN, Lyndhurst, Stockport, Esquire.

BANKERS.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD., 114, High Holborn, Head Offices and Branches.

SOLICITORS.

LUMLEY AND LUMLEY, 37, Conduit Street, Bond Street, W., and 15, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.

AUDITOR.

ALBERT F. STOY, Chartered Accountant, 115, High Holborn, London, W.C.

SECRETARY and OFFICES (pro tem.).

LAWRENCE H. FINDLAY, 29a, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed with the objects set out in the Memorandum of Association and for the purpose of acquiring as a going concern and extending the Electric Cinematograph Theatre Business carried on by the Vendors at 37, Queen Street, Cardiff, together with the benefit of negotiations, initiated by them, now proceeding, for the acquisiton of sites for the erection of and premises for adaptation and equipment as Cinematograph Theatres in Stratford (London), Nottingham, Birmingham, Dover, Wolverhampton, and various other large and important centres in London and throughout the country.

Arrangements will be made for the erection, or adaptation, where necessary, of suitable buildings to be fitted up in the best style, wit hevery comfort and convenience, and in accordance with the regulations in force and to come in force for electric theatres.

The Theatre in operation at Cardiff has a seating capacity of 650, and since it was opened on September 27th, 1909, the weekly takings for the period to the 28th November last average £94 2s. 5d. per week, in accordance with the certificate of Mr. Albert F. Stoy, Chartered Accountant, which is as follows:—

3rd December, 1909.

To the Directors of the
LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ELECTRIC THEATRES, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—In accordance with your instructions, I have examined the Books of Account of Enterprise Developments, Limited, relative to the Electric Cinema Theatre carried on by them at 37, Queen Street, Cardiff, and I hereby certify that the weekly takings for the nine weeks ending the 28th November, 1909, average £94 2s. 5d. per week. After charging all the necessary working expenses of the Theatre, the average weekly profit amounts to £51 2s. 7d.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. F. STOY,
Chartered Accountant.

115, High Holborn, W.C.

Receipts come in from the opening day. Expenses are relatively light. Dividends can be distributed with a promptitude and frequency surprising to the ordinary investor. The Electric Theatre enterprise is comparatively only in its infancy, but it is now a well-known and established business of increasing importance, showing progressive profits wherever established on a sound business basis.

ESTIMATE OF PROFITS.

The Directors are of opinion that the following figures, arrived at after careful consideration, show a reasonable estimate of the returns to be anticipated from ten theatres, when fully running, based on the experience of the returns from the one working at Cardiff, and taking into account that the ratio of expenses per theatre proportionately decreases as further theatres are opened:—

10 theatres at, say, £90 each per week for 52 weeks ...	£46,800
From this revenue the estimated deduction for Rent, Taxes, Film, Hire, Electric Light, Salaries, Directors' Fees, Secretary and London Offices, etc., etc., at, say, £40 each per week for 52 weeks	£20,800
Estimated profit per annum of	£26,000

or sufficient to pay the 20 per cent. on Preference Shares (5s. called) and a participation in the surplus profits, sufficient to pay a further, say, 55 per cent. or 75 per cent. on the paid-up value.

The calculations are made on the estimated returns from 10 theatres only, and the dividend is also based on the capital paid upon each 10s. share being 5s. In the opinion of the Directors a present call of 5s. per share is ample to satisfy all the requirements of the Company for the moment, namely, that of fitting up and equipping the sites and premises chosen, and for the satisfaction of the sum payable under the contract with the Vendors, as hereinafter referred to.

The financial success which Companies already conducting Electric Theatres have attained is phenomenal, and many instances could be cited of their having paid from 60 per cent. to 120 per cent. and more, as dividends. When it is borne in mind that these profits have been earned by Companies owning single theatres, it must be only reasonable to expect that much greater success must attend the conduct of a number of theatres.

The conduct of several theatres by one Company has many advantages and ensures a continuous source of revenue. From experience also it has been proved that these undertakings are not to any appreciable extent subject to a so-called "season," in fact it can be said that the revenue is in the summer as it is in the winter. This is an important point to be borne in mind, when comparison is made with other amusement undertakings which appeal to the general public.

No part of this issue has been, or will be, underwritten. The minimum subscription on which the Directors may proceed to allotment is 10 per cent. of the shares now offered, but as the Directors and their friends have agreed to subscribe for over 10,000 shares, the Company will proceed to allotment immediately on the closing of the lists.

The business of Enterprise Developments, Limited, will be taken over by the Company as a going concern as from the 4th day of December, 1909, and the Company will have the benefit of all profits realised from that date.

The property to be transferred to the Company will comprise, in addition to the goodwill of the business, the whole capital of the business at the above-mentioned date, and estimated by the vendors to be of the value of £3,000.

The purchase price for the sale of the above property, together with the benefit of negotiations and services rendered has been fixed by the Vendors, Enterprise Developments, Limited, whose registered office is at 64, Hop Exchange, London, E.C., and who are the promoters of the Company, at £11,000, of which £8,000 is for goodwill. Of this sum £1,000 will be satisfied by the allotment to the Vendors or their nominees of fully paid-up Deferred Shares of the Company of 1s. each, and the balance as to £7,000 in cash in the proportions of £3,000 on the first £10,000 subscribed, and the balance in the proportion of 40 per cent. on the subscriptions above that sum, or at the option of the Vendors, by the allotment of fully paid-up Preferred Shares of 10s. each, or partly in cash and partly by the allotment of fully paid-up Shares, and as to £3,000 by the allotment of fully paid-up Preferred Shares of 10s. each. The Vendors also have the right to nominate not more than three persons to be Directors of this Company at any time within three calendar months after the Company proceeds to the first allotment of its Shares.

The Memorandum of Association, with the names, descriptions, and addresses of the Signatories, and the number of shares subscribed for by them respectively, is set out in the fold of the full Prospectus and forms part of it.

A brokerage of 3d. per share will be paid by the Company on Shares allotted on applications bearing the stamp of brokers or agents.

The preliminary expenses (payable by the Company) including registration fees and legal charges and the costs of and incidental to the issue, publication and circulation of this prospectus are estimated not to exceed £1,600. This is exclusive of the amount to be paid for brokerage, as above mentioned.

For Contracts see full prospectus.

The contracts referred to in this Prospectus, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association may be inspected at the offices of the Solicitors to the Company between noon and 4 p.m. every day before the closing of the subscription list.

Applications for shares should be made upon the form accompanying the Prospectus and sent to the Registered Office of the Company or its Bankers, together with a remittance of the amount of the application deposit payable. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the remaining payments.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Bankers, Auditor and Solicitors, and at the registered offices of the Company.

No application will be entertained except upon the terms of the full Prospectus, as filed and published.

London, 7th December, 1909.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

Eradicates the Intention.

My opinion is that a professional jockey should *never* be allowed to ride under any conditions of carrying extra weight (as is usual) in events for amateurs, to foster whom the races are in the main promoted.

Frank Wootton.

This phenomenal jockey is EVERYBODY'S favourite, and therefore his
Lifelike Portrait
is an attraction in EVERY room which sportsmen enter. A striking picture of the "crack" horseman in his father's colours
Will be Presented
to proprietors or lessees of public establishments, whose patrons would assuredly much appreciate the picture.

One penny to cover postage, and an undertaking to hang this splendid coloured photograph, will ensure its being sent by the publishers of the Throne and Country, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

Prophetic.

The earlier sport of this week will have influenced what *may* happen at Sandown, where the chief hurdle handicap will again give proof of what a vastly *different* game hurdle racing is to sport on the flat. For instance, under the minimum of 6st. little
Simonson
has failed throughout the flat race season, his best being a bad third in the Duke of York Stakes. Yet the powerful chestnut carries just *twice* the weight over a longer course and when jumping obstacles, so, despite his being right at the top of the handicap, I shall look for his success in the Grand Annual Hurdle Race.

In Saturday's big steeplechase my fancy is for a genuine sort in
Razorbill,
who should be supported EACH WAY—and in a professional's handling the little horse is certain to be thereabouts—for he will stay the course and jump the country.

I DEAL IN MONEY.
£100 to £25,000.
My price is the cheapest obtainable and I do everything in reason to suit the requirements of my Customers.
Note of hand alone is all the security I require.
I have a large capital [illegible]. Phone or write saying what you require, and I will give you definite particulars which you doubtless will find entirely suitable and convenient, or if you call, business completed at first interview.
Do not be misled by flattering advertisements which pretend to lend money at 5 per cent.
HENRY HARRIS, 6, Old Cavendish St., W.
'Phone: Mayfair 3604. Padd. 235.

PROMPT CASH ADVANCES
£100 and upwards to £10,000 lent upon NOTE OF HAND alone with or without security, repayable by monthly or quarterly instalments
BILLS DISCOUNTED
FIELDINGS,
1a, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.
(Distance no object.) (Strictly confidential.)
Telegraphic Address: "Unimpeded, London." 'Phone: Gerrard 5481.

BUCHANAN'S
WHISKY
"BLACK & WHITE"
MAKES YOU CHEERFUL AND KEEPS YOU BRIGHT.

TADDY'S
"GRAPNEL"
MIXTURE
A BLEND OF CHOICE TOBACCOS.
Price 6½d. per one Ounce Packet.
" 1/1 " two " Tin
" 2/2 " four " "

PICTURES
Spanish Beauties.
Aragonese Groups,
Photos. From Life,
Bull Fights, etc.
State wishes clearly, and full satisfaction guaranteed. Assortments from 3/- upwards, postal order
SEHRGENT, 228, Rua S. de S. Cosme, OPORTO. (Postage 2½d.)

ASTHMA SUFFERERS.
Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For Free Sample send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. (Mention this Magazine.)
Instant Relief.

BIRKBECK BANK
Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

Open Lists on - FIRST DIVISION, SECOND DIVISION SOUTHERN LEAGUE FIRST SCOTTISH LEAGUE AND FOOTBALL ANNUAL, Free on receipt of address. POSTCARD ½d.
£1,000 to £1
OR
1,000/- to 1/-
Our Bankers are—
London & South Western—Vauxhall Branch.
London & Westminster—Westminster Branch.
Wibaut & Co., Flushing.
£1,000 Prize.
FREE POSTAGE. FREE POSTAGE. FREE POSTAGE.
Interesting Competition open to Clients.
No Entrance Fee.
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED & LARGEST FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS IN THE WORLD
W. & A. DEW FLUSHING. HOLLAND.
T.S.

THE WINE OF LIFE FOR THE SICK POOR.

These are unhappy times for the sick poor—feeble mothers, sick children, ailing husbands—with winter nearly here, when health and strength are needed to ward off serious illness. In view of the fact that thousands are out of employment who have sick wives or children depending upon them—are in many cases themselves ill for lack of nourishment—we have decided to give away,

ABSOLUTELY FREE,

£1,000 Worth of

"WINCARNIS"

The World's Greatest Wine Restorative.

"Wincarnis" is known throughout the world for its great strengthening properties; during convalescence it is specially valued to regain health, and as a nutritious food tonic cannot be excelled; whilst as a preventative of colds, chills and influenza, it has the unqualified recommendation of the medical profession. If you are acquainted with any person who is too poor to purchase "Wincarnis," and you feel it would benefit them, fill in the Free order form below with the name and full postal address of the person for whom it is intended, and get it signed by a medical man (any doctor will do this for a deserving case). On receipt of this order form properly filled up the wine will be *sent at once.*

FREE ORDER FORM.

To Messrs. COLEMAN & CO., LTD., No. 234, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please supply one pint bottle of "Wincarnis" free of charge

to ....

....

whom I think it would benefit and who is too poor to buy it.

This must be signed by a medical man { Name ....

{ Address .... NOT FOR PUBLICATION.

JOHN BULL, 11/12/09.

CHARING CROSS BANK

(Established 1870.)

28, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and
39, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.
Assets, £1,697,969. Liabilities, £1,326,371. Surplus, £371,678.

LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " 6 " "
" 12 " " 7 " "

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 40 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.

(28th Edition.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,

(Successors to Freeborn, Franklin & Co. Established 1899)

1, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

The IDEAL Policy

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THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

(Formerly known as the British Homes Assurance Corporation, Ltd.)

PROVIDES

Life Assurance without Medical Examination.

For full particulars of this unique scheme send post-card to

M. GREGORY, Managing Director, 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.

AGENTS WANTED—EXCELLENT PROSPECTS.

DO YOU WANT MONEY

on Note of Hand alone from £10 to £1,000?

IF YOU DO,

and you are a genuine borrower and honourably intend to repay, apply to—

CHARLES STEVENS & CO.,

12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.,

AND YOU WILL GET IT.

All business conducted confidentially and on plain straightforward principles. Repayments spread over 12 months if desired. An application entails no expense whatever unless the loan is actually completed.

John Bull's Safety Razor

CLEMAK AUTOMATIC ACTION Safety Razor

CLEMAK RAZOR WITH SEVEN BLADES COMPLETE IN CASE.

5/-

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A CLEMAK.

STANDARD OUTFIT
TRIPLE SILVER-PLATED.
With 12 Blades and Strop, in handsome leather case 10/6

Clemak Booklet Free.

CLEMAK BLADES can be stropped, and will last for years.

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR 100 HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ONE HUNDRED of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page. These 100 numbers will be announced in four weeks' time.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date* bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify *the date* and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of May 8th, October 23rd, and 30th:—

E. MATTHEWS, Milton Villa, Milton Road, Stanford Le Hope, Essex. (No. 63275—May 8th.)
S. SGT. A. STOCKWELL, Army Accounts Office, Winchester. (No. 148631—Oct. 23rd.)
A. PORRITT, 190, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds. (No. 30092—Oct. 30th.)
WILSON J. HUNTER, 38, Abbey Street, Derby. (No. 159831—Oct. 30th.)
MRS. A. BLACK, Roxburgh, Welshpool. (No. 169495—Oct. 30th.)
PERCY W. LEWIS, Littleover Hill, Derby. (No. 3062—Oct. 30th.)
H. BANNISTER, 2, Ventnor Avenue, Levenshulme. (No. 29694, Oct. 30th.)
JAMES McNICOL, Avenuelead, Killermont, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire. (No. 120160, Oct. 30th.)
H. JOBLING, 112, Dunning Road, Middlesbro'. (No. 15881—Oct. 30th.)
MRS. GRACE BRIND, The Cottage, Cantley, Doncaster. (No. 6190—Oct. 30th.)
MRS. L. E. FARMER, Alfred Villas, Redruth, Cornwall. (No. 25106—Oct.—30th.)
JAMES E. KNOWLES, 339, Chatsworth Road, Chesterfield. (No. 86251—Oct. 30th.)
JOHN McLELLAN, 5 Stephen Terrace, Temple by Glasgow. (No. 10574—Oct. 23rd.)
WM. BAYLISS, JUN., Pike Fold House, Blackley, Manchester. (No. 54953—Oct. 30th.)
CAPT. R. G. THOMSON, R.F.A., R.A. Mess, Sheffield. (No. 41952—Oct. 30th.)
ARTHUR POUGHER, 106, St. John's St., Bridlington. (No. 179886—Oct. 30th.)

The following are the 100 numbers for our issue of November 13th:

4276	59533	119670	172115	215282	303561
5887	66503	121679	177629	216997	355240
11321	67409	124850	181752	217642	356736
11522	74009	129904	185661	218206	359632
12088	74557	132140	191097	222534	364614
13552	78039	137641	201149	225617	369416
30810	79618	141701	202684	226745	376048
32740	80935	145873	202696	227241	379050
36943	84962	154613	202779	227468	382136
37047	87166	160139	203275	237657	389530
40931	88082	160635	205631	239868	393898
42858	92947	163823	207003	240364	400210
43611	94999	164816	207413	264804	405871
44409	99428	166650	207909	275375	406066
48000	106123	167099	208459	282552	410554
53062	110447	167799	214263	300048	413377
57091	113167	170423	214506		

THE 100 NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 15th, 1910, PUBLISHED JANUARY 12th.

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GENEROUS FLAT RACING TERMS ARE CONTINUED
THROUGHOUT THE JUMPING SEASON

WRITE TO-DAY
AND OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT.

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